

THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF

HENRY BROOKE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF GUSTAVUS VASA, FOOL OF QUALITY, &c,

IN FOUR VOLUMES OCTAVO.

Revised and corrected by the

ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT;

WITH A

PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR,

AND HIS

L I F E.

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By MISS BROOKE.

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THE THIRD EDITION.

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VOL. IV.

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DUBLIN;

PRINTED FOR THE EDITOR.

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1792.



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F A B L E S:

THE TEMPLE OF HYMEN.

THE SPARROW AND THE DOVE.

THE FEMALE SEDUCERS.

LOVE AND VANITY.

Vol. II.

B

F A B L E 2:

THE TEMPLE OF HYMEN

THE SPARROW AND THE DOVE

THE FEMALE SEDUCERS

LOVE AND VANITY

Vol. II

Vol. II

THE  
TEMPLE of HYMEN.

AS on my couch supine I lay,  
Like others, dreaming life away;  
Methought, expanded to my sight,  
A temple rear'd its stately height,  
All ready built, without omitting  
One ornament, for temples fitting.

Large look'd the pile, sublime and fair;  
But "Who the Godhead worship'd there?"  
This to inquire, appearing meet,  
Imagination lent me feet,  
And thither, without further cavil,  
I fairly undertook to travel.

At once, in bright procession spied,  
The Female World was at my side,



#### 4 THE TEMPLE OF HYMEN,

Mingled, like many colour'd patterns,  
Nymphs, mes-dames, trollops, belles, and flatterns,  
From point, and saucy ermine, down  
To the plain coif, and ruffet gown;  
All, by inquiry as I found,  
On one important errand bound.

Their van, to either tropick spread,  
Forerunning Expectation led;  
Pleasure the Female-standard bore,  
And Youth danced lightly on before;  
While Prudence, Judgment, Sense, and Taste,  
The few Directing Virtues, placed  
To form and guide a woman's mind,  
Discarded, sigh'd and slunk behind.

At length, in jubilee, arriving,  
Where dwelt the jolly God of Wiveing,  
All prest promiscuously to enter,  
Nor once reflected on the venture,  
But here, the Muse, affecting state,  
Beckon'd her clamorous sex to wait,  
Lest such a rendezvous should hinder  
To say what past, the while, within door.

Against

Against the portal, full in sight,  
 His fable vesture starr'd like night,  
 High throned upon an ebon seat,  
 Beneath a canopy of state,  
 That o'er his dusky temples nodded,  
 Was fix'd the Matrimonial Godhead.

Low at his feet, in pomp display'd,  
 The world's collected wealth was laid;  
 Where bags of mammon, piled around,  
 And chests on chests, o'erwhelm'd the ground,  
 With bills, bonds, parchments, the appointers  
 Of doweries, settlements, and jointures;  
 From whence, in just proportion weigh'd,  
 And down, by special tail, convey'd,  
 The future progenies inherit  
 Taste, beauty, virtue, sense, and merit.

Whatever titles here may suit us  
 For this same God, **HYMEN**, or **PLUTUS**,  
 Who, from his trade of a gold finder,  
 Might now become a marriage-binder,  
 And, haply, use that precious meta  
 To solder sexes, like a kettle;  
 No earthly God, in my opinion,  
 Claim'd such an absolute dominion.

## 6. THE TEMPLE OF HYMEN,

To prove his right to adoration  
Through every age, and every nation,  
Around the spacious dome, display'd  
By many a fabled light and shade,  
Was emblematically told  
The great Omnipotence of Gold.

And first, in yonder panel seen,  
A lad, call'd Paris, strolled the green,  
Poor, hungry, witlefs, and dejected,  
By country, and by kin, neglected;  
Till Fortune, as she cross'd the plain,  
Conceived a crotchet in her brain,  
And, laughing at the bashful blockhead,  
Took a huge pippin from her pocket,  
Of the true glittering tempting kind,  
And gold throughout from core to rind;  
This, in a whim, the Dame bestow'd,  
Then, smiling, turn'd, and went her road.

The neighbours, now, when Fame had shewn 'em  
The youth had got the Summum Bonum,  
From many a hut and hamlet croud,  
And, duly, at his levy bow'd.

His



His reputation spreads apace—  
O, such a shape, and such a face!  
His mouth he opens, and they swear  
The Delphic oracle is there.

Now, see the king of Troy aspire  
To be the wealthy shepherd's fire.  
For him, the brightest nymphs contended;  
To him, three Goddesses descended,  
And shew'd, in fair and open day,  
Where honour, wit, and beauty lay,  
O'er which, our poem, to conceal  
From vulgar opticks, drops a veil.

In the next panel, you discover  
Olympic Jove, that thundering lover,  
Who, charm'd with old Acrisius' daughter,  
In many a shape had vainly sought her,  
And run the round of all his tricks,  
Yet still was doubtful where to fix;  
Till, by some wiser head inclined,  
To cast his blustering bolt behind,  
His duller lightning to withhold,  
And wear the brighter form of Gold,  
He took the hint, he storm'd the tower,  
And dropt in yon omnific shower.



## 8. THE TEMPLE OF HYMEN,

In the next board, the tale so common is,  
 'Twixt Atalanta and Hippomenes,  
 I shall but slightly stop a minute,  
 To drop one observation in it;  
 Remarking, that howe'er prefer'd to  
 Their sex, for many a course in virtue,  
 The bright allurement, well applied,  
 May tempt good nymphs to turn aside.

Next, Lybia's golden orchard grew  
 Blooming temptation to the view,  
 In which a dragon, call'd The Law,  
 Kept conscientious fools in awe;  
 Yet, Power superior to the crime,  
 And tall Ambition, skill'd to climb,  
 With traitors of a new invention,  
 Who sell their country for a pension,  
 Through many a chicken won their way,  
 And spoil'd the grove, and shared the prey.

On the same golden system laid,  
 The world was in the fifth display'd:  
 The earth a golden axis turn'd;  
 The heavens, with golden planets, burn'd;  
 And thence, as astrologians know,  
 Derived their influence below:  
 In A girdle,

A girdle, call'd the Zodiac, graced  
 The glittering round of Nature's waste,  
 Whose mystic charm from Gold arises,  
 For this the Cæstus of the skies is :  
 And as in Homer's works, we read  
 (And Homer is the poet's creed)  
 Of a well twisted golden tether,  
 That tied the heavens and earth together,  
 Such was the cord, or such the cable,  
 That tied the spheres within this table ;  
 By which, the artist, underhand,  
 Would give the wise to understand,  
 That Interest, in every creature,  
 Throughout religion, law, and nature,  
 From east to west, and pole to pole,  
 Moves, binds, suspends, and turns the whole.

While thus, in passing lightly o'er, I  
 Surveyed the scenes of ancient story ;  
 Or eyed, with more minute attention,  
 What Prudence, here, forbids to mention ;  
 The Muse my shoulder tapp'd, to mind me  
 Of things that pass'd, the while, behind me.

I turn'd, and view'd, with deep surprize,  
 The phantom that assail'd my eyes :

His

10 THE TEMPLE OF HYMEN,

His hinder-head disrobed of hair,  
His sapless back, and shoulders bare,  
Confest the wrinkles of a sage  
Who past ten Nestors in his age;  
But cloathed before, with decent grace,  
And infant sweetness in his face,  
Not Smintheus with such vigour strung,  
Nor blooming Hebe look'd so young.

On his left hand a palette lay,  
With many a teint of colours gay;  
While, guided with an easy flight,  
The flying pencil graced his right.

Unnumber'd canvasses appear'd,  
Before the moving artist rear'd,  
On whose inspirited expanse he  
Express'd the creatures of his fancy;  
So touch'd, with such a swift command,  
With such a magic power of hand,  
That Nature, did, herself, appear  
Less real than her semblance here,  
And, not a mortal, so betray'd,  
Could know the substance from the shade!

Whate'er



# A F A B L E. 111

Whate'er the world conceives, in life,  
 Worth toil, anxiety, and strife;  
 Whate'er by Ignorance is bought,  
 By Madness wish'd, or Folly sought,  
 The mitres, coronets, and garters,  
 To which Ambition leads his martyrs;  
 With every joy, and toy, that can  
 Amuse the various child of man,  
 Was painted here in many a scene,  
 A trifling, transient, charming train!

Awhile I stood, in thought suspended,  
 To guess what these affairs intended;  
 When, lo, the Muse, in whispers, told,  
 " 'Tis Father Time whom you behold;  
 " In part discovered to the Wise,  
 " In part conceal'd from human eyes.  
 " A slave to yon Gold-giving Power,  
 " For him he spends each restless hour;  
 " The product of his toil intends  
 " As gifts to those his God befriends,  
 " And paints what other mortals view  
 " As substances, though shades to you."

She ceas'd, and turning to the sentry,  
 Desired he'd give the Ladies entry;

And



121 THE TEMPLE OF HYMEN,

And straight the portal opened wide,  
And in they deluged like a tide,  
So, to some grove, by stress of weather,  
Fast flock the fowl of every feather;  
A mighty, pretty, prating rabble,  
Like Iris rigg'd, and tongued like Babel;  
Then crowding toward the nuptial throne,  
By bags of strong attraction known,  
Low bending to their God they bow'd,  
And vented thus their prayer aloud :

- “ Great Power ! in whom our sex confides,  
“ Who rulest the turns of female tides,  
“ Who kenst, while varying Fancy ranges  
“ Through all its doubles, twirles, and changes,  
“ To what a Woman's heart is prone,  
“ A secret to ourselves unknown—  
“ O, give us, give us, Mighty Power !  
“ The wedded joy of every hour :  
“ Assign thy favourites, in marriage,  
“ To coaches of distinguish'd carriage ;  
“ To all the frippery of dressing,  
“ A nameless, boundless, endless blessing ;  
“ To drums, ridottos, fights and sounds ;  
“ To visits in eternal rounds ;

And

“ To

" To card and counter, rake and rattle ;  
 " To the whole lust of tongue and tattle ;  
 " And all the dear delightful trances  
 " Of countless frolicks, fits, and fancies.  
 " You have heard, that men, unpolish'd boors !  
 " Lay naughty passions at our doors ;  
 " 'Tis your's to contradict the liar,  
 " Who are, yourself, our chief desire.  
 " O then, as widow, or as wife,  
 " To you we yield each choice in life ;  
 " Or would you every prayer fulfil,  
 " Wed us ! O ! wed us, to our will ! "

They ceas'd, and, without more addition,  
 The God confirm'd their full petition :  
 To TIME he beckon'd, and desired  
 He'd give the good each nymph required ;  
 And, from his visionary treasure,  
 Wed every woman to her pleasure.

The first, who came, resolv'd to fix  
 Upon a gilded coach and fix ;  
 The suit was granted her on sight,  
 The nymph with ardour seiz'd her right.  
 A wonder ! by possession banish'd,  
 The coach and dappled courfers vanish'd ;

14 THE TEMPLE OF HYMEN,

And a foul waggon held the Fair  
Full laden with a weight of care :  
She sigh'd ; her sisters caught the sound,  
And one insulting laugh went round.

The second was a dame of Britain,  
Who by a coronet was smitten ;  
With boldness she advanced her claim,  
Exulting in so just a flame.  
But ah, where bliss alone was patent,  
What unsuspected mischief latent !  
The worst in all Pandora's box,  
Her coronet contain'd a ———.

With this example in her eye,  
The third, a widow'd dame, drew nigh,  
And fix'd her sight and soul together  
Upon a raking hat and feather ;  
Nor sigh'd in vain, but seiz'd her due,  
And clasp'd old age in twenty-two.

Thus, through the difference and degrees  
Of sword-knots, mitres, and toupees,  
Prim bands, pert bobs, and well hung blades,  
Long robes, smart jackets, fierce cockades,

And



And all the fooleries in fashion,  
 Whate'er became the darling passion,  
 The good for which they did importune,  
 Was straight revers'd into misfortune;  
 And every woman, like the first,  
 Was, at her own entreaty, curst.

At length, was introduced a Fair,  
 With such a face, and such an air.  
 As never was, on earth, I ween,  
 Save by poetic organs, seen.

With decent grace, and gentle cheer,  
 The bright Adventurer drew near;  
 Her mild approach the Godhead spied,  
 And, " Fairest," with a smile, he cried,  
 " If aught you seek in HYMEN's power,  
 " You find him in a happy hour."

At this, the Virgin, half amazed,  
 As round the spacious dome she gazed,  
 With caution every symbol eyed,  
 And, blushing, gracefully replied.

" If you are he, whose power controuls  
 " And knits the sympathy of souls,

" Then,

16 THE TEMPLE OF HYMEN,

“ Then, whence this pomp of worthless glitter,  
 “ And why this heap of counters here?  
 “ Is this vain shew of glittering ore,  
 “ The bliss, that HYMEN has in store?  
 “ Love sees the folly, with the gloss,  
 “ And laughs to scorn thy useless dross.

“ Where are the symbols of thy reign?  
 “ And where thy robe of Tyrian grain,  
 “ Whose tint, in virgin-colours dyed,  
 “ Derives its blushing from the bride?  
 “ Where is thy torch, serenely bright,  
 “ To lovers yielding warmth and light,  
 “ That from the heart derives its fire,  
 “ And only can, with life, expire?

“ Will this unactive mass impart  
 “ The social feelings of the heart?  
 “ Or can material fetters bind  
 “ The free affections of the mind?  
 “ Through every age, the Great, and Wise,  
 “ Behold thee with superior eyes;  
 “ Love spurns thy treasures with disdain,  
 “ And Virtue flies thy hostile reign.

“ By

" By Love, congenial souls embrace,  
 " Celestial source of human race!  
 " From whence, the cordial sense within,  
 " The bosom'd amities of kin,  
 " The call of nature to her kind,  
 " And all the tunings of the mind,  
 " That, winding Heaven's harmonious plan,  
 " Compose the brotherhood of man."

She said, and gracefully withdrew;  
 Her steps the Muse and I pursue.  
 Along an unfrequented way  
 The Virgin led, nor led astray;  
 Till, like the first, in form and size,  
 A second Fabric struck our eyes:  
 We enter'd, guided by the Fair,  
 And saw a second HYMEN there.

A filken robe, of saffron hue,  
 About his decent shoulders flew;  
 While a fair taper's virgin light  
 Gave Ovid to his soul and sight.

An hundred Cupids wanton'd round,  
 Whose useless quivers strow'd the ground;



18 THE TEMPLE OF HYMEN,

While, careless of their wonted trade,  
They with the Smiling Graces play'd.

Along the wall's extended side,  
With tints of varying nature dyed,  
In needled tapestry, was told  
The tale of many a love of old.

In groves, that breathed a citron air,  
Together walk'd the wedded pair;  
Or toy'd upon the vernal ground,  
Their beauteous offspring sporting round;  
Or, lock'd in sweet embracement, lay,  
And slept, and loved, the night away.

There sat Penelope in tears,  
Besieged, like Troy, for ten long years:  
Her suitors, in a neighbouring room,  
Wait the long promise of the loom,  
Which she defers, from day to day,  
Till death, determin'd to delay.  
With thoughts of fond remembrance wrung,  
Deep sorrowing, o'er her work she hung;  
Where, in the fields, at Ilium fought,  
The labours of her lord she wrought,

The

The toil, the dust, the flying foe,  
 The rallied host, the instant blow;  
 Then, fighting, trembled at the view,  
 Scared at the dangers which she drew.

There too, suspended o'er the wave,  
 Alcione was seen to rave,  
 When, as the foundering wreck she spied,  
 She on her sinking Ceyx cried:  
 Her Ceyx, though by seas oppress'd,  
 Still bears her image in his breast;  
 And, with his fondest latest breath,  
 Murmurs, "Alcione!" in death.

Panthea there, upon a bier,  
 Laid the sole lord of her desire:  
 His limbs were scatter'd through the plains;  
 She join'd, and kiss'd, the dear remains.  
 Too ponderous was her weight of woe,  
 For sighs to rise, or tears to flow;  
 On the loved corse she fix'd her view,  
 Nor other use of seeing knew;  
 While high and stedfast as she gazed,  
 Her snowy arm a poniard rais'd,  
 Nor yet the desperate weapon staid,  
 But, for a longer look, delayed,

20 THE TEMPLE OF HYMEN,

Till, plunged within her beauteous breast,  
She on his bosom sunk to rest.

But, O, beyond whate'er was told  
In modern tales, or truths of old,  
One Pair, in form and spirit twined,  
Out loved the loves of human kind;  
She Hero, he Leander, named,  
For mutual faith, as beauty, famed!  
Their story, from its source, begun,  
And, to the fatal period, run.

While, bow'd at Cytherea's shrine,  
The Youth adores her power divine,  
He sees her blooming priestess there,  
Beyond the sea-born goddess, fair:  
She, as some God, the stripling eyes,  
Just lighted from his native skies—  
The God, whose chariot guides the hour;  
Or haply, Love's immortal power.

At once, their conscious glances spoke,  
Like fate, the strong and mutual stroke;  
Attracted by a secret force,  
Like currents meeting in their course,

That,



That, thence, one stream for ever rolls,  
Together rush'd their mingling souls,  
Too close for fortune to divide,  
For each was lost in either tide.

In vain, by ruthless parents torn,  
Their bodies are afunder born,  
And towering bulwarks intervene,  
And envious ocean rolls between;  
Love wings their letters o'er the sea,  
And kisses melt the seals away.

And now the fable night impends,  
Leander to the shore descends,  
Exults at the appointed hour,  
And marks the signal on the tower—  
A torch, to guide the Lover's way,  
Endear'd beyond the brightest day!

At once, he plunges in the tide;  
His arms the Hellespont divide;  
The danger and the toil he braves,  
And dashes the contending waves.

While near, and nearer to his sight,  
The taper darts a ruddier light,

22 THE TEMPLE OF HYMEN,

Recruited at the view, he glows ;  
Aside the whelming billow throws ;  
The winds and seas oppose in vain ;  
He spurns, he mounts, he skims the main.

Now, from the tower, where Hero stood,  
And threw a radiance o'er the flood,  
Leander, in the deep, she spied,  
And would have sprung to join his side ;  
Howe'er, her wishes make essay,  
And clasp and warm him on his way.

The main is cross'd, the shore is gain'd,  
The long wish'd hour, at last, attain'd.  
But, lovers, if there e'er arose  
A pair, so form'd and fond as those,  
So loved, so beauteous, and so blest,  
Alone can speak or think the rest ;  
Nor will the weeping muse unfold  
The close, too tragic to be told !

Long were the loving list to name,  
With Portia's faith, that swallow'd flame ;  
But much the longer list were those  
Whose joys were unallay'd by woes ;

Whose

Whose bliss no cruel parents crost,  
Whose love not ages could exhaust,  
Where not a cloud did intervene,  
Or once o'er-cast their bright serene,  
But, through the summer's day of life,  
The husband tender as the wife,  
Like Henry and his Nut-brown Maid,  
Their faith nor shaken nor decay'd,  
Together ran the blissful race,  
Together lived, and slept in peace.

Long time, the much inquiring Maid,  
From story, on to story stray'd ;  
Joy'd in the joys that lovers know,  
Or wept her tribute to their woe ;  
Till HYMEN, with a placid air,  
Approaching, thus address the Fair.

“ Hail to the Nymph, whose sacred train  
“ Of virtues shall restore my reign !  
“ Whate'er the wishes of thy soul,  
“ But speak them, and possess the whole.”

“ Thanks, gentle Power,” the Maid replied ;  
“ Your bounty shall be amply tried.



24 THE TEMPLE OF HYMEN,

" I seek not titles, rank, or state,  
" Superfluous to the truly great;  
" Nor yet, to fordid wealth inclined,  
" The poorest passion of the mind;  
" But, simply fix'd to nature's plan,  
" I seek the ASSOCIATE in the MAN.

" Yet, O beware! for much depends  
" On what that syllable intends.

" Give him a form that may delight  
" My inward sense, my mental sight;  
" In every outward act, design'd  
" To speak an elegance of mind.

" In him, by science, travel, taste,  
" Be nature polish'd, not defaced;  
" And set, as is the brilliant stone,  
" To be, with double lustre, shewn.

" Sweet be the music of his tongue,  
" And, as the lyre of David, strung,  
" To steal, from each delighted day,  
" Affliction, care, and time, away.

" Within his comprehensive soul  
" Let Heaven's Harmonious System roll;

" There

“ There let the Great, the Good, the Wise,  
“ Of famed antiquity arise,  
“ From every age and every clime,  
“ Eluding death, and circling time !  
“ There let the SACRED VIRTUES meet,  
“ And range their known and native feat !  
“ There let the Charities unite,  
“ And Human Feelings weep Delight !”

“ Kind POWER ! if Such a Youth you know,  
“ He’s all the Heaven I ask, below.”

So wish’d the much aspiring Maid ;  
Pale turn’d the POWER, and, sighing, said :

“ Alas ! like him you fondly claim,  
“ Through every boasted form and name,  
“ That graces Nature’s varying round,  
“ A SECOND is not to be found !  
“ Your suit, Fair Creature, must miscarry,  
“ Till CHARLEMONT resolves to marry.”





T H E

SPARROW and the DOVE.

**I**T was, as learn'd traditions say,  
Upon an April's blithsome day,  
When Pleasure, ever on the wing,  
Return'd companion of the spring,  
And chear'd the birds with amorous heat,  
Instructing little hearts to beat ;  
A Sparrow, frolic, gay, and young,  
Of bold address, and flippant tongue,  
Just left his lady of a night,  
Like him, to follow new delight.

The youth, of many a conquest vain,  
Flew off to seek the chirping train ;  
The chirping train he quickly found,  
And with a saucy ease bow'd round.

†

For

28 THE SPARROW AND THE DOVE,

For every she his bosom burns,  
 And this, and that, he wooes by turns ;  
 And here a sigh, and there a bill,  
 And here—" those eyes, so form'd to kill !"  
 And now, with ready tongue, he strings  
 Unmeaning, soft, resistless things ;  
 With vows and dem-me's skill'd to woo,  
 As other pretty fellows do.  
 Not that he thought this short essay  
 A prologue needful to his play ;  
 No, trust me, says our learned letter,  
 He knew the virtuous sex much better :  
 But these he held as specious arts,  
 To shew his own superior parts ;  
 The form of decency to shield,  
 And give a just pretence to yield.

Thus finishing his courtly play,  
 He mark'd the favourite of a day ;  
 With careless impudence drew near,  
 And whisper'd hebrew in her ear ;  
 A hint, which, like the mason's sign,  
 The conscious can alone define.

The fluttering nymph, expert at feigning,  
 Cried, " Sir—pray, sir, explain your meaning—

" Go,

“ Go, prate to those that may endure ye—

“ To me this rudeness!—I’ll assure ye!”——

Then off she glided, like a swallow,

As saying—you guess where to follow.

To such as know the party set,

’Tis needless to declare they met;

The parson’s barn, as authors mention,

Confest the fair had apprehension.

Her honour there secure from stain,

She held all further trifling vain,

No more affected to be coy,

But rush’d licentious on the joy.

“ Hift, love!”—the male companion cried;

“ Retire a while, I fear we are spied.”

Nor was the caution vain; he saw

A Turtle rustling in the straw,

While o’er her callow brood she hung,

And fondly thus address’d her young.

Ye tender objects of my care!

Peace, peace, ye little helpless pair!

Anon he comes, your gentle fire,

And brings you all your hearts require;



30 THE SPARROW AND THE DOVE,

For us, his infants, and his bride,  
For us, with only love to guide,  
Our lord assumes an eagle's speed,  
And like a lion dares to bleed.  
Nor yet by wintry skies confined,  
He mounts upon the rudest wind;  
From danger tears the vital spoil,  
And with affection sweetens toil.  
Ah cease, too venturous! cease to dare;  
In thine, our dearer safety spare!  
From him, ye cruel falcons, stray;  
And turn, ye fowlers, far away!

Should I survive to see the day,  
That tears me from myself away,  
That cancels all that Heaven could give,  
The life by which alone I live;  
Alas, how more than lost were I,  
Who, in the thought, already die!

Ye Powers, whom men and birds obey,  
Great rulers of your creatures, say,  
Why mourning comes, by bliss convey'd,  
And even the sweets of love allay'd?  
Where grows enjoyment, tall, and fair,  
Around it twines entangling care;

While

While fear for what our souls possess,  
Enervates every power to bless :  
Yet friendship forms the bliss above;  
And, life ! what art thou, without Love ?

Our Hero, who had heard apart,  
Felt something moving in his heart ;  
But quickly, with disdain, suppress'd  
The virtue rising in his breast :  
And first he feign'd to laugh aloud ;  
And next, approaching, smiled and bow'd.

“ Madam, you must not think me rude ;  
“ Good manners never can intrude.  
“ I vow I come thro' pure good nature—  
“ Upon my soul, a charming creature !—  
“ Are these the comforts of a wife ?  
“ This careful, cloister'd, moaping life ?  
“ No doubt, that odious thing, call'd duty,  
“ Is a sweet province for a beauty.  
“ Thou pretty ignorance ! thy will  
“ Is measured to thy want of skill ;  
“ That good old-fashion'd dame, thy mother,  
“ Has taught thy infant years no other—  
“ The greatest ill in the creation,  
“ Is sure the want of education !

“ But

32 THE SPARROW AND THE DOVE,

- “ But think ye?—tell me without feigning,  
“ Have all these charms no further meaning?  
“ Dame nature, if you don’t forget her,  
“ Might teach your ladyship much better.  
“ For shame, reject this mean employment;  
“ Enter the world, and taste enjoyment,  
“ Where time, by circling bliss, we measure;  
“ Beauty was form’d alone for pleasure!  
“ Come, prove the blessing, follow me;  
“ Be wise, be happy, and be free.”

- “ Kind sir,” replied our Matron chaste,  
“ Your zeal seems pretty much in haste.  
“ I own, the fondness to be blest,  
“ Is a deep thirst in every breast:  
“ Of blessings too I have my store;  
“ Yet quarrel not, should Heaven give more.  
“ Then prove the change to be expedient,  
“ And think me, sir, your most obedient.”

- Here turning, as to one inferior,  
Our Gallant spoke, and smiled superior.  
“ Methinks, to quit your boasted station,  
“ Requires a world of hesitation!  
“ Where brats and bonds are held a blessing,  
“ The case, I doubt, is past redressing.

“ Why,



“ Why, child, suppose the joys I mention,  
“ Were the mere fruits of my invention,  
“ You’ve cause sufficient for your carriage,  
“ In flying from the curse of marriage;  
“ That fly decoy, with varied snares,  
“ That takes your widgeons in by pairs;  
“ Alike to husband, and to wife,  
“ The cure of love, and bane of life;  
“ The only method of forecasting,  
“ To make misfortune firm and lasting;  
“ The sin, by heaven’s peculiar sentence,  
“ Unpardon’d, through a life’s repentance:  
“ It is the double snake, that weds  
“ A common tail to different heads,  
“ That lead the carcass still astray,  
“ By dragging each a different way.  
“ Of all the ills that may attend me,  
“ From marriage, mighty gods, defend me!

“ Give me frank nature’s wild demesne,  
“ And boundless tract of air serene,  
“ Where Fancy, ever wing’d for change,  
“ Delights to sport, delights to range.  
“ There, Liberty! to thee is owing  
“ Whate’er of bliss is worth bestowing:

34 THE SPARROW AND THE DOVE,

“ Delights, still varied, and divine,

“ Sweet goddesses of the hills ! are thine.

“ What say you now, you pretty pink you ?

“ Have I for once spoke reason, think you ?

“ You take me now for no romancer—

“ Come, never study for an answer ;

“ Away, cast every care behind ye,

“ And fly where joy alone shall find ye.”

“ Soft yet,” return’d our female fencer,

“ A question more, or so—and then, sir.

“ You have rallied me with sense exceeding,”

“ With much fine wit, and better breeding :

“ But pray, sir, how do you contrive it ?

“ Do those of your world never wive it ?”

No, no—“ How then ?”—Why dare I tell ?—

What does the business full as well.

“ Do you ne’er love ?”—An hour at leisure.

“ Have you no friendships ?”—Yes, for pleasure.

“ No care for little ones ?”—We get ’em ;

The rest the mothers mind, and let ’em.

“ Thou wretch,” rejoin’d the kindling Dove,

“ Quite lost to life, as lost to love !

“ Whene’er

" Whene'er misfortune comes, how just !

" And come misfortune surely must ;

" In the dread season of dismay,

" In that your hour of trial, say,

" Who then shall prop your sinking heart ?

" Who bear affliction's weightier part ?

" Say, when the black-brow'd welkin bends,

" And winter's gloomy form impends,

" To mourning turns all transient chear,

" And blasts the melancholy year ;

" For times, at no persuasion, stay,

" Nor vice can find perpetual May ;

" Then where's that tongue, by folly fed ?

" That soul of pertness, whither fled ?

" All shrunk within thy lonely nest,

" Forlorn, abandon'd, and unblest !

" No friends, by cordial bonds allied,

" Shall seek thy cold unsocial side ;

" No chirping prattlers, to delight

" Shall turn the long-enduring night ;

" No bride her words of balm impart,

" And warm thee at her constant heart.

" Freedom, restrained by Reason's force,

" Is as the sun's unvarying course,



36 THE SPARROW AND THE DOVE,

“ Benignly active, sweetly bright,  
“ Affording warmth, affording light ;  
“ But torn from Virtue's sacred rules,  
“ Becomes a comet, gazed by fools,  
“ Foreboding cares, and storms, and strife,  
“ And fraught with all the plagues of life.

“ Thou fool ! by Union, every creature  
“ Subsists through universal nature ;  
“ And this, to beings void of mind,  
“ Is wedlock of a meaner kind.

“ While womb'd in space, primæval clay  
“ A yet unfashion'd embryo lay,  
“ The Source of Endless Good above  
“ Shot down his spark of kindling Love :  
“ Touch'd by the all-enlivening flame,  
“ Then motion first exulting came ;  
“ Each atom fought its separate class,  
“ Through many a fair enamour'd mass ;  
“ Love cast the central charm around,  
“ And with eternal nuptials bound.  
“ Then form and order, o'er the sky,  
“ First train'd their bridal pomp on high ;

“ The

“ The sun display’d his orb to fight,

“ And burnt with hymeneal light.

“ Hence nature’s virgin-womb conceived,

“ And with the genial burden heaved :

“ Forth came the oak, her first born heir,

“ And scaled the breathing steep of air ;

“ Then infant stems, of various use,

“ Imbibed her soft maternal juice ;

“ The flowers, in early bloom disclosed,

“ Upon her fragrant breast reposed ;

“ Within her warm embraces grew,

“ A race of endless form and hue,

“ Then pour’d her lesser offspring round,

“ And fondly cloath’d their parent ground.

“ Nor here alone the virtue reign’d,

“ By matter’s cumbering form detain’d ;

“ But thence, subliming, and refined,

“ Aspired, and reach’d its kindred Mind :

“ Caught in the fond, celestial fire,

“ The mind perceived unknown desire ;

“ And now with kind effusion flow’d,

“ And now with cordial ardours glow’d ;

38 THE SPARROW AND THE DOVE,

“ Beheld the sympathetic Fair,  
“ And loved its own resemblance there;  
“ On all with circling radiance shone,  
“ But, centering, fix’d on one alone;  
“ There clasp’d the heaven-appointed Wife,  
“ And doubled every joy of life.

“ Here ever blessing, ever blest,  
“ Resides this beauty of the breast;  
“ As from his palace, here the God  
“ Still beams effulgent bliss abroad;  
“ Here gems his own eternal round,  
“ The ring, by which the world is bound;  
“ Here bids his seat of empire grow,  
“ And builds his little Heaven below.

“ The bridal partners thus allied,  
“ And thus in sweet accordance tied,  
“ One body, heart, and spirit, live,  
“ Enrich’d by every joy they give;  
“ Like echo, from her vocal hold,  
“ Return’d in music twenty fold.  
“ Their union firm, and undecay’d,  
“ Nor time can shake, nor power invade;  
“ But as the stem and scion stand,  
“ Ingrafted by a skilful hand,

“ They



“ They check the tempest’s wintry rage,  
“ And bloom and strengthen into age,  
“ A thousand amities unknown,  
“ And powers, perceiv’d by Love alone,  
“ Endearing looks, and chaste desire,  
“ Fan and support the mutual fire,  
“ Whose flame, perpetual as refined,  
“ Is fed by an immortal mind.

“ Nor yet the nuptial sanction ends;  
“ Like Nile it opens, and descends,  
“ Which, by apparent windings led,  
“ We trace to its celestial head:  
“ The fire, first springing from above,  
“ Becomes the source of life and love,  
“ And gives his filial heir to flow,  
“ In fondness down on sons below.  
“ Thus roll’d in one continued tide,  
“ To time’s extremest verge they glide;  
“ While kindred streams, on either hand,  
“ Branch forth in blessings o’er the land.

“ Thee, wretch! no lisping babe shall name,  
“ No late-returning brother claim,  
“ No kinsman on thy road rejoice,  
“ No sister greet thy entering voice,

40 THE SPARROW AND THE DOVE,

“ With partial eyes no parents see,

“ And bless their years restored in thee.

“ In age rejected, or declined,

“ An alien even among thy kind,

“ The partner of thy scorn'd embrace

“ Shall play the wanton in thy face;

“ Each spark unplume thy little pride,

“ All friendship fly thy faithless side;

“ Thy name shall like thy carcass rot,

“ In sickness spurn'd, in death forgot.

“ All-giving Pow'r! great Source of Life!

“ O hear the parent! hear the wife!

“ That life thou lendest from above,

“ Though little, make it large in love!

“ O bid my feeling heart expand

“ To every claim, on every hand;

“ To those from whom my days I drew,

“ To these in whom those days renew;

“ To all my kin, however wide,

“ In cordial warmth, as blood allied;

“ To friends, with steely fetters twined,

“ And to the cruel not unkind!

“ But

“ But chief, the lord of my desire,  
“ My life, myself, my soul, my fire,  
“ Friends, children, all that wish can claim,  
“ Chaste passion clasp, and rapture name;  
“ O spare him, spare him, Gracious Power !  
“ O give him to my latest hour !  
“ Let me my length of life employ,  
“ To give my sole enjoyment joy ;  
“ His love, let mutual love excite ;  
“ Turn all my cares to his delight ;  
“ And every needless blessing spare,  
“ Wherein my darling wants a share.  
“ When he with graceful action wooes  
“ And sweetly bills, and fondly cooes,  
“ Ah ! deck me, to his eyes alone,  
“ With charms attractive as his own ;  
“ And in my circling wings carest,  
“ Give all the lover to my breast.  
“ Then in our chaste, connubial bed,  
“ My bosom pillow’d for his head,  
“ His eyes with blisful slumbers close,  
“ And watch, with me, my lord’s repose ;  
“ Your peace around his temples twine,  
“ And love him, with a love like mine.



42 THE SPARROW AND THE DOVE,

“ And, for I know his generous flame,  
“ Beyond whate’er my sex can claim,  
“ Me too to your protection take,  
“ And spare me for my husband’s sake.  
“ Let one unruffled calm delight  
“ The loving, and beloved unite ;  
“ One pure desire our bosoms warm,  
“ One will direct, one wish inform ;  
“ Through life, one mutual aid sustain ;  
“ In death, one peaceful grave contain !”

While, swelling with the darling theme,  
Her accents pour’d an endless stream,  
The well-known wings a sound impart,  
That reach’d her ear, and touch’d her heart :  
Quick dropp’d the music of her tongue,  
And forth, with eager joy, she sprung ;  
As swift her entering consort flew,  
And plumed and kindled at the view ;  
Their wings their souls embracing meet,  
Their hearts with answering measure beat ;  
Half lost in sacred sweets, and blest  
With raptures felt, but ne’er express’d.

Straight to her humble roof she led  
The partner of her spotless bed :

Her

Her young, a fluttering pair, arise,  
Their welcome sparkling in their eyes;  
Transported, to their fire they bound,  
And hang with speechless action round.  
In pleasure wrapt, the parents stand,  
And see their little wings expand;  
The fire, his life sustaining prize  
To each expecting bill applies,  
There fondly pours the wheaten spoil,  
With transport given, tho' won with toil;  
While, all collected at the sight,  
And silent through supreme delight,  
The Fair high Heaven of bliss beguiles,  
And on her lord and infants smiles.

The Sparrow, whose attention hung  
Upon the Dove's enchanting tongue,  
Of all his little flights disarm'd,  
And from himself, by VIRTUE, charm'd;  
When now he saw, what only seem'd,  
A fact, so late a fable deem'd,  
His soul to envy he resigned,  
His hours of folly to the wind;  
In secret wish'd a Turtle too,  
And sighing to himself withdrew.

I am young, a flustering fair, and  
I feel welcome, smiling in their eyes,  
Transported, as their love they mean,  
And hang with rapt attention round,  
In pleasure wrapt, the parents stand,  
And see their little wings expand,  
The first, his little shining prize,  
To each expanding bill applied,  
I have fondly poured the nectar food,  
Which transports them, and won their love,  
While all collected at the light,  
And burst through rapturous delight,  
The fair high heaven of bliss bequest,  
And on his love and infant limbs,  
The Sparrow, whose mission brings,  
Upon the Dove's commanding tongue,  
Of all his little flock command,  
And from his little flock command,  
Which now he has, what only love,  
A little while he has to do,  
And then to engage the rest,  
His power of life to the world,  
In love with a Turtle too,  
And flying to the world's end.



THE

## FEMALE SEDUCERS.

**T**IS said of widow, maid, and wife,  
That Honour is a woman's life :

Unhappy sex! who only claim  
A being, in the breath of Fame,  
Which tainted, not the quickening gales  
That sweep Sabæa's spicy vales,  
Nor all the healing sweets restore,  
That breathe along Arabia's shore.

The traveller, if he chance to stray,  
May turn uncensured to his way ;  
Polluted streams again are pure,  
And deepest wounds admit a cure :  
But woman no redemption knows ;  
The wounds of Honour never close !

Tho'

46 THE FEMALE SEDUCERS,

Tho' distant every hand to guide,  
Nor skill'd on life's tempestuous tide,  
If once her feeble bark recede,  
Or deviate from the course decreed,  
In vain she seeks the friendless shore—  
Her swifter folly flies before;  
The circling ports against her close,  
And shut the wanderer from repose;  
'Till, by conflicting waves oppress'd,  
Her foundering pinnacle sinks to rest.

“ Are there no offerings to atone,  
“ For but a single error?”—None.  
Tho' woman is avow'd, of old,  
No daughter of celestial mould,  
Her tempering not without alloy,  
And form'd but of the finer clay,  
We challenge from the mortal dame  
The strength angelic natures claim;  
Nay more; for sacred stories tell,  
That even Immortal Angels fell.

“ Whatever fills the teeming sphere  
“ Of humid earth, and ambient air,  
“ With

“ With varying elements endued,  
“ Was form’d to fall, and rise renew’d.

“ The stars no fix’d duration know ;  
“ Wide oceans ebb, again to flow ;  
“ The moon repletes her waning face,  
“ All-beauteous, from her late disgrace ;  
“ And suns, that mourn approaching night,  
“ Refulgent rise with new-born light.

“ In vain may Death and Time subdue,  
“ While Nature mints her race anew,  
“ And holds some vital spark apart,  
“ Like Virtue, hid in every heart :  
“ ’Tis hence, reviving warmth is seen  
“ To cloath a naked world in green ;  
“ No longer barr’d by winter’s cold,  
“ Again the gates of life unfold ;  
“ Again each insect tries his wing,  
“ And lifts fresh pinions on the spring ;  
“ Again, from every latent root,  
“ The bladed stem and tendril shoot,  
“ Exhaling incense to the skies,  
“ Again to perish, and to rise.

“ And



48 THE FEMALE SEDUCERS,

“ And must weak woman then disown  
“ The change, to which a world is prone?  
“ In one meridian brightness shine,  
“ And ne’er like evening suns decline?  
“ Resolved and firm alone?—Is this  
“ What we demand of woman?”—Yes.

“ But should the spark of vestal fire,  
“ In some unguarded hour expire;  
“ Or should the nightly thief invade  
“ Hesperia’s chaste and sacred shade,  
“ Of all the blooming spoil possést,  
“ The dragon Honour charm’d to rest;  
“ Shall Virtue’s flame no more return?  
“ No more with virgin splendor burn?  
“ No more the ravaged garden blow  
“ With spring’s succeeding blossom?”—No:  
Pity may mourn, but not restore;  
And woman falls, to rise no more!

WITHIN this sublunary sphere,  
A country lies—no matter where;  
The clime may readily be found,  
By all who tread poetic ground.

A stream,

A stream, call'd Life, across it glides,  
And equally the land divides :  
And here, of Vice the province lies ;  
And there, the hills of VIRTUE rise !

Upon a mountain's airy stand,  
Whose summit look'd to either land,  
An Ancient Pair their dwelling chose,  
As well for prospect, as repose ;  
For mutual faith they long were famed,  
And Temperance, and Religion, named.

A numerous progeny divine,  
Confest the honours of their line :  
But in a little Daughter fair,  
Was center'd more than half their care ;  
For Heaven, to gratulate her birth,  
Gave signs of future joy to earth :  
White was the robe this infant wore,  
And Chastity the name she bore.

As now the Maid in stature grew,  
A flower just opening to the view !  
Oft thro' her native lawns she stray'd,  
And wrestling with the lambkins play'd :

50 THE FEMALE SEDUCERS,

Her looks diffusive sweets bequeath'd,  
The breeze grew purer as she breath'd ;  
The morn her radiant blush assumed,  
The spring with earlier fragrance bloom'd ;  
And Nature yearly took delight,  
Like her, to dress the world in white.

But when her rising form was seen  
To reach the crisis of fifteen,  
Her parents up the mountain's head,  
With anxious step their darling led ;  
By turns they snatch'd her to their breast,  
And thus the fears of age express'd.

- “ O joyful cause of many a care !  
“ O daughter, too divinely fair !  
“ Yon world, on this important day,  
“ Demands thee to a dangerous way ;  
“ A painful journey all must go,  
“ Whose doubtful period none can know ;  
“ Whose due direction who can find,  
“ Where Reason's mute, and Sense is blind ?  
“ Ah, what unequal leaders these,  
“ Thro' such a wide perplexing maze !  
“ Then mark the warnings of the wise,  
“ And learn what love and years advise.

“ Far



" Far to the right thy prospect bend,  
 " Where yonder towering hills ascend :  
 " Lo, there the arduous path's in view,  
 " Which VIRTUE, and her sons pursue;  
 " With toil o'er lessening earth they rise,  
 " And gain, and gain, upon the skies !  
 " Narrow's the way her children tread ;  
 " No walk for pleasure smoothly spread,  
 " But rough, and difficult, and steep,  
 " Painful to climb, and hard to keep.

" Fruits immature those lands dispense,  
 " A food indelicate to sense,  
 " Of taste unpleasant ; yet from those  
 " Pure health with chearful vigour flows,  
 " And strength unfeeling of decay,  
 " Throughout the long laborious way.

" Hence, as they scale that Heavenly road,  
 " Each limb is lightened of its load ;  
 " From earth refining still they go,  
 " And leave the mortal weight below :  
 " Then spreads the strait, the doubtful clears,  
 " And smooth the rugged path appears ;  
 " For custom turns fatigue to ease,  
 " And, taught by VIRTUE, pain can please.

52 THE FEMALE SEDUCERS.

“ At length, the toilsome journey o’er,  
“ And near the bright celestial shore,<sup>1</sup>  
“ A gulph, black, fearful, and profound,  
“ Appears, of either world the bound,  
“ Thro’ darkness leading up to light :  
“ Sense backwards shrinks, and shuns the sight ;  
“ For there the transitory train,  
“ Of time, and form, and care, and pain,  
“ And matter’s gross incumbering mass,  
“ Man’s late associates, cannot pass,  
“ But sinking, quit the immortal charge,  
“ And leave the wondering soul at large ;  
“ Lightly she wings her obvious way,  
“ And mingles with eternal day.

“ Thither, O thither, wing thy speed,  
“ Tho’ Pleasure charm, or Pain impede !  
“ To such the ALL-BOUNTEOUS POWER has given,  
“ For present earth, a future Heaven ;  
“ For trivial loss, unmeasured gain ;  
“ And endless bliss, for transient pain.

“ Then fear, ah ! fear to turn thy sight,  
“ Where yonder flowery fields invite ;  
“ Wide on the left the path-way bends,  
“ And with pernicious ease descends :

“ There

“ There sweet to sense, and fair to show,  
“ New-planted Edens seem to blow,  
“ Trees that delicious poison bear,  
“ For death is vegetable there.

“ Hence is the frame of health unbraced,  
“ Each sinew slackening at the taste;  
“ The soul to passion yields her throne,  
“ And fees with organs not her own;  
“ While, like the slumberer in the night,  
“ Pleas'd with the shadowy dream of light,  
“ Before her alienated eyes,  
“ The scenes of fairy land arise;  
“ The puppet world's amusing show,  
“ Dipt in the gayly colour'd bow,  
“ Scepters, and wreaths, and glittering things,  
“ The toys of infants, and of kings,  
“ That tempt, along the baneful plain,  
“ The idly wise, and lightly vain;  
“ Till verging on the gulphy shore,  
“ Sudden they sink, and rise no more.

“ But list to what thy fates declare;  
“ Tho' thou art Woman, frail as fair,  
“ If once thy sliding foot should stray,  
“ Once quit yon Heaven-appointed way,



54 THE FEMALE SEDUCERS.

“ For thee, lost Maid, for thee alone,  
 “ Nor prayers shall plead, nor tears atone :  
 “ Reproach, scorn, infamy, and hate,  
 “ On thy returning steps shall wait ;  
 “ Thy form be loathed by every eye,  
 “ And every foot thy presence fly.”

Thus arm'd with words of potent sound,  
 Like guardian-angels placed around,  
 A charm by Truth divinely cast,  
 Forward, our young Adventurer past :  
 Forth from her sacred eye-lids sent,  
 Like morn, fore-running radiance went ;  
 While Honour, hand-maid late assigned,  
 Upheld her lucid train behind.

Awe-struck the much admiring-crowd  
 Before the Virgin Vision bow'd,  
 Gazed with an ever new delight,  
 And caught fresh virtue at the sight :  
 For not of earth's unequal frame  
 They deem the Heaven-compounded dame ;  
 If matter, sure the most refined,  
 High wrought, and temper'd into mind !  
 Some darling daughter of the day,  
 And bodied by her native ray !

Where

Where e'er she passes, thousands bend;  
 And thousands, where she moves, attend;  
 Her ways observant eyes confess,  
 Her steps pursuing praises bless;  
 While to the elevated Maid  
 Oblations, as to Heaven, are paid.

'Twas on an ever blithsome day,  
 The jovial birth of rosy May,  
 When genial warmth, no more suppress'd,  
 New melts the frost in every breast,  
 The cheek with secret flushing dyes,  
 And looks kind things from chastest eyes;  
 The sun with healthier visage glows,  
 Aside his clouded 'kerchief throws,  
 And dances up the ethereal plain,  
 Where late he used to climb with pain;  
 While Nature, as from bonds set free,  
 Springs out, and gives a loose to glee.

And now, for momentary rest,  
 The Nymph her travell'd step repress;  
 Just turn'd to view the stage attain'd,  
 And gloried in the height she had gain'd.

56 THE FEMALE SEDUCERS,

Out-stretch'd before her wide survey,  
The realms of sweet perdition lay,  
And pity touch'd her soul with woe,  
To see a world so lost below ;  
When straight the breeze began to breathe  
Airs gently wafted from beneath,  
That bore commission'd witchcraft thence,  
And reach'd her sympathy of sense ;  
No sounds of discord, that disclose  
A people sunk and lost in woes,  
But as of present good possess,  
The very triumph of the blest.  
The Maid in rapt attention hung,  
While thus approaching Sirens sung.

“ Hither, Fairest, hither haste !  
“ Brightest Beauty, come and taste  
“ What the powers of bliss unfold,  
“ Joys too mighty to be told !  
“ Taste what extasies they give—  
“ Dying raptures taste and live,

“ In thy lap, disdaining measure,  
“ Nature empties all her treasure ;  
“ Soft desires that sweetly languish,  
“ Fierce delights that rise to anguish !

“ Fairest,



“ Fairest, dost thou yet delay ?

“ Brightest Beauty, come away !

“ Lift not, when the froward chide,

“ Sons of pedantry and pride ;

“ Snarlers, to whose feeble sense

“ April’s sunshine is offence ;

“ Age and envy will advise,

“ Even against the joy they prize.

“ Come, in Pleasure’s balmy bowl,

“ Slake the thirstings of thy soul,

“ Till thy raptured powers are fainting,

“ With enjoyment past the painting :

“ Fairest, dost thou yet delay ?

“ Brightest Beauty, come away !”

So sung the Sirens, as of yore,

Upon the false Ausonian shore ;

And O ! for that preventing chain,

That bound Ulysses on the main,

That so our Fair One might withstand

The covert ruin now at hand.

The song her charm’d attention drew,

When now the Tempters stood in view—

Curiosity,

58 THE FEMALE SEDUCERS,

Curiosity, with prying eyes,  
And hands of busy bold emprise;  
Like Hermes, feather'd were her feet,  
And, like fore-running Fancy, fleet:  
By search untaught, by toil untired,  
To novelty she still aspired;  
Tasteless of every good possess'd,  
And but in expectation blest.

With her, associate, Pleasure came,  
Gay Pleasure, frolic-loving dame;  
Her mien all swimming in delight,  
Her beauties half revealed to sight;  
Loose flowed her garments from the ground,  
And caught the kissing winds around.  
As erst Medusa's looks were known  
To turn beholders into stone,  
A dire reversion here they felt,  
And in the eye of Pleasure melt.  
Her glance with sweet persuasion charm'd,  
Unnerv'd the strong, the steel'd disarm'd;  
No safety even the flying find,  
Who, venturous, look but once behind.

Thus was the much-admiring Maid,  
While distant, more than half-betray'd.

With

With smiles, and adulation bland,  
 They join'd her side, and seiz'd her hand :  
 Their touch envenom'd sweets instill'd,  
 Her frame with new pulsations thrill'd ;  
 While half consenting, half denying,  
 Reluctant now, and now complying,  
 Amidst a war of hopes and fears,  
 Of trembling wishes, smiling tears,  
 Still down, and down, the winning Fair  
 Compell'd the struggling yielding Fair.

As when some stately vessel, bound  
 To blest Arabia's distant ground,  
 Borne from her courses, haply lights  
 Where Barca's flowery clime invites,  
 Conceal'd around whose treacherous land,  
 Lurk the dire rock, and dangerous sand ;  
 The pilot warns, with sail and oar  
 To shun the much suspected shore—  
 In vain ; the tide, too subtly strong,  
 Still bears the wrestling bark along ;  
 Till foundering, she resigns to fate,  
 And sinks o'erwhelm'd with all her freight.

So, baffling every bar to sin,  
 And Heaven's own Pilot placed within,

Along



60 THE FEMALE SEDUCERS,

Along the devious smooth descent,  
With powers increasing as they went,  
The Dames, accustom'd to subdue,  
As with a rapid current drew ;  
And o'er the fatal bounds convey'd  
The lost the long reluctant Maid.

Here stop, ye Fair Ones, and beware,  
Nor send your fond affections there :  
Yet, yet, your Darling, now deplored,  
May turn, to you, and Heaven, restored ;  
Till then, with weeping Honour wait,  
The servant of her better fate,  
With Honour left upon the shore,  
Her friend and handmaid now no more ;  
Nor, with the guilty world, upbraid  
The fortunes of a wretch betray'd,  
But o'er her failing cast a veil,  
Remembring you yourselves are frail.

And now, from all-enquiring light,  
Fast fled the conscious shades of night ;  
The Damsel, from a short repose,  
Confounded at her plight, arose.

As

As when, with slumberous weight oppress'd,  
Some wealthy miser sinks to rest,  
Where felons eye the glittering prey,  
And steal his hoard of joys away;  
He, borne where golden Indus streams,  
Of pearl and quarry'd diamond dreams;  
Like Midas, turns the glebe to oar,  
And stands all wrapt amidst his store;  
But wakens, naked, and despoil'd  
Of that, for which his years had toil'd.  
So fared the Nymph—her treasure flown,  
And turn'd, like Niobe, to stone;  
Within, without, obscure and void,  
She felt all ravaged, all destroy'd:  
And, "O thou curs'd, insidious coast!  
"Are these the blessings thou can'st boast?  
"These, VIRTUE! these the joys they find,  
"Who leave thy heaven-topt hills behind?  
"Shade me ye pines, ye caverns hide,  
"Ye mountains cover me!" she cried.

Her trumpet Slander rais'd on high,  
And told the tidings to the sky;  
Contempt discharged a living dart,  
A side-long viper to her heart;

Reproach

62 THE FEMALE SEDUCERS,

Reproach breathed poisons o'er her face,  
 And soil'd and blasted every grace:  
 Officious Shame, her handmaid new,  
 Still turn'd the mirror to her view,  
 While those, in crimes the deepest dyed,  
 Approach'd to whiten at her side,  
 And every lewd insulting dame  
 Upon her folly rose to fame.

What should she do?—attempt once more  
 To gain the late-deserted shore?  
 So trusting, back the Mourner flew;  
 As fast the train of fiends pursue.

Again the farther shore's attain'd,  
 Again the land of VIRTUE gain'd;  
 But echo gathers in the wind,  
 And shows her instant foes behind.  
 Amazed, with headlong speed she tends,  
 Where late she left an host of friends;  
 Alas! those shrinking friends decline,  
 Nor longer own that form divine:  
 With fear they mark the following cry,  
 And from the lonely Trembler fly;  
 Or backward drive her on the coast,  
 Where peace was wreck'd, and honour lost.

From



From earth thus hoping aid in vain,  
 To Heaven not daring to complain,  
 No truce by hostile clamour given,  
 And from the face of friendship driven;  
 The Nymph sunk prostrate on the ground,  
 With all her weight of woes around.

Enthroned within a circling sky,  
 Upon a mount, o'er mountains high,  
 All radiant fate, as in a shrine,  
 VIRTUE, First Effluence Divine,  
 Far, far above the scenes of woe,  
 That shut this cloud-wrapt world below;  
 Superior Goddess, essence bright,  
 Beauty of Uncreated Light,  
 Whom should mortality survey,  
 As doom'd upon a certain day,  
 The breath of frailty must expire;  
 The world dissolve in living fire;  
 The gems of Heaven, and solar flame,  
 Be quench'd by her eternal beam;  
 And Nature, quickening in her eye,  
 To rise a new-born phoenix, die.

Hence, unreveal'd to mortal view,  
 A veil around her form she threw,

Which

64 THE FEMALE SEDUCERS,

Which three sad sisters of the shade  
Pain, Care, and Melancholy made.

Thro' this her all-enquiring eye,  
Attentive from her station high,  
Beheld, abandon'd to despair,  
The ruins of her Favourite Fair;  
And with a voice, whose awful sound  
Appall'd the guilty world around,  
Bid the tumultuous winds be still,  
To numbers bow'd each listening hill,  
Uncurl'd the surging of the main,  
And smooth'd the thorny bed of pain;  
The golden harp of Heaven she strung,  
And thus the tuneful Goddess sung.

“ Lovely Penitent, arise !  
“ Come, and claim thy kindred skies ;  
“ Come, thy Sister Angels say,  
“ Thou hast wept thy stains away.

“ Let experience now decide,  
“ 'Twixt the good, and evil tried :  
“ In the smooth, enchanted ground,  
“ Say, unfold the treasures found ?—

“ Structures

" Structures raised by morning dreams,  
 " Sands that trip the flitting streams,  
 " Down that anchors on the air,  
 " Clouds that paint their changes there!  
 " Seas that smoothly dimpling lie,  
 " While the storm impends on high,  
 " Showing, in an obvious glass,  
 " Joys that in possession pass;  
 " Transient, fickle, light, and gay,  
 " Flattering, only to betray!  
 " What, alas, can Life contain?  
 " Life, like all it's circles, vain!

" Will the stork, intending rest,  
 " On the billow build her nest?  
 " Will the bee demand his store  
 " From the bleak and bladeless shore?  
 " Man alone, intent to stray,  
 " Ever turns from Wisdom's way;  
 " Lays up wealth in foreign land,  
 " Sows the sea, and plows the sand.

" Soon this elemental mass,  
 " Soon the incumbering world shall pass,  
 " Form be wrapt in wasting fire,  
 " Time be spent, and life expire.



## 66 THE FEMALE SEDUCERS,

" Then, ye boasted works of men,

" Where is your asylum then ?

" Sons of pleasure, sons of care,

" Tell me mortals, tell me where ?

" Gone, like traces on the deep,

" Like a scepter grasp'd in sleep,

" Dew exhaled from morning glades,

" Melting snows, and gliding shades !

" Pass the world, and what's behind ?—

" VIRTUE's gold, by fire refined ;

" From an universe depraved,

" From the wreck of nature saved :

" Like the life-supporting grain,

" Fruit of patience, and of pain,

" On the swain's autumnal day,

" Winnowed from the chaff away.

" Little Trembler, fear no more !

" Thou hast plenteous crops in store,

" Seed by genial sorrows sown,

" More than all thy scorners own.

" What tho' hostile earth despise,

" Heaven beholds with gentler eyes,

" Heaven

“ Heaven thy friendless steps shall guide,  
“ Chear thy hours, and guard thy side.  
“ When the fatal trump shall sound,  
“ When the immortals pour around,  
“ Heaven shall thy return attest,  
“ Hail’d by myriads of the blest,

“ Little Native of the skies,  
“ Lovely Penitent, arise !  
“ Calm thy bosom, clear thy brow,  
“ VIRTUE is thy sister now.

“ More delightful are my woes,  
“ Than the rapture pleasure knows ;  
“ Richer far the weeds I bring,  
“ Than the robes that grace a king,

“ On my wars of shortest date,  
“ Crowns of endless triumph wait ;  
“ On my cares, a period blest ;  
“ On my toils, Eternal Rest.

“ Come, with VIRTUE at thy side,  
“ Come, be every bar defied,  
“ Till we gain our Native Shore :  
“ Sister, come, and turn no more !”

"Heaven thy friends shall guide,  
"Clear thy hours, and guide thy side,  
"When the fatal trump shall sound,  
"When the immortal pour around,  
"Heaven shall thy return attend,  
"Hail'd by myriads of the dead."

"Little Native of the Isles,  
"Lovely Pennine, and  
"Calm thy bosom, clear thy brow,  
"Virtue is thy sister now."

"More delightful are my woes,  
"Than the raptures pleasure knows;  
"Richer far the words I sing,  
"Than the robes that grace a king."

"On my way of life I date,  
"Crowns of conquest triumph wait,  
"On my career a period bids,  
"On my robes, eternal life."

"Come, with Virtue at the side,  
"Come, be every part allied,  
"I'll we gain our native shore;  
"Sister, come, and turn no more."



## LOVE AND VANITY.

**T**HE breezy morning breathed perfume,  
The wakening flowers unveil'd their bloom;  
Up with the sun, from short repose,  
Gay Health, and lusty Labour rose;  
The milkmaid carol'd at her pail,  
And shepherds whistled o'er the dale;  
When Love, who led a rural life,  
Remote from bustle, state, and strife,  
Forth from his thatch'd-roof'd cottage stray'd,  
And strolled along the dewy glade.

A Nymph, who lightly trip'd it by,  
To quick attention turn'd his eye:  
He mark'd the gesture of the Fair,  
Her self-sufficient grace and air,  
Her steps that mincing meant to please,  
Her studied negligence and ease;

70 LOVE AND VANITY,

And curious to enquire what meant  
This thing of prettiness and paint,  
Approaching spoke, and bow'd observant;  
The Lady, slightly,—“ Sir, your servant.”

“ Such beauty in so rude a place !

“ Fair one, you do the country grace :

“ At court, no doubt, the public care—

“ But Love has small acquaintance there !”

“ Yes, sir,” replied the fluttering Dame,

“ This form confesses whence it came :

“ But dear variety, you know,

“ Can make us pride and pomp forego,

“ My name is VANITY. I sway

“ The utmost islands of the sea :

“ Within my court all honour centers,

“ I raise the meanest soul that enters ;

“ Endow with latent gifts and graces,

“ And model fools for posts and places.

“ As VANITY appoints at pleasure,

“ The world receives its weight, and measure ;

“ Hence all the grand concerns of life,

“ Joys, cares, plagues, passions, peace and strife !

Reflect

- " Reflect how far my power prevails,  
 " When I step in, where Nature fails,  
 " And every breach of sense repairing,  
 " Am bounteous still, where Heaven is sparing.  
 " But chief, in all their arts and airs,  
 " Their playing, painting, pouts, and prayers,  
 " Their various habits and complexions,  
 " Fits, frolicks, foibles, and perfections,  
 " Their robing, curling, and adorning,  
 " From noon 'till night, from night 'till morning,  
 " From six to sixty, sick or sound,  
 " I rule the Female Word around.  
 " Hold there a moment," Cupid cried,  
 " Nor boast dominion quite so wide.  
 " Was there no province to invade,  
 " But that by Love and Meekness sway'd?  
 " All other empire I resign;  
 " But be the Sphere of Beauty mine.  
 " For in the downy lawn of rest,  
 " That opens on a Woman's breast,  
 " Attended by my peaceful train,  
 " I chuse to live, and chuse to reign.



“ Far-sighted Faith I bring along ;  
“ And Truth, above an army strong ;  
“ And Chastity, of icy mould,  
“ Within the burning tropics cold ;  
“ And Lowliness, to whose mild brow,  
“ The power and pride of nations bow ;  
“ And Modesty, with downcast eye,  
“ That lends the morn her virgin dye ;  
“ And Innocence, array'd in light ;  
“ And Honour, as a tower upright ;  
“ With sweetly winning Graces, more  
“ Than poets ever dreamt of yore,  
“ In unaffected conduct free,  
“ All smiling sisters, three times three ;  
“ And rosy Peace, the cherub blest,  
“ That nightly sings us all to rest.

“ Hence, from the bud of Nature's prime,  
“ From the first step of infant time,  
“ Woman, the world's appointed light,  
“ Has skirted every shade with white ;  
“ Has stood for imitation high,  
“ To every heart and every eye ;  
“ From antient deeds of fair renown,  
“ Has brought her bright memorials down ;

“ To

" To Time affix'd perpetual youth,  
 " And form'd each tale of love and truth.  
 " Upon a new Promethean plan,  
 " She moulds the effence of a man,  
 " Tempers his mass, his genius fires,  
 " And, as a better soul, inspires.

" The Rude she softens, warms the Cold,  
 " Exalts the Meek, and checks the Bold;  
 " Calls Sloth from his supine repose;  
 " Within the Coward's bosom glows;  
 " Of Pride unplumes the lofty crest;  
 " Bids bashful Merit stand confest;  
 " And, like coarse metal from the mines,  
 " Collects, irradiates, and refines.

" The gentle science she imparts,  
 " All manners smooths, informs all hearts:  
 " From her sweet influence are felt,  
 " Passions that please, and thoughts that melt;  
 " To stormy rage she bids controul,  
 " And sinks serenely on the soul;  
 " Softens Deucalion's flinty race,  
 " And tunes the warring world to peace.

Thus,

" Thus, arm'd to all that's light and vain,

" And freed from thy fantastic chain,

" She fills the sphere, by Heaven assigned,

" And ruled by me, o'er-rules mankind."

He spoke. The Nymph impatient stood;  
And laughing, thus her speech renew'd.

" And pray, sir, may I be so bold

" To hope your pretty tale is told;

" And next demand, without a cavil,

" What new Utopia do you travel?—

" Upon my word, these high-flown fancies

" Shew depth of learning—in romances,

" Why, what unfashion'd stuff you tell us,

" Of buckram dames, and tiptoe fellows!

" Go, child; and when you're grown maturer,

" You'll shoot your next opinion surer.

" O such a pretty knack at painting!

" And all for softening, and for fainting!

" Guess now, who can, a single feature,

" Thro' the whole piece of Female Nature!

" Then mark! my looser hand may fit

" The lines, too coarse for Love to hit.



" 'Tis said that Woman, prone to changing,  
 " Thro' all the rounds of folly ranging,  
 " On life's uncertain ocean riding,  
 " No reason, rule, nor rudder guiding,  
 " Is like the comet's wandering light,  
 " Eccentric, ominous, and bright;  
 " Trackless, and shifting, as the wind;  
 " A sea, whose fathom none can find;  
 " A moon, still changing, and revolving,  
 " A riddle, past all human solving;  
 " A bliss, a plague, a heaven, a hell,  
 " A—something, that no man can tell.

" Now learn a secret from a friend;  
 " But keep your counsel, and attend.

" Tho' in their tempers thought so distant;  
 " Nor with their sex, nor selves consistent,  
 " 'Tis but the difference of a name,  
 " And every Woman is the same.  
 " For as the world, however varied,  
 " And through unnumber'd changes carried,  
 " Of elemental modes, and forms,  
 " Clouds, meteors, colours, calms and storms,

" Tho'

“ Tho’ in a thousand suits array’d,

“ Is of one subject matter made ;

“ So, fir, a Woman’s constitution,

“ The world’s enigma, finds solution ;

“ And let her form be what you will,

“ I am the Subject Essence still.

“ With the first spark of Female Sense,

“ The speck of being, I commence ;

“ Within the womb make fresh advances,

“ And dictate future qualms and fancies ;

“ Thence in the growing form expand,

“ With childhood travel hand in hand,

“ And give a taste of all their joys,

“ In gewgaws, rattles, pomp, and noise.

“ And now, familiar, and unaw’d,

“ I send the fluttering soul abroad.

“ Prais’d for her shape, her face, her mein,

“ The little goddess, and the queen,

“ Takes at her infant shrine oblation,

“ And drinks sweet draughts of adulation.

“ Now blooming, tall, erect, and fair,

“ To dress, becomes her darling care :

“ The

" The realms of Beauty then I bound;  
 " I swell the hoop's enchanted round,  
 " Shrink in the waist's descending size,  
 " Heaved in the snowy bosom rise,  
 " High on the floating lappet sail,  
 " Or curl'd in tresses kiss the gale.  
 " Then to her glass I lead the Fair,  
 " And shew the lovely idol there;  
 " Where, struck as by divine emotion,  
 " She bows with most sincere devotion;  
 " And, numbering every beauty o'er,  
 " In secret bids the world adore.

" Then all for parking, and parading,  
 " Coquetting, dancing, masquerading;  
 " For balls, plays, courts, and crouds, what passion!  
 " And churches, sometimes—if the fashion:  
 " For Woman's sense of right, and wrong,  
 " Is ruled by the almighty throng;  
 " Still turns to each meander tame,  
 " And swims the straw of every stream.  
 " Her soul intrinsic worth rejects,  
 " Accomplish'd only in defects;  
 " Such excellence is her ambition;  
 " Folly, her wisest acquisition;



" And even, from pity, and disdain,

" She'll cull some reason to be vain.

" Thus, fir, from every form, and feature,

" The wealth, and wants of female nature,

" And even from vice, which you'd admire,

" I gather fewel to my fire ;

" And, on the very base of shame,

" Erect my monument of fame.

" Let me another truth attempt,

" Of which your Godship has not dreamt.

" Those shining virtues, which you muster,

" Whence think you they derive their lustre ?

" From native honour, and devotion ?—

" O yes, a mighty likely notion !

" Trust me, from titled dames to spinners,

" 'Tis I make faints, whoe'er makes sinners ;

" 'Tis I instruct them to withdraw,

" And hold presumptuous man in awe ;

" For female worth, as I inspire,

" In just degrees still mounts the higher,

" And Virtue, so extremely nice,

" Demands long toil, and mighty price :

" Like Sampson's pillars, fix'd elate,

" I bear the Sex's tottering state ;

" Sap

" Sap these, and, in a moment's space,

" Down sinks the fabric to its base.

" Alike from titles, and from toys,

" I spring, the fount of Female Joys ;

" In every widow, wife, and miss,

" The sole artificer of bliss.

" For them each tropic I explore ;

" I cleave the sand of every shore ;

" To them uniting Indias sail,

" Sabæa breathes her farthest gale :

" For them the bullion I refine,

" Dig sense and virtue from the mine ;

" And from the bowels of invention,

" Spin out the various arts you mention.

" Nor bliss alone my powers bestow,

" They hold the sovereign balm of woe :

" Beyond the stoic's boasted art,

" I sooth the heavings of the heart ;

" To pain give splendor and relief,

" And gild the pallid face of grief.

" Alike the palace, and the plain,

" Admit the glories of my reign :

" Thro'

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" Thro' every age, in every nation,  
 " Taste, talents, tempers, state, and station,  
 " Whate'er a Woman says, I say;  
 " Whate'er a Woman spends, I pay:  
 " Alike, I fill and empty bags,  
 " Flutter in finery and rags,  
 " With light coquets thro' folly range,  
 " And with the prude disdain to change.

" And now you'd think, 'twixt you and I,  
 " That things were ripe for a reply—  
 " But soft; and, while I'm in the mood,  
 " Kindly permit me to conclude,  
 " Their utmost mazes to unravel,  
 " And touch the farthest step they travel.

" When every pleasure's run aground,  
 " And folly tired thro' many a round,  
 " The Nymph, conceiving discontent hence,  
 " May ripen to an hour's repentance,  
 " And vapours, shed in pious moisture,  
 " Dismiss her to a church, or cloyster:  
 " Then on I lead her, with devotion  
 " Conspicuous in her dress, and motion;  
 " Inspire the heavenly-breathing air,  
 " Roll up the lucid eye in prayer,

" Soften



“ Soften the voice, and in the face  
“ Look melting harmony and grace.

“ Thus far extends my friendly power,  
“ Nor quits her in her latest hour :  
“ The couch of decent pain I spread,  
“ In form recline her languid head,  
“ Her thoughts I methodize in death,  
“ And part not, with her parting breath :  
“ Then do I fet, in order bright,  
“ A length of funeral pomp to fight,  
“ The glittering tapers and attire,  
“ The plumes that whiten o’er her bier ;  
“ And last, presenting to her eye  
“ Angelic fineries on high,  
“ To scenes of painted bliss I waft her,  
“ And form the heaven she hopes hereafter.”

“ In truth,” rejoin’d Love’s gentle god,  
“ You have gone a tedious length of road :  
“ And strange, in all the toilsome way,  
“ No house of kind refreshment lay ;  
“ No Nymph, whose virtues might have tempted,  
“ To hold her from her sex exempted.”

“ For one, we’ll never quarrel, man ;  
“ Take her ; and keep her,—if you can :  
“ And pleas’d I yield to your petition,  
“ Since every Fair, by such permission,  
“ Will hold herself the one selected ;  
“ And so my system stands protected.”

“ O deaf to virtue, deaf to glory,  
“ To truths divinely vouch’d in story !”—  
The Godhead in his zeal return’d,  
And kindling at her malice burn’d :  
Then sweetly rais’d his voice, and told  
Of Heavenly Nymphs, revered of old—  
Hypsipyle, who sav’d her fire ;  
And Portia’s love, approved by fire ;  
Alike Penelope was quoted,  
Nor laurel’d Daphne past unnoted ;  
Nor Laodamia’s fatal garter,  
Nor famed Lucretia, honour’s martyr ;  
Alceste’s voluntary steel,  
And Catherine smiling on the wheel !  
But who can hope to plant conviction,  
Where cavil grows on contradiction ?  
Some she evades, or disavows ;  
Demurs to all, and none allows—

“ A kind

“ A kind of ancient things, call'd Fables !”  
And thus the Goddess turn'd the tables.

Now both in argument grew high,  
And choler flash'd from either eye;  
Nor wonder each refused to yield  
The conquest of so fair a field.  
When happily arrived in view  
A Goddess, whom our grandames knew;  
Of aspect grave, and sober gait,  
Majestic, awful, and sedate;  
As heaven's autumnal eve serene,  
When not a cloud o'ercasts the scene;  
Once PRUDENCE call'd, a matron famed,  
And in old Rome Cornelia named.  
Quick at a venture, both agree  
To leave their strife to her decree.

And now by each the facts were stated,  
In form and manner as related.  
The case was short. They craved opinion,  
“ Which held o'er Females chief dominion ?”  
When thus the Goddess, answering mild,  
First shook her gracious head, and smiled :



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“ Alas, how willing to comply,  
“ Yet how unfit a judge am I!  
“ In times of golden date, 'tis true,  
“ I shared the Fickle Sex with you;  
“ But from their prefence long precluded,  
“ Or held as one whose form intruded,  
“ Full fifty annual suns can tell,  
“ PRUDENCE has bid the Sex farewell.”

In this dilemma what to do,  
Or who to think of, neither knew;  
For both, still bias'd in opinion,  
And arrogant of sole dominion,  
Were forced to hold the case compounded,  
Or leave the quarrel where they found it.

When in the nick, a Rural Fair,  
Of inexperienced gait and air,  
Who ne'er had cross'd the neighbouring lake,  
Nor seen the world beyond a wake,  
With cambrick coif, and kerchief clean,  
Tript lightly by them o'er the green.

“ Now, now!” cried Love's triumphant Child,  
And at approaching conquest smiled;

“ If

“ If VANITY will once be guided,  
“ Our difference may be soon decided :  
“ Behold yon Wench ! a fit occasion  
“ To try your force of gay persuasion.  
“ Go you, while I retire aloof,  
“ Go, put those boasted powers to proof ;  
“ And if your prevalence of art,  
“ Transcends my yet unerring dart,  
“ I give the favourite contest o’er,  
“ And ne’er will boast my empire more.”

At once, so said, and so consented,  
And well our Goddess seem’d contented ;  
Nor pausing, made a moment’s stand,  
But tript, and took the Girl in hand.

Meanwhile the Godhead, unalarm’d,  
As one to each occasion arm’d,  
Forth from his quiver cull’d a dart,  
That erst had wounded many a heart ;  
Then bending, drew it to the head—  
The bow-string twang’d, the arrow fled ;  
And, to her secret soul address,  
Transfix’d the whiteness of her breast.

But here the Dame, whose guardian care  
Had to a moment watch'd the Fair,  
At once her pocket mirrour drew,  
And held the wonder full in view;  
As quickly, ranged in order bright,  
A thousand beauties rush to sight,  
A world of charms till now unknown,  
A world revealed to her alone!  
Enraptured stands the Love-sick Maid,  
Suspended o'er the Darling Shade;  
Here only fixes to admire,  
And centers every fond desire.





THE  
LAST SPEECH  
OF  
JOHN GOOD,

VULGARLY CALLED

Jack the Giant-Queller ;

WHO

Was condemned on the First of April 1745,

AND

Executed on the Third of May following.

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THE  
LAW

JOHN W. COOKE

ATTORNEY AT LAW

WAS CONDEMNED BY THE JURY OF APRIL 1857

IN THE

STATE OF NEW YORK

THE  
LAST SPEECH  
OF  
JOHN GOOD.

Countrymen and Fellow Christians!

**A**N Order hath issued for my being **TURNED OFF THE STAGE** of this **Transitory Life**; and, in these my last moments, it would no longer become me, to contend with **UNRIGHTEOUSNESS**, or to dispute against **POWER**.

For the present, I barely mean to give you a brief account of my Family and Education; to recollect such of my Actions and Sentiments, as were most likely to have hastened this melancholy hour; and to advise and exhort you all against such a Course of Life, as, by my example, may bring you to this **Untimely End**.

Perhaps



90 THE LAST SPEECH OF

Perhaps it may appear wonderful to you, my Brethren, that a person of my reputed Prowess and Spirit, should thus tamely submit to this Shameful Period of my Labours.

Let it suffice to be told you, that, throughout the History of my Progenitors, our Prowess hath rather subsisted in the Weight of our Arguments, than in the Force of our Arms; and that VIRTUE and SUFFERING, have ever been the distinguishing characteristics of our Family.

Indeed, when I look back to the unsearchable Wisdom of my Accusers, from the penetration of whose Authority I could not conceal my intentions, and who have fathomed all depths by the Lead of their own Genius; were I disposed to be merry on an occasion so solemn, I could turn your tears into glee, and your mourning into peals of laughter: but this BLAZON must not be for the present; you will find it annexed to the History of my Life, and spare not to be merry when I am departed.

It has long been a received opinion, that “ All men are Brothers; All Branches, however warped, of the Same Stock; All Sketches, however bungled, of the Same Original.”

Wherefore, when I come to shew, that it is not from One House, but from Two Separate Houses,

Houses, that the inhabitants of the earth are derived; when I demonstrate, that the Generation of The Goods was from Principles eternally opposite to that of The GIANTS; when I prove, that those LUBBARDS were created the natural Vassals of my Progenitors, and that it is the SERVANT who is thus exalted above his LORD; let not your faith be alarmed, neither hold me for a setter-forth of new doctrines.

I stand here, my friends, as a culprit, convicted before the world, touching a late History of my Life and Adventures. The Crimes, that are charged to this History, are not of a light or venial nature: they are no other than Blasphemy, Treason, Sedition, Faction, Disaffection to Majesty and good Government, and Universal Malevolence to Mankind.

But how, my brethren, will ye be astonished to hear, how will the Enemies of our House be abashed to discover, that this History, so discountenanced by the caution of expectants, so suppressed by \* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \* was STOLEN, almost word for word, from an OPERA that was acted near six thousand years ago, and penned by the AUTHOR OF NATURE!

Had not the confession, that is expected from all persons in my unhappy situation, extorted from me

me an acknowledgment of this Theft, it might possibly have remained a secret to the end of things: for, in fact, the Tables and Characters of the DIVINE ORIGINAL, are so erased by Time, and blotted by Interpolations, and the Enemies of our Family are such utter Strangers both to the Text and the Comment; that they would never have conjectured at the TRUTH, till The Day wherein Giantism shall appear as a Midge, and my Judges shall themselves be brought to their Audit.

This DIVINE OPERA, of which I speak, was opened on the sixth day of creation; the AUTHOR was himself the Conductor of the drama; the entrance was Human Life; and the theatre was the Bosom of the First Man that ever breathed.

And the two first characters, who were appointed to make their appearance, were the embryo Giants of AMBITION and APRETITE, who thereafter grew up into POWER and VIOLENCE: and, as they were formed of the gross elements of matter, they retained the tempestuous nature of their principles; fiery, indeed, and devouring, when unreined; but, therefore, more active for service, when duly subjected, and tempered to government.

And when these Vassals were thus prepared to usher in the state of their Masters; the breath of  
 I life



life came into this microcosm of nature, and instantly THREE CHARACTERS of Divine Similitude made their entrance; to wit, Prime Vizier GOODNESS, Princely WISDOM, and Imperial WILL: and the province of Vizier GOODNESS was, to influence and incline; and the province of Prince WISDOM was, to remonstrate and enlighten; and the province of King WILL was, to order and impel those Inferior and Elementary Rascals to their Duty.

And while Prime Vizier GOODNESS was retained in the heart and seat of influence, all was smooth, all was joyous, all was happy: for he was not an enemy to the Passions; he was not the Killer, but the Queller of those Giants; and indulged them to the Capacity of their Nature, which was only susceptible of Benefit within the sphere of their Obedience.

And Imperial WILL listened with a pleased attention to the remonstrances of Princely WISDOM, and he was illuminated thereby; and a secret and inexpressible Delight arose within him from every Impulse of Prime Vizier GOODNESS: and while his Orders, so influenced, rather won a spontaneous Obedience, than exacted a reluctant Submission, all motions within the world of man became easy; every action was free, every wish was gratified, every capacity was filled; no symmetry in Beauty,  
no

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no consonance in harmony could rival the music of a Government so tuned; and in this Subordination of Faculties, this Symphony of Powers, consisted the Original Rectitude, the Perfection of human kind.

AND THUS ENDED THE FIRST ACT.

NOW the Giants of AMBITION and APPE-  
TITE began to grow apace, and they became  
mighty in their own eyes; and they said, " We  
" will form a WILL unto ourselves, we will have a  
" monarch of our own election, and we will dic-  
" tate our desires unto him; and we will be in the  
" place of this Prince and Prime Vizier, and will  
" rule over him."

And while they thus caballed between them-  
selves, they turned away their eyes from the En-  
lightenings of WISDOM, and grew enraged at the  
Reproofs and Goadings of GOODNESS; and they  
began to say unto King WILL, " Thou art bur-  
" dened by thy counsellors, thou hast no need of  
" these thy haughty advisers; for thou art suffi-  
" cient unto Thyself; thou art a God, wise and  
" free from eternity; and we are subjects and  
" vassals unto thee alone; and we will exalt thy  
" state, and be ministers unto thy pleasure for  
" ever."

And by their insinuations they won upon the  
inclination of this King, and by their obsequious-  
ness they attached him to their party: and these  
Two Giants, together with King WILL, rose up  
in



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in arms as by one consent; and they drove out Prime Vizier GOODNESS from the kingdom, and they put Prince WISDOM in chains. And from this unnatural coalition and intimacy of these rebels with their King, a Third GIANT, called INIQUITY or WRONG, arose; and these Three Varlets waxed great in power, and absolute in authority; and they issued a proclamation, whereby it became " High Treason in any to lift up his voice " against Giants." And they laid violent hands on King WILL whom they had seduced; and they put out his eyes, so that he should not see his way for ever; and they placed a pageant scepter in his hand, and he became their vassal. And a thick darkness fell upon The World of Man, and uproar and tumult was heard therein.

AND THUS ENDED THE SECOND ACT.

NOW, had this OPERA ended here, forasmuch as the period would have been sudden, the conduct imperfect, and the catastrophe extremely tragical, and very different from the Original Design; the AUTHOR called the banished Prime Vizier, and appointed him to make his Second Entrance on the stage; and HE gave him a Scorpion, called CONSCIENCE, in his hand, and said unto him,

“ Inasmuch as The World of Man is become  
“ a Chaos; and that those of thy Family, to  
“ whom the Government was appointed, are themselves conquered and quelled therein.

“ Inasmuch as The Giants are increased in  
“ number, and grown absolute in authority, and  
“ have enslaved their Prince, and blinded the  
“ understanding of their Sovereign.”

“ Do thou re-enter among them, and deliver  
“ Prince WISDOM from prison, and take King  
“ WILL into thy leading; for thou shalt not as  
“ yet be able to restore sight to the King, neither  
“ wholly to rescue the Prince from his shackles.  
“ And do thou kindle A NEW LIGHT in The

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“ World of Man, that shall invade and contend  
 “ with the Darkneſs thereof : and be thou watch-  
 “ ful and mighty, and enter into perpetual war  
 “ with The Giants, and ſtrive to ſubdue them ;  
 “ and when they riſe up in arms againſt thee,  
 “ take this Scorpion in thy hand, and ſpare  
 “ not to ſting their guilt, and to laſh their re-  
 “ bellions.

“ But forasmuch as thy Enemies are filled with  
 “ POWER, and VIOLENCE, and WRONG, and can  
 “ neither be ſhamed by foils, nor wholly ſlain by  
 “ woundings ; they ſhall be able to prevail againſt  
 “ thee for ſix thouſand years : and during this  
 “ Combat, thou thyſelf ſhalt be ſubject to many  
 “ diſcomfitures, and inflictions, and confuſions of  
 “ face ; but in the end thou ſhalt overcome. And  
 “ thou ſhalt take the Third of the Giants and  
 “ ſhalt ſlay him ; and the other Two Giants thou  
 “ ſhalt reſtore as at the firſt : and that they be  
 “ able no more to rebel, thou thyſelf ſhalt take  
 “ the Government upon thee ; and thou ſhalt give  
 “ New Eyes and Underſtanding to King WILL,  
 “ and ſhalt deliver Prince WISDOM to perfect  
 “ Freedom ; and they ſhall rejoice to become thy  
 “ Servants, and ſhall walk the foremoſt in thy  
 “ Train for ever.”

And Prime Vizier GOODNESS did as he was  
 commanded : and he entered upon his new com-  
 miſſion ;



mission; and he spoke Peace to the tumult,  
and Silence to the uproar in Man; and New  
Light sprung up in his hemisphere, and the  
Form of Order was restored therein; and those,  
who had not known the First World, were delight-  
ed at the Beauty of the Second.

**AND THUS ENDED THE THIRD ACT.**

H 2

NOW

NOW, as the Fourth Act was appointed to fill a long Parenthesis, called Time, and yet was only susceptible of a single action, to wit, the Combat between the Family of The Goods and the Family of The GIANTS; as this Fourth Act was solely intended to recapitulate and illustrate the Three former Acts, and was of no further importance than as it was preparatory to the Fifth and Last Act of this Great Drama; The AUTHOR, in order to introduce his grand catastrophe, with all the dignity and variety that the nature of his plan would admit, determined to enlarge his Theatre, and increase the number of his Actors, without increasing his Characters, or deviating a tittle from his Original Model.

Wherefore HE spread out this earth for his Stage, and the skies for his Curtain; and his scenes were wrought from the several elements, and in them was hieroglyphically designed and incyphered each emblem of the Future Combat; and THE SPIRIT OF GIANTISM spread throughout, and was prevalent and exalted therein.

Hence the EARTH, by nature sluggish and stupid, grew animated and convulsed through its  
internal

internal vacuities; and, through its emptiness, it became overswoln and overweening; and, in its pride, it shook and made war upon its kindred elements, and it ingulphed the Water, and belched forth the Flame.

And the AIR began to murmur; and, changing from its native serenity and sweetness, it rose into wrath, and exclaimed loudly against the Economy and Beauty of Nature; and it attempted to throw the Ocean from its seat, and to divest the Earth of its cloathing and ornaments.

And the SEA was moved thereat; and it combated the Winds, and foamed against the Earth; and, in its fury, it would have scaled the very Heavens, for it was enraged that any Limits should be set to its Ambition.

And through these violent commotions the FLAME was enkindled; and it fell on the ripened corn, and on the shrubs, and on the forests; and opposition but served to administer to its violence, and it seized on the shelter of cattle, and on the asylums and little nests of the choring inhabitants, and ravaged and laid all waste without mercy.

And while the Noisy thus blustered, and the Empty uttered sounds of terror, the Barren Mountains were swelled in their Pride, and elated and



hardened in the Opinion of their Dignity; and they arose above the Fertility of the humble and refreshing Vales, and in their nakedness they assumed pre-eminence, and claimed the skies in right of their Insignification.

For the AUTHOR had appointed, in the FERMENTATION of GIANTISM, that the Mean and Inconsiderable should get uppermost; and that the Light, and the Despicable, and the Detestable, should ascend.

Wherefore the Vapour, and the Dross, and the Scum of Nature, sprung aloft; and the Stench and the Nuisance of the earth were exalted; and they condensed their powers, and rode sublime, and intercepted the benignity of the sun-beams; and they looked down with contempt on all fruits, and on all fragrance; and they blasted the fields with their lightnings, and with their thunders they terrified the living. And All that was Valuable lay low; and the Gold, and the Gems, and the Riches of the Earth sunk from sight, and were hid in the depth, and in the bosom thereof.

And THE SPIRIT OF GIANTISM entered into the beasts, and the fowl, and the fish, and into the very insects, and crawling reptiles of nature: and the Pard began to glare, and the Lion to roar in the forest; and the Whale drew the fish

by

by shoals into his maw; and the Shark said, "In voraciousness consisteth dominion." And the Hawk, and the Eagle, and the Vulture, soared on high; and they looked down, with indignation, on THE SPIRIT OF GOODNESS, where it bleated in the Fields, and made music in the Groves; and they marked the Lamb, and the Suckling, and the Gentle Robin, and the Cooing Dove, and the Martin Lark, for their Prey.

And when this Great Theatre was thus prepared, the DIVINE AUTHOR called forth two characters from The Bosom of ADAM, and appointed them to make their entrance; and the one was called CAIN, and the other was called ABEL: and the First was the Representative of the Family of The GIANTS, and the Second was the Representative of the Family of The Goods; and the Elder, from the Principles of his Generation, was called THE SON OF MAN; and the Younger, from the Principles of his Generation, was called THE SON OF GOD.

And The Elder rose up against The Younger, and slew him; and he ruled alone, and begot a Race of GIANTS: and all the Sons of Enmity, and of Avarice, and of Ambition, and of Violence, and of Lust, and of Sensuality, and The Mighty in Shew, and The Little in Signification, are the Descendents of the said Giant unto this day.

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Wherefore, in order to give some Poise to the Scale of Iniquity, The AUTHOR appointed a Second Representative of the Family of the Goods, who should stand in the place of his brother who was slain, and he called his name SETH. And he also prospered, and begot a numerous issue, who multiplied through several centuries; and all the Sons of Love, and of Candour, and of Fortitude, and the Generous, and the Honourable, and the Humane, and the Great of Soul, and the Little of Ostentation, are the Descendents of the said ANCESTOR unto this day.

And in process of time it came to pass, that these The Children of GOD beheld the Daughters of the Giants, and saw that they were fair; and they said, "We will no longer wage war against the Giants, but will enter into league and into affinity with them; and we will be as One Family, and as One House:" and Female Beauty became to them as a second kind of Forbidden Fruit; they tasted, they communicated with the Enemies of Virtue; nature felt a Second Wound; every imagination grew incarnate and corrupt; it repented The AUTHOR that he had brought man upon the stage, and he determined to sweep him from the surface thereof.

And in those days there was a certain Poet called NOAH, who refused to listen to the enchantments



ments of his wife: and growing bold in his integrity, he lifted up his voice against a world, and he warned them to deprecate the impending judgment; and he preached to the Giants, "That All should become Little in their own eyes."

And his sermon appeared as a Farce, or as a matter of Mummery, and they laughed at the Man; but though "the earth was then filled with violence," they declined to lay a hand on the Preacher.

And the waters descended, and the floods arose, and this Poet was lifted thereon above the heads of the GIANTS: and the pride of their stature did not avail them for wading; and the fire of their lusts was quenched, and their offences and their filth and their impurities were washed away, and all their sins were covered. And this Poet with his household alone remained, to renew the Present World, and to carry Tidings of the Former to Posterity.

Now the earth, thus delivered of her foul and monstrous burden, began to smile afresh, and to rejoice as in the First Morning and Spring-Tide of Innocence. But forasmuch as, in the house of NOAH, there still remained of the blood of The GIANTS; forasmuch as this world, an irksome passage to The Progeny of the Goons, is yet the proper nursery and province, the Sole Heaven and Native

Native Element of GIANTISM: nature began anew to assert her own; the two families again became distinguished; they resumed their animosity; the war was renewed; and The Giants, as in old times, were crowned with success.

And they built themselves Babels, and erected monuments to their own glory; and they formed new governments, and new states, and new religions; and they became Mighty Hunters, and Emperors, and Rulers, and Potentates, and High-Priests, and Grantees, and Judges, and Justices, and Taxgatherers, and Catchpoles, and Jailers, and Executioners: and fear fell upon all men; and they said, "Surely the hand of Heaven doth fight for The Giants, for with them alone is Omnipotence!" and they paid divine honours unto them, and worshipped, and bowed down before them to the dust; and scarce refrained from suffocating those their idols with the stench of their adulations.

And The GIANTS enacted new laws, and new habits, and new customs, and new fashions; and they reversed Nature and Reason from the bottom to the top; and they appointed to all men, that Good should become Evil, and Evil become Good; and that the Great should appear Little, and the Little appear Great; and it was so. And, as Gods, they created new happiness, and new pleasures,

pleasures, and new appetires, and new opinions; and the Substance of Dignity was turned into Shew, and the Simplicity of Honour into Gaud and Equipage. And they ordered, that all Virtue should be dug from the Bowels of the Earth, and that all Merit should be weighed in Scales of Bullion; and it was so. And Power was denominated from the capacity of Mischief, and Wealth from the issues of Fraud and Depredation. And Truth and Wisdom were levelled with the dust; and the Traitor, and the Pander, and the Buffoon, were exalted. And hymns were sung to the Deities of Rioting and Drunkenness, and anthems to the arm of Inhumanity and Devastation.

Thus did GRANTISM prosper, and grow, and rise in stature, and spread abroad in bulk, till it attained to Universal Dominion; so that OUR FAMILY did not dare to shew their heads throughout the earth, and scarce the appearance of contest remained between us. For though I can quote a few instances, as of HERCULES, JOSHUA, DAXIN, and the first BRUTUS, where our House have prevailed; yet the MITHADES's, the SOCRATES's, the ARISTIDES's, the PHOETONS, the SCIPIO's, the CICERO's, the PETUS's, the AGRICOLA's, the &c. of our Family, have been imprisoned by Practice, devoted by Superstition, proscribed by Envy, murdered by Faction, exiled by Ingratitude, sacrificed by Ambition, stabbed by Malice, doom-



ed by Tyranny—SACRED VICTIMS TO LIBERTY!  
MARTYRS TO TRUTH!

At length The PRINCE and GREAT PRINCIPLE  
OF OUR FAMILY, The LIGHT from whence ALL  
VIRTUE hath received Illumination, The SEED of  
our Growth, The ESSENCE of our Effluence, de-  
scended; and the Heavens bowed down to give  
HIM way; and the earth sprung forward to receive  
HIM.

And HE came, not arrayed in the Fool's Coat  
of GIANTISM, nor in the Weakness of their Power,  
nor in the Meanness of their Dignity; but, over  
his IMMENSITY, HE threw the appearance of Li-  
mitation, and with Time HE invested his ETER-  
NITY; and his OMNIPOTENCE put on Frailty, and  
his SUPREMACY put on Subjection; and with the  
Veil of Mortality he shrouded his BEAUTY, lest  
degenerate nature should shrivel at his Sight, and  
creation, through its depravity, be annihilated in  
HIS PRESENCE.

And in HIS WORD was Life, and in HIS  
BREATH there was Healing; and Death fled be-  
fore him, and Sickness grew found at his Sight;  
and the Lame ran, and the Blind gazed, and the  
Deaf listened; and all the elements were hushed;  
and the earth trembled with Reverence beneath the  
Foot of her CREATOR.

And

And THE POWERS OF GIANTISM were shaken, and they greatly feared for their State, and for their Kingdom; and they murmured that this their hour had fallen unawares; and they said, "Art thou come to torment us before our day?"

And THE Prince of the Giants took this THE PRINCE of our Family apart, and held before him the Magnifying Perspective of the Dreamer; and he shewed him the Whole Toy-house of the Children of men, their distinctions, and their properties, and cares, and concerns, and amusements, and privileges, and stars, and ribbons, and trinkets, and hobbies, and go carts, and revellings, and wailings. And through This Glass they appeared as of reality and importance; and they shewed like kingdoms, and policies, and dominion, and glory, and honour, and pomp, and acquisitions worthy of triumph, and losses worthy of lamentation.

And The Prince of the Family of the Giants said unto the The PRINCE of the Family of the GOODS;  
 " HERE alone is true existence, and true power, and  
 " true pleasure, and true possession; and this is the  
 " world of high thoughts, and of happy achievements;  
 " and All These Things are MINE, and  
 " whosoever desireth the same doth Homage to  
 " My Supremacy; and I give them to my mini-  
 " ons,

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“ons, and to my votaries, and I will constitute  
“Thee the Prince and the Ruler thereof.”

And The Prince of Our Family beheld, and the Perspective was not able to endure His Regard: The Glass shivered at THE BEAM OF HIS EYE,—and All the Shew vanished!

And HE looked abroad, to see who of his Kindred remained on the earth, and to know which of them would acknowledge The Power OF HIS REDEMPTION. But all had strayed as in a foreign land, and lusted after the flesh-pots of their taskmasters. And The Giants had taken them captive, and had made them hewers of wood, and drawers of water, and caterers for their tables, and fishers for their delicacies. And Our Family had become as Asses, to carry the burdens of GIANTISM; and as Oxen, to plow a foil, “wherein they had no Inheritance.”

And their PRINCE had compassion upon them, and HE called them unto him, and loosed them from the Chains of their Lusts; and with the Balm of his Breath he healed their Wounds, and with the Robe of his Mercy he clothed their infirmities. And HE widened their Capacity, HE stretched out their Existence; HE carried them backward where Time was not, and forward through the Tracts of Eternity. And HE gave them  
them



them Dominion over the clamours of appetite, and a Scepter over the tumult of passions, and Power over The Principalities of Giantism, and over Weakness, and over Sin, and over Pain. And He gave them GOODNESS to drink as morning's milk, and WISDOM for food as at a festival. And He lifted them on high, whence they looked, and beheld this world as a Molehill, and The Giants as Reptiles thereon; and they smiled at all beneath, as at the impertinence of a dream that had passed; for they discovered Human Life as a short though thorny pass, and Death but as a portal that opened on Immortality. And he poured Affection into their hearts, and Exultation into their bosoms; and their souls were expanded in Delight, and they became as Gods; for each drank in the Happiness of All, and with the arms of their Love they embraced the Universe, as though it had been the work of their own creation.

And the Thrones, and the Sanhedrims, and the Potentates, and the Rulers, and the High-Priests, and the Elders, and the Judges, and the Placemen, and the Ministers through Earth and through Hell, arose; and All The Powers of Giantism took council together. And they summoned their armies of tipstaves, and bailiffs, and bravoës, and ruffians, and with a Mortal Arm they laid hold on OMNIPOTENCE, and they brought THE JUDGE OF QUICK AND DEAD before the Tribunal

Tribunal of Iniquity. And they accused Him of misdemeanors, and of high crimes against the State; for they proved that **RIGHTEOUSNESS** was a paradox to Human Policy, and that **TRUTH** was high treason against their Statutes and against their Ordinances. Wherefore, for his Good Works He stood impeached; he was convicted according to the Fullness of Law; he was appointed to the Cross by the Equity of their Administration; and **THE PRINCE OF PARDON** was condemned, **THE FOUNTAIN OF HONOUR** was spit upon; and they scourged **THE HEALER**, and put to torture **THE DISPENSER OF DELIGHTS**.

And all the elements stood aghast, and the rocks were rent with Remorse, and the earth sweat drops of Anguish; and the Sun withdrew his face, and the stars refused to behold, lest **THE LAMP THAT FED THEIR LIGHTS** should be extinguished.

Then did Heaven pluck the Rein from the muzzle of **GIANTISM**, that it might rage without check or limitation: and it gnashed upon **GOODNESS**; as a Vulture it caught **THE BEAUTY OF ETERNITY** in its talons, and it stabbed at **THE SOURCE OF LIFE**, and in its Wrath would have annihilated **INFINITUDE**. Yet it served but to rend in twain the Veil of his Mortality, that his **DIVINITY** might thereby become apparent. Wherefore

forè He permitted the utmost of their malice, that He might shew to all his House, and to all his Kindred, how impotent, how inconsiderable, how wholly despicable, is GIANTISM; that its Strength is Weakness, its Wisdom Folly, its Wealth Poverty; its Honours an Indignity, its Pride a Ridicule, its Pomp a Sneer; its Judgment a Lie, its Pleasures a Dream, its Triumphs a Defeat; its Hopes an Illusion, its Pursuits an Error, its Possessions a Phantom; its Ornaments Nakedness, its Beauty a Blemish, its Health a Disease:—And that nothing is strong, nothing is wise, nothing is wealthy; nothing is decent, nothing is ornamental, nothing is honourable; nothing is pleasant, nothing is true, nothing is real; nothing is hopeful, nothing is beautiful, nothing is desirable—but GOODNESS.

Thus, my friends, although it was expected, that the CHIEF of our Family as at that time should descend, in order to make an end at once with Giantism: yet this The PRINCE of our progeny did himself declare, that he came not to accomplish but reinforce the combat; that “he came not to bring peace but a sword upon earth,” and to put new weapons for war into the hands of his failing Fraternity, whereby we are enabled to wage truceless and irreconcilable conflict with Giants, whether they be of the World, or of the Flesh, or of that



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Spirit who is the Power of both—till time shall draw to its final period, till this Cerberean Dog of Giantism shall have fulfilled his day; when THE CAPTAIN OF OUR WARFARE shall himself return, to commence the fifth and last act of his Almighty Drama; when the hugeness, and the seeming almightiness of Giantism, shall be cast to mockery, and to spurnings, and to annihilation; and to the Little, and to the Low, and to the Abased of our House, shall be rendered enlargement, and elevation, and glory, for ever.

And now, my brethren, forasmuch as I have shewn you, that the Giants of my late History, so variously and shrewdly applied by the INGENIOUS, to Modern Ministers, Justices, Privy Counsellors, Judges, Mayors, Sheriffs, Aldermen, &c. &c. were no other than the Original Giants of the Great Drama I have recited; that our First Parent fell by their rebellion, that on his ruins they erected their dominion, that in his restoration they were combated but not quelled, and that the appointed warfare still subsists between us: had I proceeded thus far only, had I limited my Opera to Nature and to Truth as set down and prescribed in the DIVINE ORIGINAL, that power is not on earth who could have called me to question. But, inasmuch as I added a fifth and untimely act thereto, inasmuch as I carried the present times into futurity, and untruly and injuriously and audaciously

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set

set forth, that the might of Giantism was already conquered, and that GOODNESS was prevalent and triumphant among us, I justly suffer the penalty of this my error and my arrogance.

However, I would not have you be ignorant, that I am the least of many writers, both modern and ancient, both sacred and profane, who have undertaken to treat of these things. And you will find throughout the pages of Authentic Holiness, that all of this Reprobate and Enormous Race have ever been the Enemies of VIRTUE and Opponents of the ALMIGHTY; and that no Giant whatever, whether of Cain or of Nimrod, a son of Amalek or of Philistim, hath yet drawn a sword in favour of EQUITY; or hath at any time arisen, from the beginning until now, a PATRON OF LIBERTY, or CHAMPION FOR TRUTH.

And in the gigantic days of Rome and of Cæsar, two Seers arose who prophesied of these matters; and the first was called Virgilius, and the second was called Ovidius. And the first took his parable from foreign parts, and said,

That in Sicily there dwelled a nation of tremendous inhabitants, whose institution was Iniquity, and whose prey was Man. And their stature was lifted up in the height of Ambition, and their arms stretched forth to the extent of Power. And

their task was, in the forge of infernal operations, to frame thunders for the spreading of death and of terror, and weapons for hostility, and implements for mischief. But, forasmuch as their Hands did outnumber their Optics, this prophet did thereby give his readers to understand, that the Authority of Giantism did surpass its Intellects, and that its Force was twofold the extent of its Discernment. Moreover, he tells us, that under the appearance of Ulysses and his train, Knowledge came upon this land, and Wisdom visited this people: and that, in the semblance of Æneas and the Gods of his Hearth, Piety and Hospitality would have intruded among them. But they looked upon Wisdom as an enemy to their policy, and on Piety as an enemy to the idols of their worship. And some of these messengers they prohibited their shores, and others they slaughtered, and others they devoured; and the chiefs of these ambassies with difficulty escaped, to carry to other climates the benefits of their visitation. And forasmuch as this prophet, in this his history of the Cyclopes, did according to the nature and veracity of things, and gave glory and honour and conquest to Giantism, he was approved by the Wealthy, and caressed by the Great, and received praise and remuneration from the Mighty ones of his country.

And the other Seer, even as I have done, took up his parable from ancient times. And he lift up  
his



his voice and cried aloud to all people, that  
 “ Giantism was Iniquity; and that GOODNESS  
 “ was richer than Gold, and more honourable  
 “ than Power.”

And he sung, that in the days of old there were  
 Giants in the land, who were the sons of the earth  
 and the boisterous progeny of the elements; and  
 they were a people of magnitude, and enormity,  
 and renown throughout the world, and of pro-  
 digious deeds, and of pestilentious achievements;  
 and they grasped the East with their right hand,  
 and with their left they laid hold upon the West;  
 and with their head they appeared to push the stars  
 from their seats, so highly did they move in the  
 Pride of their Exaltation. Yet their steps were  
 not formed to the ways of Humanity, for they  
 walked upon the feet of the Dragon and of the  
 Old Serpent; and they seized upon the earth with  
 all its inhabitants, and moved countries to and  
 fro, and transferred nations at pleasure. And  
 they said among themselves, “ What is Heaven  
 “ that we should fear, and what is Righteousness  
 “ that we should observe? Our will is the law,  
 “ and our pleasure is the end, and our power is  
 “ the compass and execution thereof.” And for-  
 asmuch as they had heard that there was Equity  
 above, and vengeance in the Hands of ONE stiled  
 the ALMIGHTY; they proclaimed loud war against  
 government and against order, and attempted the

throne and the habitation of SUPREMACY: and they rent the hills and the promontories from their ancient foundations, and piled Offa upon Olympus, and Pelion upon Offa; and they scaled the Heavens, and belched forth their blasphemies in the face of ETERNAL TRUTH, and hurled up the weapons of enmity and defiance. But JUPITER sent forth Minerva and Astræa, the THUNDERER gave commission to the dispensers of Wisdom and of Equity; and Wisdom was cloathed with power, and Equity with terror; and the Giants were discomfited, and the mountains which they had reared were cast upon their heads; they were buried and entombed under their own operations; and the gulph opened its depth and its vastness beneath, and received them to that final and irremediable place which from the beginning was appointed for the habitation of Giantism.

“ So sung this unhappy and ill-advised Bard.” For, inasmuch as he gave honour and excellence to GOODNESS, and discomfiture and abasement to the Sons of the Earth; he became an offence to Dignities, and a nuisance to Station, and they cast him forth from among them; and he was forbidden to tune his voice, “ Save unto mourning,” for ever.

And I also, in these the days of Degeneracy, being the Least of all the Prophets, was tempted  
to

to visit the fallen off of our kindred. And there came Giants from the east and from the south, and invaded the north of these kingdoms; and in my zeal I arose, and I preached against the assailers of our Liberty and the enemies of our Law; and my sermon was heard through many nations, and all those of our House and of our Lineage united as one man, and prepared to the battle. And the abettors of Giantism were greatly amazed thereat, and their courage was apalled, and their machinations were confounded; and Heaven fought on our side, and defeated the host of their confidence, that a Remnant of our Family might yet be left upon the earth.

And I exulted at this the prevalence and triumph of VIRTUE, and I said within myself, "Surely the hour approaches and is even now arrived, when Giantism shall be trodden as dirt, and swept away from among us, and to my brethren alone shall be granted dominion without end." And I bid my Kinsfolk and my Associates to look abroad, and remark, how the Dews of Good Government were dispensed as from above, and how all basked in the Sunshine of a Happy Administration.

And, thereupon, I opened my mouth with boldness, and I exalted myself against iniquity; for, I said, that POWER is with GOODNESS, and will prove a shield unto those who combat the guilty.



guilty, and a patron to the exposers and scourgers of unrighteousness.

And I took my text from the sixth chapter of Genesis and onward, and I preached unto all people, that, “ In those days there were Giants  
“ in the earth, and also after that; and the same  
“ became mighty men, which were of old men of  
“ renown; and God saw that their wickedness was  
“ great upon the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of their heart was only evil  
“ continually.” And thereafter I set forth the History of the Generation and Adventures of Giantism, and the History of the Generation and Adventures of GOODNESS, as you will shortly find it written, being a transcript of the DIVINE DRAMA above recited; saving that I added thereto an Act of Supererogation, wherein I did unjustly and unadvisedly aver, that the day of appointed Retribution was come, wherein Giantism was wholly stripped of dignity and station, and was become a pigmy to the eyes of the laughing beholders; and that Wealth, Power, and Pre-eminence, were with GOODNESS alone, who should dispose the same in Equity, and dispense the fruits thereof in Beneficence without end.

And while I yet spake, all the people shouted; and they cried, “ Amen, so be it !” and they rent their sides with merriment, and the air with acclamations.

mations. When, lo! a Power, whence I least expected, arose; and a Giantism, that I looked not for, came upon me; and the Stature thereof was stupendous, and it appeared high over Property, and over Liberty, and over Law. And while I stood astonished at the suddenness of the vision, it rushed and stopped my mouth before I could make my Appeal; it censured me untried, unheard, and unimpeached, neither suffered me to plead against my condemnation; and I was appointed unto Reproof where Applause had been prepared, and unto Death on the very spot where I attempted Immortality.

And now, my beloved brethren, forasmuch as the grave is a mocker of mortal malice; and that I have nothing further to fear touching what Giants can do unto me; my only concern is for the Safety of my Kinsfolk, and my panic for the Defenceless among my Fraternity.

Wherefore, that you may not be surprised through your ignorance of the Adversary, I will give you certain Marks and Criterions of Giantism, that may serve as a rattle to warn you when the Snake approacheth; that you may flee if you have not the courage to contend, or prepare to the combat if such is your virtue.

Giantism is a bugbear, a monster, a monopoly; as where the Head hath ingulphed the Limbs, or  
the

## 122 THE LAST SPEECH OF

the Members absorbed the Understanding. In the natural world, it is Deformity; in the moral world, it is Wickedness; in the political world, Misrule: Flattery is the harbinger, and Fear the trainbearer thereof; it is worshipped because of its violence, it is praised because of its fangs: though divested of right, yet it is cloathed with power; though it is despicable, yet is it terrible.

Take heed therefore that ye blaspheme not Vice; neither open your lips against Vanity or Riches; and when ye see Folly in the seat of Judgment, or Infamy lifted on high, beware that ye look not up,—lest ye be tempted to laughter.

In patience then possess ye your spirit; be still and contemplate, be ye silent and remark; for the force of Giantism is as the hurricane of an hour, and its splendour is that of a meteor which passeth away: as a cloud that thickeneth upon the face of the morning, it is laden with tempests, it is big of its thunders; yet in the Pride of its Utterance shall it suddenly be brought down, it shall be dissipated by the mischief which it beareth within its Bowels.

But forasmuch as it is not in man to compass this matter, neither in the arm of any mortal to bring it to pass; thus saith The BLESSED AND ONLY POTENTATE, Who mocketh at all Pride as the  
swelling



swelling of a frog, and at Giantism as a cricket who exalteth himself in his corner.

“ Men of high degree are a lie; pride com-  
“ passeth them about as a chain, violence covereth  
“ them as a garment; their quiver is an open  
“ sepulchre, they are all mighty men. Their  
“ land also is full of silver and gold, neither is  
“ there any end of their treasures; their land also  
“ is full of horses, neither is there any end of their  
“ chariots.

“ Shall I not visit for these things, saith the  
“ LORD, and shall not my soul be avenged on such  
“ a nation as this? For the oppression of the  
“ poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I  
“ arise, saith the LORD, I will set him in safety  
“ from him that puffeth at him; for the spoil of  
“ the poor is in their houses, upon a lofty and  
“ high mountain have they set their bed; but  
“ though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, and  
“ though thou set thy nest among the stars,  
“ thence will I bring thee down, saith the LORD.

“ Hear then the word of the LORD, ye scornful  
“ men! Because ye have said we have made a co-  
“ venant with death, and with hell are we at  
“ agreement; when the overflowing scourge shall  
“ pass thro' it shall not come unto us; for we have  
“ made lies our refuge, and under falsehood have

“ we

224 THE LAST SPEECH OF

" we hid ourselves : but thus saith the LORD,  
 " your covenant with death shall be disannulled,  
 " and your agreement with hell shall not stand.  
 " For the day of their calamity is at hand, and  
 " the things that shall come upon them make  
 " haste. Therefore hell hath enlarged herself,  
 " and opened her mouth without measure, and  
 " their glory, and their multitude, and their pomp,  
 " shall descend into it: for the triumphing of the  
 " wicked is short; though his excellency mount  
 " up to the Heavens, and his head reach unto the  
 " clouds, he shall be chased away as a vision of  
 " the night, and the eye which saw him shall see  
 " him no more.

" But the LORD is a strength to the poor, a  
 " strength to the needy in his distress, a refuge  
 " from the storm, a shadow from the heat. He  
 " strengtheneth the spoiled against the strong, He  
 " shall turn the shadow of their death into mourn-  
 " ing; and his judgment shall run down as waters,  
 " and his righteousness as a mighty stream.

" But howl ye wicked, for the day of the  
 " LORD is at hand! it cometh cruel both with  
 " wrath and fierce anger, to lay the land desolate;  
 " and HE shall destroy the sinners thereof out of it.

" For that day is a day of wrath, a day of  
 " trouble and distress, a day of wasteness and  
 " desolation,

“ desolation, a day of darkness and gloominess, a  
 “ day of clouds and thick darkness; a day of the  
 “ trumpet and alarm against the fenced cities, and  
 “ against the high towers; neither their silver nor  
 “ their gold shall be able to deliver them in the  
 “ day of the Lord’s wrath.

“ And every mountain and island shall be mov-  
 “ ed out of their places; and all whose habita-  
 “ tions are on high, and the kings of the earth,  
 “ and the great men, and the rich men, and the  
 “ chief captains, and the mighty men, shall hide  
 “ themselves in the dens, and in the rocks of the  
 “ mountains, and shall say unto the rocks and  
 “ the mountains, Fall on us! and hide us from  
 “ the face of HIM that sitteth on the throne! for  
 “ the great day of his wrath is come, and who  
 “ shall be able to stand?

“ And the LORD himself shall descend from  
 “ Heaven with a shout, with the voice of the  
 “ arch-angel, and with the trump of GOD. Then  
 “ shall the Heavens depart as a scroll when it is  
 “ rolled together; and the elements shall melt  
 “ with fervent heat, and the earth shall reel to and  
 “ fro like a drunkard, and shall be removed like  
 “ a cottage.

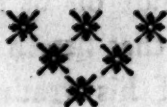
“ And having spoiled Principalities and Powers,  
 “ HE shall make a shew of them openly. And  
 “ Death



126 THE LAST SPEECH, &c.

“ Death shall be swallowed up of VICTORY, and  
“ Mortality shall be swallowed up of LIFE.”

WHO IS LIKE UNTO THEE, O LORD! AMONGST  
THE GODS? WHO IS LIKE UNTO THEE? GLORIOUS  
IN HOLINESS, FEARFUL IN PRAISES, DOING WON-  
DERS? WHEREFORE, BLESSING, AND GLORY, AND  
THANKSGIVING, AND HONOUR, AND POWER,  
AND MIGHT, BE UNTO OUR GOD ALONE FOR EVER  
AND EVER! AMEN.



GUSTAVUS VASA,

T. H E

Deliverer of his COUNTRY.

A

T R A G E D Y.

AS IT WAS TO HAVE BEEN ACTED AT THE  
THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE.

PRINTED, MDCCXXXIX.

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and my property; and with I could do better  
 without giving myself even to those by whom  
 A  
 I am a subject of Great Britain

## PREFATORY DEDICATION

TO THE

SUBSCRIBERS,

**A**S I esteemed it my happiness to live under a government, where NATIONAL LIBERTY was established by LAW, and the RIGHTS of Subjects were interwoven with their ALLEGIANCE; so I ever thought it my safety to act with such allowable freedom, as did not contradict any of our written and known regulations.

Though inconsiderable in myself, I am yet a subject of Great Britain; and the privileges of her meanest member are dear to the whole constitution.

Among those privileges, I claim that of justifying my conduct, I claim that of defend-

### 130 A PREFATORY DEDICATION

ing my property ; and wish I could do both, without giving disgust even to those by whose censures I am a sufferer.

When I wrote the following sheets I had studied the ancient laws of my country, but was not conversant with her present political state. I did not consider things minutely : in the general view I liked our constitution, and zealously wished that the religion, the laws, and liberties of England, might ever be sacred and safe. I had nothing to fear or hope from party or preferment ; my attachments were only to TRUTH : I was conscious of no other principles, and was far from apprehending that such could be offensive.

I took my subject from the History of Sweden, one of those Gothic and glorious nations, from whom our form of government is derived ; from whom Britain has inherited those unextinguishable SPARKS OF LIBERTY and PATRIOTISM, that were Her LIGHT through the ages of ignorance and superstition ; her FLAMING SWORD turned every way against invasion ; and that VITAL HEAT, which has so often preserved her, so often restored her from intestine malignities.

Those

Those are the SPARKS, the GEMS, that alone give true ornament and brightness to the CROWN of a British monarch; that give him freely to reign over the free; and shall ever set him above the princes of the earth, till corruption grow universal; till subjects wish to be slaves, and kings know not how to be happy.

I was pleased with this similitude between the principles, and, as I may say, between the natural constitutions of Sweden and Britain. I looked no further for sentiments, than as they arose from facts; and for the facts I am indebted to history: nay, I ingenuously confess, I was so far from a view of merit with the disaffected, that I looked on this performance as the highest compliment I could pay the present establishment—Such was my ignorance, or such is my misfortune!

Many are the difficulties a new author has to encounter in introducing his play on the stage: I had the good fortune to surmount them. This piece was about five weeks in rehearsal, the day was appointed for acting, I had disposed of many hundred tickets, and



### 133 A PREFATORY DEDICATION

imagined I had nothing to fear but from the weakness of the performance.

But then it was, that where I looked for approbation, I met with repulse. I was condemned and punished in my works, without being accused of any crime; and made obnoxious to the government under which I live, without having it in my power to alter my conduct, or know in what instance I had given offence.

However singular and unprecedented this treatment may appear, had I conceived it to be the intention of the legislature, I should have submitted without complaining: or had any, among hundreds who have perused the manuscript, observed but a single line that might inadvertently tend to Sedition or Immorality, I would then have been the first to strike it out, I would now be the last to publish it.

Had the dignity of the Lord Chamberlain's office condescended, as some would insinuate, to a Theatrical examination of the Drama; to a critical inquisition of the conduct, the unities, and tricks of scenery; even so I might  
have

have hoped for equal indulgence with farces, pantomimes, and other performances of like taste and genius.

But this is not the case: the Lord Chamberlain's office is alone concerned in those reasons, which gave birth to the statute; it is to guard against such representations, as He may conceive to be of pernicious influence in the commonwealth. This is the only point to which his prohibitions are understood to extend; and his prohibition lays me under the necessity of publishing this piece, to convince the public, that, though of no valuable consequence, I am at least INOFFENSIVE.

PATRIOTISM, or THE LOVE OF COUNTRY, is the great and single MORAL which I had in view through this play. This LOVE (so superior in its nature to all other interests and affections) is personated in the character of GUSTAVUS. It is the love of NATIONAL WELFARE; national welfare is NATIONAL LIBERTY; and he alone can be conscious of it, he alone can contribute to the support of it, who is PERSONALLY FREE,

By PERSONAL FREEDOM, I mean that state resulting from VIRTUE; or REASON ruling

### 134 A PREFATORY DEDICATION

in the breast superior to appetite and passion : and by NATIONAL FREEDOM, I mean a security (arising from the nature of a well-ordered constitution) for those advantages and privileges that each man has a right to, by contributing as a member to the weal of that community.

The monarch or head of such a constitution, is as the FATHER of a large and well regulated family ; his subjects are not Servants, but SONS ; their care, their affections, their attachments, are reciprocal ; and their interest is ONE, is not to be divided.

This is truly to reign ; this, only, is to reign. How glorious, how extensive is the prerogative of such a monarch ! He is superior to subjects, each of whom is equal to any monarch, who is only superior to slaves. He is sceptered in the HEARTS of his people, from whence he directs their hands with double force and energy. His office partakes of the DIVINE INCLINATION, by being exerted to no other end, but The Happiness of a People.

O, never may any subtleties, any insinuations raise groundless jealousies in a people so governed !



governed ! Never may they be influenced to imagine, that such a prince is invading their rights, while he is only solicitous to confirm and preserve them !

And never may any ministry, any adulation, seduce such a prince from that his true interest and honour !

I should not have had the assurance to solicit a subscription in favour of sentiments, that any circumstance could ever make me retract. These, and these only, are the principles of which you are patrons ; and the honourable names\* prefixed to this performance, lay me under such a future obligation of conduct, as shall ever make me cautious of forfeiting the advantages I receive from them. They are also to me a lasting memorial of that gratitude with which I am,

Your most Obligated, most Faithful,

and most Humble Servant,

HENRY BROOKE.

\* Amounting to near one thousand.

## PROLOGUE.

**B**RITONS! this night presents a state distress;  
Tho' brave, yet vanquish'd; and tho' great,  
oppress'd.

Vice, ravening vulture, on her vitals prey'd;  
Her peers, her prelates, fell corruption sway'd:  
Their rights, for power, the ambitious weakly sold;  
The wealthy, poorly, for superfluous gold.  
Hence wasting ills, hence severing factions rose,  
And gave large entrance to invading foes:  
Truth, justice, honour, fled the infected shore;  
For Freedom, Sacred Freedom, was no more.

Then, greatly rising in his country's right,  
Her hero, her deliverer, sprung to light:  
A race of hardy northern sons he led,  
Guileless of courts, untainted, and unread;  
Whose inborn spirit spurn'd the ignoble fee,  
Whose hands scorn'd bondage, for their hearts  
were free.

Ask ye, what law their conquering cause confess?—  
Great nature's law, the law within the breast;  
Form'd by no art, and to no sect confined,  
But stamp'd by Heaven upon the unletter'd mind,

Such, such, of old, the first born natives were,  
Who breathed the virtues of Britannia's air,

Their

Their realm when mighty Cæsar vainly sought;  
For Mightier Freedom against Cæsar fought,  
And rudely drove the famed invader home,  
To tyrannize o'er polished—venal Rome.

Our bard, exalted in a freeborn flame,  
To every nation would transfer this claim:  
He, to no state, no climate, bounds his page,  
But bids the moral beam thro' every age.  
Then be your judgment generous as his plan;  
Ye sons of freedom!—save the friend of man.

The



## The Persons represented.

### M E N.

- |                                                                                            |   |                      |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|----------------------|
| <b>CRISTIERN</b> , King of Denmark and Norway, and usurper of Sweden,                      | } | <b>Mr. WRIGHT.</b>   |
| <b>TROLLIO</b> , A Swede, archbishop of Upsal, and vicegerent to Cristiern,                | } | <b>Mr. GIBBER.</b>   |
| <b>PETERSON</b> , A Swedish nobleman, secretly of the Danish party, and friend to Trollio, | } | <b>Mr. TURBUTT.</b>  |
| <b>LAERTES</b> , A young Danish nobleman, attendant on Cristina,                           | } | <b>Mr. WOODWARD.</b> |
| <b>GUSTAVUS</b> , Formerly general of the Swedes, and first cousin to the deceased king,   | } | <b>Mr. QUIN.</b>     |
| <b>ARVIDA</b> , Of the royal blood of Sweden, friend and cousin to Gustavus,               | } | <b>Mr. MILWARD.</b>  |
| <b>ANDERSON</b> , Chief lord of Dalecarlia,                                                | } | <b>Mr. MILLS.</b>    |
| <b>ARNOLDUS</b> , A Swedish priest, and chaplain in the copper-mines of Dalecarlia,        | } | <b>Mr. HAVARD.</b>   |
| <b>SIVARD</b> , Captain of the Dalecarlians,                                               | } | <b>Mr. RIDOUT.</b>   |

### W O M E N.

- |                                                       |                       |
|-------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| <b>CRISTINA</b> , Daughter to Cristiern,              | <b>Mrs. GIFFARD.</b>  |
| <b>AUGUSTA</b> , Mother to Gustavus,                  | <b>Mrs. BUTLER.</b>   |
| <b>GUSTAVA</b> , Sister to Gustavus, a Child,         | <b>Miss COLE.</b>     |
| <b>MARIANA</b> , Attendant and confident to Cristina, | <b>Mrs. CHETWOOD.</b> |

Soldiers, Peasants, Messengers, and Attendants.

SCENE DALECARLIA, a Northern Province in SWEDEN.

# GUSTAVUS VASA,

THE

## Deliverer of his COUNTRY.

### ACT I. SCENE I.

The Inside of the Copper Mines in Dalecarlia.

Enter ANDERSON, ARNOLDUS, and Servants with  
Torches.

AND. YOU tell me wonders.

ARN. Soft—behold, my lord,  
Behold him stretch'd, where reigns eternal night;  
The flint his pillow, and cold damps his covering!  
Yet bold of spirit, and robust of limb,  
He throws inclemency aside, nor feels  
The lot of human frailty.

AND. What horrors hang around!—The sa-  
vage race

Ne'er hold their den, but where some glimmering  
ray

May bring the chear of morn. What then is he?—  
His dwelling marks a secret in his soul,  
And whispers somewhat more than man about him.

ARN.

ARN. Draw but the veil of his apparent wretchedness,

And you shall find, his form is but assumed  
To hoard some wondrous treasure, lodged within.

AND. Let him bear up to what thy praises speak  
him,

And I will win him spite of his reserve;  
Bind him with secret friendship to my soul,  
And make him half myself.

ARN. 'Tis nobly promised;  
For worth is rare, and wants a friend in Sweden,  
And yet I tell thee, in her age of heroes,  
When, nursed by Freedom, all her sons grew great,  
And every peasant was a prince in virtue;  
I greatly err, or this abandoned stranger  
Had stept the first for fame—tho' now he seeks  
To veil his name, and cloud his shine of virtues;  
For there is danger in them.

AND. True, ARNOLDUS:  
Were there a prince throughout the scepter'd globe,  
Who search'd out merit for its due preferment,  
With half that care our tyrant seeks it out  
For ruin; happy, happy were that state,  
Beyond the golden fable of those pure  
And earliest ages—Wherefore this, good Heaven?  
Is it of fate, that he who assumes a crown  
Throws off humanity?

ARN. So CRISTIERN holds,  
He claims our country as by right of conquest,  
A right to every wrong. Even now 'tis said,  
The tyrant envies what our mountains yield  
Of health or aliment; he comes upon us,

Attended



Attended by a numerous host, to seize  
These last retreats of our expiring liberty.

AND. Say'it thou?

ARN. This rising day, this instant hour,  
Thus chaced, we stand upon the utmost brink  
Of steep perdition; and must leap the precipice,  
Or turn upon our hunters.

AND. Now, GUSTAVUS!

Thou prop and glory of inglorious Sweden,  
Where art thou mightiest man?—Were he but  
here!—

I'll tell thee, my ARNOLDUS, I beheld him,  
Then when he first drew sword, serene and dreadful,  
As the brow'd evening 'ere the thunder break;  
For soon he made it toilsome to our eyes,  
To mark his speed, and trace the paths of conquest:  
In vain we followed, where he swept the field;  
'Twas death alone could wait upon GUSTAVUS.

ARN. He was, indeed, whate'er our wish could  
form him.

AND. Array'd and beauteous in the blood of  
Danes,

The invaders of his country, thrice he chaced  
This CRISTIERN, this fell conqueror, this usurper,  
With route and foul dishonour at his heels,  
To plunge his head in Denmark.

ARN. Nor ever had the tyrant known return,  
To tread our necks, and blend us with the dust,  
Had he not dared to break thro' every law  
That sanctifies the nations; seized our hero,  
The pledge of specious treaty; tore him from us,  
And led him chained to Denmark.

AND.

AND. Then we fell.—

If still he lives, we yet may learn to rise;  
But never can I dare to rest a hope  
On any arm but his.

ARN. And yet I trust,  
This stranger that delights to dwell with darkness,  
Unknown, unfriended, compass round with  
wretchedness,  
Conceals some mighty purpose in his breast,  
Now labouring into birth.

AND. When came he hither?

ARN. Six moons have changed upon the face of  
night,  
Since here he first arrived, in servile weeds,  
But yet of mien majestic. I observed him;  
And ever, as I gazed, some nameless charm,  
A wondrous greatness not to be concealed,  
Broke thro' his form, and awed my soul before him.  
Amid these mines he earns the hireling's portion;  
His hands out-toil the hind, while on his brow  
Sits patience, bathed in the laborious drop  
Of painful industry—I oft have sought,  
With friendly tender of some worthier service,  
To win him from his temper; but he shuns  
All offers, yet declined with graceful act,  
Engaging beyond utterance: and at eve,  
When all retire to some domestic solace,  
He only stays, and, as you see, the earth  
Receives him to her dark and cheerless bosom.

AND. Has no unwary moment e'er betray'd  
The labours of his soul; some favourite grief,  
Whereon to raise conjecture?

ARN.

ARN. I saw, as some bold peasants late deplored  
 Their country's bondage, sudden passion seized  
 And bore him from his seeming: Straight his form  
 Was turn'd to terror; ruin fill'd his eye;  
 And his proud step appeared to awe the world;  
 When check'd as thro' an impotence of rage,  
 Damp sadness soon usurp'd upon his brow,  
 And the big tear roll'd graceful down his visage.

AND. Your words imply a man of much importance.

ARN. So I suspected; and at dead of night  
 Stole on his slumbers. His full heart was busy;  
 And oft his tongue pronounced the hated name  
 Of—bloody CRISTIERN!—there he seem'd to  
 pause:

And recollected to one voice, he cried,  
 O Sweden! O my country! Yet I'll save thee!

AND. Forbear—he rises—Heavens, what majesty!

## SCENE II.

Enter GUSTAVUS.

AND. Your pardon, stranger, if the voice of  
 virtue,

If cordial amity from man to man,  
 And somewhat that should whisper to the soul,  
 To seek and cheer the sufferer, led me hither  
 Impatient to salute thee. Be it thine  
 Alone to point the path of friendship out;  
 And my best power shall wait upon thy fortunes.



**GUST.** Yes, generous man! there is a world:  
 A glorious test,  
 The truest, worthiest, noblest cause for friendship;  
 Dearer than life, than interest, or alliance,  
 And equal to your virtues.

**AND.** Say—unfold.

**GUST.** Art thou a foldier, a chief lord in Sweden,  
 And yet a stranger to thy country's voice  
 That loudly calls the hidden patriot forth?  
 But what's a foldier? What's a lord in Sweden?  
 All worth is fled, or fallen—Nor has a life  
 Been spared, but for dishonour; spared to breed  
 More slaves for Denmark, to beget a race  
 Of new-born virgins for the unsated lust  
 Of our new masters. Sweden! thou art no more!  
 Queen of the north! thy land of liberty,  
 Thy house of heroes, and thy feat of virtues,  
 Is now the tomb, where thy brave sons lie speech-  
 less,

And foreign snakes engender.

**AND.** O 'tis true.

But wherefore? To what purpose?—

**GUST.** Think of Stockholm!

When CRISTIERN seized upon the hour of peace,  
 And drench'd the hospitable floor with blood;  
 Then fell the flower of Sweden, mighty names!  
 Her hoary senators, and gasping patriots.  
 The tyrant spoke, and his licentious band  
 Of blood-trained ministry were loosed to ruin.  
 Invention wanton'd in the toil of infants  
 Stabb'd on the breast, or reeking on the points  
 Of sportive javelins, Husbands, sons, and fires,

With

With dying ears drank in the loud despair  
 Of shrieking chastity. The waste of war  
 Was peace and friendship to this civil massacre.  
 O heaven and earth! Is there a cause for this?  
 For sin without temptation, calm, cool villainy,  
 Deliberate mischief, unimpassioned lust,  
 And smiling murder?—Lie thou there, my  
 soul!—

Sleep, sleep upon it—image not the form  
 Of any dream but this, 'till time grows pregnant,  
 And thou canst wake to vengeance.

AND. Thou hast greatly moved me. Ha! thy  
 tears start forth.

Yes, let them flow, our country's fate demands  
 them :

I too will mingle mine, while yet 'tis left us  
 To weep in secret, and to fight with safety.  
 But wherefore talk of vengeance? 'Tis a word  
 Should be engraven on the new fallen snow,  
 Where the first beam may melt it from observance.  
 Vengeance on CRISTIERN?—Norway and the Dane,  
 The sons of Sweden, all the peopled north  
 Bend at his nod: my humbler boast of power  
 Meant not to cope with crowns.

GUST. Then what remains,  
 Is briefly this—your friendship has my thanks,  
 But must not my acceptance: never—no—  
 First sink thou baleful mansion to the center,  
 And be thy darkness doubled round my head;  
 'Ere I forsake thee for the bliss of Paradise,  
 To be enjoyed beneath a tyrant's scepter!  
 No, that were wilful slavery—Freedom is

The brilliant gift of Heaven; 'tis reason's self,  
The kin of Deity—I will not part wi't.

AND. Nor I, while I can hold it; but alas!  
That is not in our choice.

GUST. Why?—where's that power whose engines are of force

To bend the brave and virtuous man to slavery?  
Base fear, the laziness of lust, gross appetites,  
These are the ladders, and the groveling footstool,  
From whence the tyrant rises on our wrongs,  
Secure and scepter'd in the soul's servility.  
He has debauch'd the genius of our country;  
And rides triumphant, while her captive sons  
Await his nod, the silken slaves of pleasure,  
Or fetter'd in their fears.

AND. I apprehend you:

No doubt, a base submission to our wrongs  
May well be term'd a voluntary bondage.  
But think, the heavy hand of power is on us;  
Of power, from whose imprisonment and chains  
Not all our free-born virtue can protect us.

GUST. 'Tis there you err, for I have felt their force;

And had I yielded to enlarge these limbs,  
Or share the tyrant's empire, on the terms  
Which he proposed—I were a slave indeed.  
No—in the deep and deadly damp of dungeons  
The soul can rear her sceptre, smile in anguish,  
And triumph o'er oppression.

AND. O glorious spirit!—Think not I am slack  
To relish what thy noble scope intends;

But



But then the means! the peril! and the consequence!  
Great are the odds, and who shall dare the trial?

GUST. I dare.—

O wer't thou still that gallant chief  
Whom once I knew! I could unfold a purpose,  
Would make the greatness of thy heart to swell,  
And burst in the conception,

AND. Give it utterance.

Perhaps there lie some embers yet in Sweden,  
Which, wakened by thy breath, might rise in  
flames,  
And spread vindictive round—You say you know  
me;

But give a tongue to such a cause as this,  
And if you hold me tardy in the call,  
You know me not—But thee I have surely known;  
For there is somewhat in that voice and form,  
Which has alarm'd my soul to recollection;  
But 'tis as in a dream, and mocks my reach.

GUST. Then name the man, whom it is death to  
know,

Or knowing to conceal—and I am he.

AND. GUSTAVUS!—Heavens! 'Tis he! 'tis he  
himself!

S C E N E III.

Enter ARVIDA, Speaking to a Servant.

ARV. I thank you, friend, he is here; you may  
retire.

AND. Good morning to my noble guest, you are  
early!

[GUSTAVUS walks apart.

L 2

ARV.

ARV. I come to take a short and hasty leave :  
'Tis said, that from the mountain's neighbouring  
brow,

The canvas of a thousand tents appears,  
Whitening the vale—Suppose the tyrant there ;  
You know my safety lies not in the interview—  
Ha! What is he, who in the shreds of slavery  
Supports a step, superior to the state  
And insolence of ermine?

GUST. Sure that voice,  
Was once the voice of friendship and ARVIDA !

ARV. Ha! Yes—'tis he!—ye powers! it is  
GUSTAVUS.

GUST. Thou brother of adoption! in the bond  
Of every virtue wedded to my soul—  
Enter my heart, it is thy property.

ARV. I am lost in joy and wondrous circum-  
stance.

GUST. But, wherefore, my ARVIDA, wherefore  
is it,  
That in a place, and at a time like this,  
We should thus meet? Can CRISTIERN cease from  
cruelty?—  
Say, whence is this, my brother? How escaped  
you?

Did I not leave thee in the Danish dungeon?

ARV. Of that hereafter. Let me view thee first—  
How graceful is the garb of wretchedness,  
When worn by virtue! Fashions turn to folly;  
Their colours tarnish, and their pomps grow  
poor  
To her magnificence.

GUST.

GUST. Yes, my ARVIDA;  
 Beyond the sweeping of the proudest train  
 That shades a monarch's heel, I prize these weeds,  
 For they are sacred to my country's freedom.  
 A mighty enterprize has been conceived,  
 And thou art come auspicious to the birth,  
 As sent to fix the seal of Heaven upon it.

ARV. Point but thy purpose—let it be to  
 bleed——

GUST. Your hands, my friends!

ALL. Our hearts.

GUST. I know they are brave—  
 Of such the time has need, of hearts like yours,  
 Faithful and firm; of hands inured and strong;  
 For we must ride upon the neck of danger,  
 And plunge into a purpose big with death.

AND. Here let us kneel and bind us to thy side.  
 By all——

GUST. No, hold—if we want oaths to join us,  
 Swift let us part, from pole to pole asunder.  
 A cause like ours is its own sacrament:  
 Truth, justice, reason, love, and liberty,  
 The eternal links that clasp the world, are in it;  
 And he, who breaks their sanction, breaks all law,  
 And infinite connection.

ARN. True, my lord,

AND. And such the force I feel.

ARV. And I.

ARN. And all.

GUST. Know then, that 'ere our royal STENON  
 fell,  
 While this my valiant cousin and myself,



By chains and treachery, lay detained in Denmark,  
 Upon a dark and unsuspected hour,  
 The bloody CRISTIERN sought to take my head.  
 Thanks to the ruling power, within whose eye  
 Imbosom'd ills and mighty treasons roll,  
 Prevented of their blackness!—I escaped,  
 Led by a generous arm, and some time lay  
 Conceal'd in Denmark: for my forfeit head  
 Became the price of crowns; each port and path  
 Was shut against my passage; 'till I heard  
 That STENON, valiant STENON fell in battle,  
 And freedom was no more. O then, what bounds  
 Had power to hem the desperate? I o'erpass them,  
 Travers'd all Sweden, thro' ten thousand foes,  
 Impending perils, and surrounding tongues  
 That from himself enquired GUSTAVUS out.  
 Witness my country, how I toil'd to wake  
 Thy sons to liberty! In vain—for fear,  
 Cold fear had seiz'd on all—Here last I came,  
 And shut me from the sun, whose hateful beams  
 Serv'd but to shew the ruins of my country.  
 When here, my friends, 'twas here at length I  
 found,

What I had left to look for, gallant spirits,  
 In the rough form of untaught peasantry.

AND. Indeed they once were brave: our Dale-  
 carlians

Have oft been known to give a law to kings;  
 And as their only wealth has been their liberty,  
 From all the unmeasured graspings of ambition  
 Have held that gem untouch'd—tho' now 'tis  
 fear'd—

GUST.

GUST. It is not fear'd—I say they still shall hold it.

I have search'd these men, and find them like the soil,

Barren without, and to the eye unlovely;  
But they have their mines within; and this the day  
In which I mean to prove them.

ARN. O GUSTAVUS!

Most aptly hast thou caught the passing hour,  
Upon whose critical and fated hinge  
The state of Sweden turns.

GUST. And to this hour

I have therefore held me in this darksome womb,  
That sends me forth as to a second birth  
Of freedom, or thro' death to reach eternity.  
This day return'd with every circling year,  
In thousands pours the mountain peasants forth,  
Each with his batter'd arms and rusty helm,  
In sportive discipline well train'd, and prompt  
Against the day of peril—thus disguised,  
Already have I stirr'd their latent sparks  
Of slumbering virtue, apt as I could wish  
To warm before the lightest breath of liberty.

ARN. How will they kindle, when confest to view

Once more their loved GUSTAVUS stands before them,

And pours his blaze of virtues on their souls.

ARV. It cannot fail.

AND. It has a glorious aspect.

ARV. Now, Sweden! rise and re-assert thy rights,  
Or be for ever fallen.

AND. Then be it so.

ARN. Lead on, thou arm of war,  
To death or victory.

GUST. Let us embrace.—

Why thus, my friends, thus join'd in such a cause,  
Are we not equal to a host of slaves!  
You say the foe's at hand—why let him come;  
Steep are our hills nor easy of access,  
And few the hours we ask for his reception.  
For I will take these rustic sons of liberty  
In the first warmth and hurry of their souls;  
And should the tyrant then attempt our heights,  
He comes upon his fate—Arise, thou sun!  
Haste, haste to rouse thee to the call of liberty,  
That shall once more salute thy morning beam,  
And hail thee to thy setting.

ARN. O blest voice!

Prolong that note but one short day thro' Sweden,  
And tho' the sun and life should set together,  
It matters not—we shall have lived that day.

ARV. Were it not worth the hazard of a life  
To know if CRISTIERN leads his powers in person,  
And what his scope intends? Be mine that task;  
Even to the tyrant's tent I'll win my way,  
And mingle with his councils.

GUST. Go, my friend—

Dear as thou art, whene'er our country calls,  
Friends, sons, and fires, should yield their treasure up,  
Nor own a sense beyond the public safety.  
But tell me, my ARVIDA, 'ere thou goest,  
Tell me what hand has made thy friend its debtor,  
And given thee up to freedom and GUSTAVUS?

ARV.



ARV. Ha! let me think of that—'tis sure she  
loves him! [Aside.]

Away thou skance and jaundice eye of jealousy,  
That tempts my soul to sicken at perfection;  
Away! I will unfold it—To thyself

ARVIDA owes his freedom.

GUST. How, my friend?

ARV. Some months are past since in the Danish  
dungeon,

With care emaciate, and unwholesome damps,  
Sickening I lay, chained to my flinty bed,  
And called on death to ease me—straight a light  
Shone round, as when the ministry of Heaven  
Descends to kneeling faints. But O! the form  
That poured upon my sight—Ye angels, speak!  
For ye alone are like her, or present  
Such visions pictured to the nightly eye  
Of fancy tranced in bliss. She then approach'd,  
The softest pattern of embodied meekness;  
For pity had divinely touch'd her eye,  
And harmonized her motions—"Ah," she cried,  
"Unhappy stranger! art not thou the man  
Whose virtues have endear'd thee to GUSTAVUS?"

GUST. GUSTAVUS, did she say?

ARV. Yes, yes; her lips  
Breathed forth that name with a peculiar sweetness.  
Loos'd from my bonds, I rose at her command;  
When, scarce recovering speech, I would have  
kneel'd—

But, "Haste thee, haste thee for thy life!" she  
cried;

"And O, if e'er thy envied eyes behold

"Thy

"Thy loved GUSTAVUS—say, a gentle foe  
"Has given thee to his friendship."

GUST. You have much amazed me!—Is her  
name a secret?

ARV. To me it is—but you, perhaps, may guess.

GUST. No, on my word.

ARV. You too had your deliverer.

GUST. A kind, but not a fair one—Well, my  
friends!

Our cause is ripe, and calls us forth to action.—  
Tread ye not lighter? Swells not every breast  
With ampler scope to take your country in,  
And breathe the cause of virtue? Rise, ye Swedes!  
Rise greatly equal to this hour's importance.  
On us the eyes of future ages wait,  
And this day's arm strikes forth decisive fate;  
This day, that shall for ever sink, or save;  
And make each Swede, a monarch, or a slave.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

## A C T II.

## SCENE THE CAMP.

Enter CRISTIERN, Attendants, &c. TROLLIO  
meets him.

TROLL. **A**LL hail, most mighty of the thrones  
of Europe!  
The morn salutes thee with auspicious brightness;  
No vapour frowns prophetic on her brow,  
But the clear sun, who travels with thy arms,  
Still smiles, attendant on thy growing greatness:  
His evening eye shall see thee peaceful lord  
Of all the North, of utmost Scandinavia;  
Whence thou may'st pour thy conquests o'er the  
earth,  
'Till farthest India glows beneath thy empire,  
And Lybia knows no regal name but yours.

CRIST. Yes, TROLLIO, I confess the godlike  
thirst,  
Ambition, that would drink a sea of glory.  
But what from Dalecarlia?

TROLL. Late last night,  
I sent a trusty slave to PETERSON,  
And hourly wait some tidings.

CRIST. Think you?—Sure,  
The wretches will not dare such quick perdition.

TROLL.



TROLL. I think they will not—Tho' of old I know them,

All born to broils, the very fons of tumult:  
Waste is their wealth, and mutiny their birthright;  
And this the yearly fever of their blood,  
Their holiday of war; a day apart,  
Torn out from peace, and sacred to rebellion.  
Oft has their battle hung upon the brow  
Of yon wild steep, a living cloud of mischiefs,  
Pregnant with plagues, and emptied on the heads  
Of many a monarch.

CRIST. Monarchs they were not;  
Pageants of wax, the mouldings of the populace,  
Tame paultry idols, scepter'd up for shew,  
And garnish'd into royalty!—No, TROLLIO;  
Kings should be felt, if they would find obedience.  
The beast has sense enough to know his rider:  
When the knee trembles, and the hand grows slack,  
He casts for liberty; but bends and turns  
For him, that leaps with boldness on his back,  
And spurs him to the bit.

## SCENE II.

Enter a GENTLEMAN USHER, and several PEASANTS, who kneel and bow at a distance.

CRIST. What slaves are those?

GENT. My gracious liege, your subjects.

CRIST. Whence?

GENT. Of Sweden.

From Angermannia, from Helsingia some,  
Some from Gemtian, and Nerician provinces.

CRIST.

CRIST. Their business.

GENT. They come to speak their griefs.

CRIST. Their griefs? their insolence!

Is not the camel mute beneath his burden?

Were they not born to bear? Away!—Hold!  
come,

What would these murmurers?

GENT. Most royal CRISTIERN.

They say they have but one—one gracious king,  
And yet are bow'd beneath a host of tyrants,  
Task-masters, soldiers, gatherers of subsidies,  
All officers of rapine, rape, and murder;  
Will-doing potentates, the lords of licence,  
Who weigh their sweat and blood, and heavier  
shame,

Even as a feather puff'd away in sport,  
The pastime of a gale.

CRIST. I'll hear no more.—

I know ye, well I know ye, ye base supplicants!

Fear is the only worship of your souls;

And ever where ye hate, ye yield obeysance.

Wretches! Shall I go poring on the earth,

Left my imperial foot should tread on emmets?

Is it for you I must controul my soldier,

And coop my eagles from their carrion? No—

Are ye not commoners, vile things in nature,

Poor priceless peasants?—Slaves can know no pro-  
perty.

Out of my sight!

[Exeunt Peasants.]

SCENE

## S C E N E III.

Enter ARVIDA guarded, and a GENTLEMAN.

ARV. Now fate I am caught, and what remains  
is obvious.

GENT. A prisoner, my dread lord.

CRIST. When taken?

GENT. Now, even here, before your tent.

I mark'd his careless action, but his eye

Of studied observation—then his port

And base attire ill suiting—I enquired,

But found he was a stranger.

CRIST. Ha! observe

(Damn'd affectation) what a sullen scorn

Knits up his brow, and frowns upon our presence.

What—ay—thou wouldst be thought a mystery ;

Some greatness in eclipse!—Whence art thou,  
slave?—

Silent! Nay, then—bring forth the torture there—

A smile! Damnation!—How the wretch assumes

The wreck of state, the suffering soul of majesty!

What have we no pre-eminence, no claim?

Dost thou not know thy life is in our power?

ARV. 'Tis therefore I despise it.

CRIST. Matchless insolence!

What art thou? Speak!

ARV. Be sure no friend to thee;

For I am a foe to tyrants.

CRIST. Fiends and fire!—

A whirlwind tear thee, most audacious traitor!

SCENE

ARV.



ARV. Do, rage and chafe; thy wrath's beneath  
me, CRISTIERN.

How poor thy power, how empty is thy happiness,  
When such a wretch, as I appear to be,  
Can ride thy temper, harrow up thy form,  
And stretch thy soul upon the rack of passion!

CRIST. I'll know thee—I will know thee! Bear  
him hence!

Why, what are kings, if slaves can brave us thus?  
Go, TROLLIO, hold him to the rack—tear, search  
him,  
Prove him thro' every poignance, sting him deep.  
[Exit TROLLIO with ARVIDA guarded.]

S C E N E IV.

Enter a MESSENGER in Haste.

CRIST. What would'st thou, fellow?

MESS. O my sovereign lord,  
I am come fast and far, from even 'till morn:  
Five times I have crost the shade of sleepless night,  
Impatient of thy presence.

CRIST. Whence?

MESS. From Denmark;  
Commended from the consort of thy throne  
To speed and privacy.

CRIST. Your words would taste of terror—  
Wretch speak out,  
Nor dare to tremble here—For didst thou bear  
Thy tidings from a thousand leagues around,

Unmoved, I move the whole, the centering nave,  
Where turns that mighty circle—Speak thy  
message.

MESS. A secret malady, my gracious liege,  
Some factious vapour, risen from off the skirts  
Of southmost Norway, has diffused its bane,  
And rages now within the heart of Denmark.

CRIST. It must not, cannot, 'tis impossible!  
What, my own Danes? Nay, then the world wants  
weeding.

I will not bear it—Hell! I had rather see  
This earth a desert, desolate and wild,  
And like the lion stalk my lonely round,  
Famish'd and roaring for my prey—Call TROLLIO—  
I'll have men studied, deeply read in mischiefs.

## SCENE V.

Enter a SERVANT, who kneels and delivers a  
Letter.

CRIST. From whom?

SERV. From PETERSON.

CRIST. "To TROLLIO"—Right. [Reads.

How's this—Be gone—  
Go all—without there—wait my pleasure.  
O curse! How hell has timed its plagues!

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Enter TROLLIO.

CRIST. Come near, my TROLLIO.  
We have heard ill news from Denmark—that's a  
trifle——

But here's to blast thy eyes!—Read——

TROLL. Ha! GUSTAVUS!  
So near us, and in arms!

CRIST. What's to be done?—Now, TROLLIO,  
now's the time

To subtilize thy foul, sound every depth,  
And waken all the wondrous statesman in thee.  
For I must tell thee (spite of pride and royalty,  
Of guarding armies, and of circling nations  
That bend beneath my nod) this curs'd GUSTAVUS  
Invades my shrinking spirits, awes my heart,  
And sits upon my slumbers—All in vain  
Has he been daring, and have I been vigilant;  
Spite of himself he still evades the hunter,  
And if there's power in heaven or hell it guards  
him.

When was I vanquish'd, but when he opposed me?  
When have I conquer'd, but when he was absent?  
His name's a host, a terror to my legions:  
And by my tripled crown, I swear, GUSTAVUS,  
I had rather meet all Europe for my foe,  
Than see thy face in arms!

TROLL. Be calm, my liege,  
And listen to a secret big with consequence;

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M

That



That gives thee back the second man on earth,  
Whose valour could plant fears around thy throne:  
Thy prisoner—

CRIST. What of him?

TROLL. Is the prince ARVIDA—

CRIST. How!

TROLL. The same.

CRIST. My royal fugitive?

TROLL. Most certain.

CRIST. Now then 'tis plain who sent him hither.

TROLL. Yes.

Pray give me leave, my lord—a thought comes  
cross me—

If so, he must be ours—

[Pauses.

Your pardon for a question—Has ARVIDA

E'er seen your beauteous daughter, your CRISTINA?

CRIST. Never—yes—possibly he might that  
day,

When the proud pair, GUSTAVUS and ARVIDA,

Thro' Copenhagen drew a length of chain,

And graced my chariot wheels—But why the  
question?

TROLL. I'll tell you—while even now he stood  
before us,

I mark'd his high demeanor; and my eye  
Claim'd some remembrance of him, tho' in clouds  
Doubtful and distant; but a nearer view  
Renew'd the characters effaced by absence.

Yet, lest he might presume upon a friendship  
Of ancient league between us, I dissembled,  
Nor seem'd to know him—On he proudly strode;  
As who should say, back Fortune, know thy distance!

I

Thus

Thus steadily he past, and mock'd his fate.  
 When, lo! the princess to her morning walk  
 Came forth attended—quick amazement seiz'd  
 ARVIDA at the sight; his steps took root;  
 A tremor shook him; and his altering cheek  
 Now sudden flush'd, then fled its wonted colour;  
 While with an eager and intemperate look  
 He bent his form, and hung upon her beauties.

CRIST. Ha! Did our daughter note him?

TROLL. No, my lord;

She past regardless—Straight his pride fell from  
 him,

And at her name he started:

Then heaved a sigh, and cast a look to Heaven,  
 Of such a mute, yet eloquent emotion,  
 As seem'd to say, now fate thou hast prevail'd,  
 And found one way to triumph o'er ARVIDA!

CRIST. But whither would this lead?

TROLL. Lift, lift, my lord!

While thus his soul's unseated, shook by passion,  
 Could we engage him to betray GUSTAVUS—

CRIST. O empty hope—impossible, my TROLLIO,  
 Do I not know him, and the curs'd GUSTAVUS?  
 Both fix'd in resolution deep as hell,  
 And proud as high Olympus!

TROLL. Ah, my liege,  
 No mortal footing treads so firm in virtue,  
 As always to abide the slippery path,  
 Nor deviate with the bias—Some have few,  
 But each man has his failing, some defect  
 Wherein to slide temptation—Leave him to me.

CRIST. I know thou hast a serpentizing genius,  
Can'st wind the subtlest mazes of the soul,  
And trace her wanderings to the source of action.  
If thou canst bend this proud one to our purpose,  
And make the lion crouch, 'tis well—if not,  
Away at once, and sweep him from remembrance.

TROLL. Then I must promise deep.

CRIST. Ay, any thing; out-bid ambition,

TROLL. Love?

CRIST. Ha! Yes—our daughter too—if she  
can bribe him:

But then to win him to betray his friend?

TROLL. O doubt it not, my lord—for if he  
loves,

As sure he greatly does, I have a stratagem  
That holds the certainty of fate within it.  
Love is a passion whose effects are various;  
It ever brings some change upon the soul;  
Some virtue, or some vice, 'till then unknown,  
Degrades the hero, and makes cowards valiant.

CRIST. True, when it pours upon a youthful  
temper,

Open and apt to take the torrent in;  
It owns no limits, no restraint it knows,  
But sweeps all down tho' heaven and hell oppose;  
Even virtue rears in vain her sacred mound,  
Razed in its rage, or in its swellings drown'd.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE



## S C E N E VII.

Opens and discovers ARVIDA in chains, guards preparing instruments of death and torture. He advances in confusion.

ARV. Off, off, vain cumbrance, ye conflicting thoughts!

Leave me to Heaven. O peace!—It will not be—  
Just when I rose above mortality,  
To pour her wondrous weight of charms upon me—  
At such a time—it was, it was too much!—

To pluck the soaring pinion of my soul,  
While eagle-eyed she held her flight to Heaven,  
O'er pain and death triumphant! Help ye saints,  
Angelic ministers descend, descend,

And lift me to myself! hold, bind my heart  
Firm and unshaken in the approaching ruin,  
The wreck of earth-born frailty! And O Heaven!  
For every pang these tortured limbs shall feel,  
Descend in ten-fold blessings on GUSTAVUS!

Yes, blest him, blest him! Crown his hours with  
joy,

His head with glory, and his arms with conquest;  
Set his firm foot upon the neck of tyrants,

And be his name the balm of every lip

That breathes thro' Sweden!—worthiest to be stiled

Their friend, their chief, their father, and their  
king!

## S C E N E VIII

Enter TROLLIO.

TROLL. Unbind your prisoner.

ARV. How?

TROLL. You have your liberty,  
And may depart unquestion'd.

ARV. Do not mock me—

It is not to be thought, while power remains,  
That CRISTIERN wants a reason to be cruel,  
But let him know I would not be obliged:  
He who accepts the favours of a tyrant,  
Shares in his guilt; they leave a stain behind them.TROLL. You wrong the native temper of his  
soul;Cruel of force, but never of election.  
Prudence compell'd him to a shew of tyranny:  
Howe'er these politicks are now no more,  
And mercy in her turn shall shine on Sweden.ARV. Indeed!—It were a strange, a blest reverse,  
Devoutly to be wish'd; but then the cause,  
The cause, my lord, must surely be uncommon.  
May I presume?—  
Perhaps a secret.TROLL. No—or if it were,  
The boldness of thy spirit claims respect,  
And should be answer'd. Know, the only man,  
In whom our monarch ever knew repulse,  
Is now our friend; that terror of the field,  
The invincible GUSTAVUS.

ARV.

ARV. Ha! Friend to CRISTIERN? Guard thyself my heart! [Aside.

Nor seem to take alarm—Why, good my lord,  
What terror is there in a wretch proscribed,  
Naked of means, and distant as GUSTAVUS?

TROLL. There you mistake—Nor knew we till  
this hour

The danger was so near—From yonder hill  
He sends proposals, back'd with all the powers  
Of Dalecarlia, those licentious resolute,  
Who, having nought to hazard in the wreck,  
Are ever foremost to foment a storm.

ARV. I were too bold to question on the terms.

TROLL. No—trust me, valiant man, whoe'er  
thou art,

I would do much to win a worth like thine,  
By any act of service, or of confidence.  
The terms GUSTAVUS claims, indeed, are haughty;  
The freedom of his mother and his sister;  
His forfeit province, Gothland, and the isles,  
Submitted to his scepter—But the league,  
The bond of amity, and lasting friendship,  
Is, that he claims CRISTINA for his bride.  
You start, and seem surprized.

ARV. A sudden pain  
Just struck athwart my breast—But say, my lord,  
I thought you named CRISTINA.

TROLL. Yes.

ARV. O torture!

[Aside.

What of her, my good lord?

TROLL. I said, GUSTAVUS claimed her for his  
bride.



ARV. His bride! his wife!

You did not mean his wife!—Do fiends feel  
this?—

[Aside.

Down, heart, nor tell thy anguish!—Pray ex-  
cuse me;

Did you not say, the princess was his wife?

Whose wife, my lord?

TROLL. I did not say what was, but what  
must be.

ARV. Touching GUSTAVUS, was it not?

TROLL. The same.

ARV. His bride!

TROLL. I say his bride, his wife; his loved  
CRISTINA!—

CRISTINA, fancied in the very prime

And youthful smile of nature; form'd for joys

Unknown to mortals. You seem indisposed.

ARV. The crime of constitution—O GUSTAVUS!

[Aside.

This is too much!—And think you then, my  
lord—

What, will the royal CRISTIERN e'er consent

To match his daughter with his deadliest foe?

TROLL. What should he do? War else must be  
eternal.

Besides, some rumours from his Danish realms  
Make peace essential here.

ARV. Yes—peace has sweets,

That Hybla never knew; it sleeps on down,

Cull'd gently from beneath the cherub's wing—

No bed for mortals!—Man is warfare—all

A hurricane within; yet friendship stoops,

And

And gilds the gloom with falsehood—smiles and  
varnish!

For still the storm grows high; and then no shore,  
No rock to split on! It were a kind perdition  
To sink ten thousand fathom at a plunge,  
And fasten on oblivion—there we hold,  
And all is—— [Faints.

TROLL. Help, bear him up.—O potency of  
love!

That plucks this noble fabrick from his base.—  
Bend, bend him forward—He revives—How fare  
you?

ARV. I know not—yet a dagger were most  
friendly.

Return me, TROLLIO, O return me back  
To death, to racks!—Undone, undone ARVIDA!

TROLL. Is it possible?—my lord, the prince  
ARVIDA!

My friend! [Embraces him.

ARV. Confusion to the name! [Turns.

TROLL. Why this, good Heaven? And where-  
fore thus disguised?

ARV. Yes, that accomplish'd traitor, that Gus-  
TAVUS,

While he sat planning private scenes of happi-  
ness—

O well dissembled!—he, he sent me hither;  
My friendly, unsuspecting heart a sacrifice,  
To make death sure, and rid him of a rival.

TROLL. A rival! Do you then love CRISTINA?

ARV. Name her not, TROLLIO—since she can't  
be mine.

GUSTAVUS!

GUSTAVUS! how, ah! how hast thou deceiv'd me!  
Who could have look'd for falshood from thy  
brow,

Whose heavenly arch was as the throne of virtue?  
Thy eye appear'd a sun to cheer the world,  
Thy bosom truth's fair palace, and thy arms,  
Benevolent, the harbour for mankind!

TROLL. What's to be done?—Believe me, va-  
liant prince,

I know not which most sways me to thy interests,  
My love to thee, or hatred to GUSTAVUS.

ARV. Would you then save me? Think, con-  
trive it quickly!

Lend me your troops—by all the powers of  
vengeance,

Myself will face this terror of the North,  
This son of fame—this—O GUSTAVUS—What?  
Where had I wander'd?—Stab my bleeding  
country!

Save, shield me from that thought.

TROLL. Retire, my lord;  
For see, the princess comes.

ARV. Where, TROLLIO, where?—  
Ha! Yes, she comes indeed! her beauties drive  
Time, place, and truth, and circumstance before  
them!

Perdition pleases there—pull—tear me from her!  
Yet must I gaze—but one—but one look more,  
And I were lost for ever. [Exeunt.

SCENE



S C E N E IX.

Enter CRISTINA, MARIANA, and Attendants.

CRISTINA. Forbid it shame! Forbid it virgin modesty!—

No, no, my friend, GUSTAVUS ne'er shall know it.  
O I am over-paid with conscious pleasure;  
The sense but to have saved that wondrous man,  
Is still a smiling cherub in my breast,  
And whispers peace within.

MAR. 'Tis strange a man, of his high note and consequence,  
Should so evade the busy search of thousands;  
That six long months have shut him from enquiry,  
And not an eye can trace him to his covert.

CRISTINA. Once 'twas not so; each infant lisp'd,  
GUSTAVUS!  
It was the favourite name of every language.  
His slightest motions fill'd the world with tidings:  
Wak'd he, or slept, fame watch'd the important hour,  
And nations told it round.

MAR. I have heard, my princess,  
What time GUSTAVUS lay detain'd in Denmark,  
Your royal father sought the hero's friendship,  
And offer'd ample terms of peace and amity.

CRISTINA. He did; he offer'd that, my MARIANA,  
For which contending monarchs sued in vain—  
He offer'd me, his darling, his CRISTINA:

But

But I was slighted, slighted by a captive,  
Tho' kingdoms swell'd my dower.

MAR. Amazement fix me,  
Rejected by GUSTAVUS!

CRISTINA. Yes, MARIANA—but rejected nobly.  
Not worlds could win him to betray his country!  
Had he consented, I had then despised him.  
What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?  
What, but the glaring meteor of ambition,  
That leads a wretch benighted in his errors,  
Points to the gulph, and shines upon destruction.

MAR. You wrong your charms, whose power  
might reconcile

Things opposite in nature—Had he seen you!—

CRISTINA. He has, my MARIANA, he has  
seen me.

I'll tell thee—Yet while inexperienced of years,  
I heard of bloody spoils, the waste of war,  
And dire conflicting man, GUSTAVUS' name  
Superior rose, still dreadful in the tale:  
Then first he seiz'd my infancy of soul,  
As somewhat fabled of gigantic fierceness,  
Too huge for any form; he scared my sleep,  
And fill'd my young idea. Not the boast  
Of all his virtues, graces only known  
To him, and heavenly natures! could erase  
The strong impression; 'till that wondrous day  
In which he met my eyes. But O, O Heaven!  
O love, and all ye cordial powers of passion!  
What then was my amazement? He was chain'd,  
Was chain'd, my MARIANA! Like the robes  
Of coronation, worn by youthful kings,

He

He drew his shackles. The Herculean nerve  
 Braced his young arm; and soften'd in his cheek,  
 Lived more than woman's sweetness! Then his  
 eye!

His mein! his native dignity!—He look'd,  
 As tho' he led captivity in chains,  
 And all were slaves around.

MAR. Did he observe you?

CRISTINA. He did: for as I trembled, look'd,  
 and sigh'd,  
 His eyes met mine; he fix'd their glories on me.  
 Confusion thrill'd me then, and secret joy,  
 Fast throbbing, stole its treasures from my heart;  
 And mantling upward, turn'd my face to crimson.  
 I wish'd—but did not dare to look—he gazed;  
 When sudden, as by force, he turn'd away,  
 And would no more behold me.

## S C E N E X.

Enter LAERTES.

LAER. Ah, bright imperial maid! my royal  
 mistress!

CRISTINA. What wouldst thou say? Thy looks  
 speak terror to me.

LAER. O you are ruin'd, sacrificed, undone!  
 I heard it all; your cruel, cruel father  
 Has sold you, given you up a spoil to treason,  
 The purchase of the noblest blood on earth—  
 GUSTAVUS!—

CRISTINA.



CRISTINA. Ah! what of him? Where, where is he?

LAER. In Dalecarlia, on some great design,  
Doom'd in an hour to fall by faithless hands!  
His friend, the brave, the false, deceived ARVIDA,  
Even now prepares to lead a band of ruffians  
Beneath the winding covert of the hill,  
And seize GUSTAVUS, obvious to the snares  
Of friendship's fair dissemblance. And your father  
Has vow'd your beauties to ARVIDA's arms,  
The purchase of his falsehood.

CRISTINA. Shield me Heaven!  
First, duty, break thy filial bands in sunder,  
And blot the name of parent from the world!  
Is there no lett, no means of quick prevention!

LAER. Behold my life still chain'd to thy  
direction!

My will shall have a wing for every word,  
That breathes thy mandate.

CRISTINA. Will you, good LAERTES?—  
Alas, I fear to overtask thy friendship—  
Say, will you save me then?—O go, haste, fly!  
Acquaint GUSTAVUS—If, if he must fall,  
Let hosts that hem this single lion in,  
Let nations hunt him down—let him fall nobly.

LAER. I go, my princess—Heaven direct me to  
him! [Exit.

CRISTINA. I would pray too, to save me from  
pollution;  
Detested stain, the touch of the Betrayer!  
But mighty love the partial prayer arrests,  
And leaves me only anxious for GUSTAVUS.

For

For him cold fears my fainting bosom chill,  
 His cares distract me, and his dangers kill.  
 Ye powers! if deaf to all the vows I make,  
 Yet shield GUSTAVUS, for GUSTAVUS' sake:  
 Protect his virtues from a faithless foe;  
 And save your only image, left below.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

## A C T III.

## SCENE, The Mountains of DALECARLIA.

Enter GUSTAVUS as a Peasant—DALECARLIANS following.

GUST. **Y**E men of Sweden, wherefore are ye come?

See ye not yonder, how the locusts swarm,  
To drink the fountains of your honour up,  
And leave your hills a defart!—Wretched men!  
Why came ye forth? Is this a time for sport?  
Or are ye met, with song and jovial feast,  
To welcome your new guests, your Danish vi-  
sitants?

To stretch your supple necks beneath their feet,  
And fawning lick the dust?—Go, go, my coun-  
trymen,

Each to your several mansions! trim them out,  
Cull all the tedious earnings of your toil  
To purchase bondage—Bid your blooming daugh-  
ters,

And your chaste wives, to spread their beds with  
softness;

Then go ye forth, and with your proper hands  
Conduct your masters in; conduct the sons

Of



Of lust and violation—O Swedes, Swedes!  
Heavens! are ye men, and will ye suffer this?

SCENE II.

Enter ARNOLDUS, and SIVARD.

ARNOLDUS talks apart with GUSTAVUS.

1st DALE. How my blood boils!

2d DALE. Who is this honest spokesman?

3d DALE. What, know ye not Rodolphus of  
the mines?

A better labourer ne'er struck steel to stone.

GUST. There was a time, my friends! a glorious  
time;

When, had a single man of your forefathers  
Upon the frontier met a host in arms,

His courage scarce had turn'd; himself had stood,  
Alone had stood the bulwark of his country.

Your fires were known but by their manly fronts;

On their black brows, enthron'd, sat liberty,

The awe of honour, and contempt of death.

1st DALE. We are not bastards.

2d DALE. No.

3d DALE. We are Dalecarlians.

GUST. Come, come ye on, then!—Here I take  
my stand;

Here on the brink, the very verge of liberty.

Altho' contention rise upon the clouds,

Mix Heaven with earth, and roll the ruin onward;

Here will I fix, and breast me to the shock,

'Till I, or Denmark fall.

Siv. And who art thou?—  
 That thus wouldst swallow all the glory up  
 That should redeem the times? Behold this breast—  
 The sword has till'd it; and the stripes of slaves  
 Shall ne'er trace honour here, shall never blot  
 The fair inscription—Never shall the cords  
 Of Danish insolence bind down these arms,  
 That bore my royal master from the field.

Gust. Ha! Say you, brother? Were you there  
 —O grief!

Where liberty and STENON fell together?

Siv. Yes, I was there—A bloody field it was,  
 Where conquest gasp'd, and wanted breath to tell  
 Its o'er-toil'd triumph. There, our bleeding king,  
 There STENON on this bosom made his bed;  
 And rolling back his dying eyes upon me,  
 Soldier, he cried, if e'er it be thy lot  
 To see my valiant cousin, great GUSTAVUS,  
 Tell him—for once—that I have fought like him,  
 And would like him have—  
 Conquer'd—he should have said—But there, O  
 there,  
 Death stopt him short!

Gust. Come to my arms, and let me hide thy  
 tears,  
 For I have caught their softness—O Danes, Danes!  
 You shall weep blood for this. Shall they not,  
 brother?

Yes, we will deal our might with thrifty vengeance,  
 A life for every blow, and when we fall,  
 There shall be weight in't, like the tottering towers  
 That draw contiguous ruin.

Siv. Brave, brave man!

My soul admires thee—By my father's spirit,  
I would not barter such a death as this  
For immortality! Nor we alone—  
Here be the trusty gleanings of that field  
Where last we fought for freedom; here's rich  
poverty,  
Tho' wrapp'd in rags, my fifty brave companions;  
Who, thro' the force of fifteen thousand foes,  
Bore off their king, and saved his great remains.

Gust. Give me your hands, those valiant hands  
—Why, captain,

We could but die alone; with these we'll conquer.  
My fellow labourers too—What say ye, friends?  
Shall we not strike for't?

ALL. Death; victory or death!  
No bonds, no bonds!

ARN. Spoke like yourselves—Ye men of Dalecarlia,

Brave men and bold! whom every future age,  
Tongues, nations, languages, and rolls of fame,  
Shall mark for wondrous deeds, achievements  
won

From honour's dangerous summit, warriors all!  
Say, might ye chuse a chief for high exploits,  
From the first annal, to the latest praise  
That breathes a hero's name—Speak, name the  
man,

Who then should meet your wish.

Siv. Forbear the theme.

Why wouldst thou seek to sink us with the weight  
Of grievous recollection?—O GUSTAVUS!



Could the dead wake, thou wert that man of men,  
First of the foremost.

GUST. Didst thou know GUSTAVUS?

SIV. Know him!—O Heaven! what else, who  
else was worth

The knowledge of a soldier?—That great day,  
When CRISTIERN, in his third attempt on Sweden,  
Had summ'd his powers and weigh'd the scale of  
fight;

On the bold brink, the very push of conquest,  
GUSTAVUS rush'd, and bore the battle down,  
In his full sway of prowess; like Leviathan,  
That scoops his foaming progress on the main,  
And drives the shoals along—Forward I sprung,  
All emulous, and labouring to attend him:  
Fear fled before, behind him rout grew loud,  
And distant wonder gazed—At length he turn'd;  
And having eyed me with a wondrous look  
Of sweetness mix'd with glory—grace inestim-  
able!—

He pluck'd this bracelet from his conquering arm,  
And bound it here—My wrist seem'd trebly nerv'd;  
My heart spoke to him; and I did such deeds  
As best might thank him—But from that blest day  
I never saw him more!—Yet, still to this,  
I bow, as to the relicks of my saint:  
Each morn I drop a tear on every bead;  
Count all the glories of GUSTAVUS o'er,  
And think I still behold him.

GUST. Rightly thought;  
For so thou dost, my soldier!  
Give me my arms—Off, off, ye dark disguises!

For

For I will be myself. Behold your general,  
GUSTAVUS! come once more to lead ye on  
To laurel'd victory, to fame, to freedom!

1st DALE. Is it?

2d DALE. Yes.

3d DALE. No.

4th DALE. 'Tis he!

5th DALE. 'Tis he!

6th DALE. 'Tis he!

[A shout.

Siv. Strike me, ye powers!—It is illusion all!

It cannot——

GUST. What, no nearer?

Siv. It is, it is!— [Falls and embraces his knees.

GUST. O speechless eloquence!

Rise to my arms, my friend.

Siv. Friend! said you, friend?

O my heart's lord! my conqueror! my!——

GUST. Approach, my fellow soldiers—your

GUSTAVUS

Claims no precedence here: friendship like mine

Throws all respects behind it—It is enough—

I read your joys, your transports in your eyes;

And would, O, would I had a life to spend,

For every soldier here! whose every life's

Far dearer than my own; dearer than aught,

Except your liberty, except your honour.

Perish GUSTAVUS, 'ere this sacred sun,

That lights the rest of Sweden to their shame,

Should blush upon your chains—Why said I,

chains?

To souls like yours, I should have talk'd of  
triumphs,

Empire, and fame, and hazards imminent,  
 Occasions wish'd, for glory—Haste, brave men!  
 Collect your friends to join us on the instant;  
 Summon our brethren to their share of conquest;  
 And let loud echo, from her circling hills,  
 Sound freedom, 'till the undulation shake  
 The bounds of utmost Sweden.

[Exeunt DALECARLIANS, crying GUSTAVUS,  
 GUSTAVUS, Liberty.]

### SCENE III.

Enter ANDERSON.

AND. There was a glorious sound!

GUST. Yes, ANDERSON,

The long wish'd hour is come—the storm is up,  
 And wrecks will follow—Where they are to fight,  
 Let Heaven determine—Well, my noble friend,  
 Has PETERSON set out?

AND. He has, this instant;  
 And bears your packet to the tyrant's camp.

GUST. What think you of his zeal?

AND. In truth, my lord,  
 It wears a gallant show.

GUST. 'Tis specious all;  
 Flash without fire, the lightning of a cloud  
 That carries darkness in the rear—For PETERSON,  
 To spread my letters through the camp of CRIS-  
 TIERN,  
 And seek for succours in the jaws of death—



It show'd too bold, too much the flaming patriot;  
Beside, I know him for the friend of TROLD.

AND. Why would you then employ him?

GUST. There's the mystery.

'Tis not his faith, but treachery I trust to.

My letters are directed to the chiefs

Of those inglorious mercenary Swedes,

Whom CRISTIERN has seduced to join his host,

And turn the sword of conquest on their country:

To each of these I have address'd in terms

Of special correspondence, meant to rouse

The jealousy of CRISTIERN; as I think

My packet can't escape him—What ensues?

The tyrant hence concludes himself betray'd,

Sifts all his legions, thins the ranks of fight,

And leaves them open to our bold invasion.

But grant that PETERSON deceive my aim,

And hold the rank of virtue; then the Swedes

May waken to the glorious call of honour:

So, every way, it saves us from the guilt

Of Swedes encountering Swedes, and spares the

blood

Of brethren, tho' revolted.

AND. On my soul,

This is a stratagem that saps the mine;

Makes treason turn a traitor to itself;

And mock its own designs.

GUST. O noble friend, fast winds the great

machine

That strikes the fate of Sweden!—Go, my AN-

DERSON!

Assemble all thy brave adherents round thee;

With warlike inspiration warm their souls,  
And haste to join me here.

AND. I will, my lord, [Exit,

# SCENE IV.

Enter LAERTES.

LAER. Thy presence nobly speaks the man I  
wish—

GUSTAVUS.

GUST. Yes. Thou hast a hostile garb—

Ha! say—Art thou LAERTES? If I err not,  
There is a friendly semblance in that face,  
Which answers to a fond impression here,  
And tells me I am thy debtor—My deliverer!

LAER. No, valiant prince, you over-rate my  
service.

There is a worthier object of your gratitude,  
Whom yet you know not—O, I have to tell—  
But then to gain your credit, must unfold  
What haply should be secret—Be it so;  
You are all honour,

GUST. Let me to thy mind;  
For thou hast waked my soul into a thought,  
That holds me all attention.

LAER. Mightiest man!  
To me alone you held yourself obliged  
For life and liberty—Had it been so,  
I were most blest, with retribution just  
To pay thee for my own—For on the day  
When by your arm the mighty Thraces fell,

Fate

Fate threw me to your sword—You spared my youth,

And in the very whirl and rage of fight  
Your eye was taught compassion—From that hour,  
I vow'd my life the slave of your remembrance;  
And often, as CRISTINA, heavenly maid!

The mistress of my service, question'd me  
Of wars and venturous deeds, my tidings came  
Still freighted with thy name, until the day  
In which yourself appear'd, to make praise speech-  
less.

CRISTINA saw you then, and on your fate  
Dropt a kind tear—and when your noble scorn  
Of proffer'd terms provoked her father's rage  
To take the deadly forfeit; she, she only,  
Whose virtues watch'd the precious hour of mercy,  
All trembling, sent my secret hand to save you;  
Where, thro' a pass unknown to all your keepers,  
I led you forth, and gave you to your liberty.

GUST. O I am sunk—o'erwhelm'd with wond-  
rous goodness!

But were I rich and free as opening mines  
That teem their golden wealth upon the world,  
Still I were poor, unequal to her bounty.  
Nor can I longer doubt whose generous arm,  
In my ARVIDA, in my friend's deliverance,  
Gave double life and freedom to GUSTAVUS.

LAER. A fatal present!—Ah, you know him  
not:

ARVIDA is misled, undone by passion;  
False to your friendship, to your trust unfaithful.

GUST. Ha! hold—

LAER.



LAER. I must unfold it.—

GUST. Yet forbear.—

This way—I hear some footing—Pray you, soft—  
If thou hast aught to urge against ARVIDA,  
The man of virtue, tell it not the wind;  
Left slander catch the sound, and guilt should  
triumph. [Exeunt]

## S C E N E V.

ARVIDA entering speaks to a Soldier.

ARV. He's here!—Bear back my orders to your  
fellows.

That not a man, on peril of his life,  
Advance in fight 'till call'd.

SOLD. My lord, I will.—

ARV. Have I not vow'd it, faithless as he is,  
Have I not vow'd his fall? Yet, good Heaven!  
Why start these sudden tears?—On, on I must,  
For I am half way down the dizzy steep,  
Where my brain turns—A draught of Lethe  
now!—

O that the world would sleep—to wake no more!  
Or that the name of friendship bore no charm  
To make my nerve unsteady, and this steel  
Flee backward from its task!—It shall be done,—  
Empire! CRISTINA!—tho' the affrighted sun  
Start back with horror of the direful stroke,  
It shall be done!—Calm, calm the hell within,  
Thy looks may else turn traitors—Ha, he comes!  
How steadily he looks, as Heaven's own book,

The

The leaf of truth, were open'd on his aspect.  
Up, up, dark minister—his fate call out  
[Pass up the Dagger.  
To nobler execution; for he comes  
In opposition, singly, man to man,  
As tho' he braved my wish.

SCENE VI.

Enter GUSTAVUS.

They look for some time on each other—ARVIDA lifts  
his hand on his sword, and withdraws it by turns—then  
advances irresolutely.

GUST. Is it then so?

ARV. Defend thyself.

GUST. No—strike—

I would unfold my bosom to thy sword;  
But that I know the wound you give this breast  
Would doubly pierce thy own.

ARV. I know thee not—

It is the time's eclipse; and what should be

In nature, now is nameless.

GUST. Ah, my brother!

ARV. What wouldst thou?

GUST. Is it thus we two should meet?

ARV. Art thou not false?—Deep ethe! O deep,  
indeed,

Were my damnation!

GUST. Dear, unhappy man!

My heart bleeds for thee. False I had surely been,  
Had I like thee been tempted.

ARV.

ARV. Ha! Speak, speak,—  
Didst thou not send to treat with CRISTIERN?

GUST. Never.—

I know thy error; but I know the arts,  
The frauds, the wiles that practised on thy virtue;  
Firm how you stood, and towered above mortality;  
'Till in the fond unguarded hour of love,  
The wily undermining TROLLIO came,  
And won thee from thyself—a moment won thee—  
For still thou art ARVIDA; still the man,  
On whom thy country calls for her deliverance.  
Already are her bravest sons in arms;  
Mark how they shout, impatient of our presence,  
To lead them on to a new life of liberty,  
To fame, to conquest—Ha! Heaven guard my  
brother—

Thy cheek turns pale, thy eye is wild upon me—  
Wilt thou not answer me?

ARV. GUSTAVUS!

GUST. Speak.

ARV. Have I not dream'd?

GUST. No other I esteem it.

Where lives the man whose reason slumbers not?  
Still pure, still blameless, if at wonted dawn  
Again he wakes to virtue.

ARV. O, my dawn  
Must soon be dark.—Confusion dissipates,  
To leave me worse confounded.

GUST. Think no more on't.  
Come to my arms, thou dearest of mankind!

ARV. Stand off! Pollution dwells within my  
touch,

And



And horror hangs around me—Cruel man!  
 O, thou hast doubly damn'd me with this goodness;  
 For resolution held the deed as done;  
 That now must sink me—Hark! I am summoned  
 hence—

My audit opens!—Poise me! for I stand  
 Upon a spire, against whose sightless base  
 Hell breaks his wave beneath. Down, down I  
 dare not;

And up I cannot look, for justice fronts me.—  
 Thou shalt have vengeance; tho' my purpling  
 blood

Were nectar for Heaven's bowl, as warm and rich  
 As now 'tis base, it thus should pour for pardon.

[GUSTAVUS catches his arm, and in the struggle  
 the dagger falls.]

GUST. Ha! Hold, ARVIDA—No, I will not  
 lose thee—

Forbid it Heaven! thou shalt not rob me so—  
 No, I will struggle with thee to the last,  
 And save thee from thyself. O, answer me!  
 Wilt thou forsake me?—Answer me, my brother,  
 My best ARVIDA.

ARV. I would speak to thee—

But let it be by silence—O GUSTAVUS!

GUST. Say but you'll live.

ARV. O!—

GUST. For my sake.

ARV. Yes, take me—

Expose me, cage me, brand me for the tool

Of crafty villains; for the veriest slave,

On whom the bend of each contemptuous brow

Shall

190 GUSTAVUS VASA.

Shall look with loathing. Ah, my turpitude  
Shall be the vile comparative for knaves,  
To boast and whiten by!

GUST. Not so, not so—  
Who knows no fault, my friend, knows no per-  
fection.

The rectitude that Heaven appoints to man  
Leads on thro' error; and the kindly sense  
Of having strayed, endears the road to bliss;  
It makes Heaven's way more pleasing! O my  
brother,

'Tis hence a thousand cordial charities  
Derive their growth, their vigour, and their  
sweetness.

This short laple  
Shall to thy future foot give cautious treading,  
Erect and firm in virtue.

ARV. Give me leave. [Offers to pass.

GUST. You shall not pass.

ARV. I must.

GUST. Whither?

ARV. I know not—O GUSTAVUS!

GUST. Speak.

ARV. You can't forgive me.

GUST. Not forgive thee!

ARV. No.

Look there!—

[Points to the dagger,

And yet when I resolved to kill thee

I could have died—indeed I could—for thee,

I could have died, GUSTAVUS!

GUST. O I know it.

A generous mind, tho' swayed a-while by passion,

Is like the steely vigour of the bow,  
Still holds its native rectitude, and bends  
But to recoil more forceful. Come, forget it.

SCENE VII.

Enter a DALECARLIAN.

DALE. My lord, as now I past the mountain's  
brow,

I spied some men, whose arms, and strange attire,  
Give cause for circumspection.

GUST. Danes, perhaps;

Haste, intercept their passage to the camp. [Exit Dal.

ARV. Those are the Danes that witness to my  
shame.

GUST. Perish the opprobrious term! Not so,

ARVIDA;

Myself will be the guardian of thy fame;

Trust me, I will.—Our friends approach—O clear,

While I attend them, clear that cloud, my brother,

That sits upon the morning of thy youth;

It hangs too near the heart of thy GUSTAVUS. [Exit.

ARV. Of thy GUSTAVUS!—O wretch, wretch,  
curled wretch!

What is this time and place, and toys of circum-  
stance,

That wind our actions, so, as Heaven's own hand

What's done may not unravel?—Pardon may!—

There's the Lethæan-sweet, the snow of Heaven,

New blanching o'er the negro front of guilt,

That to the eye of mercy all appears

Fair



Fair as the unwritten page—Yet, self-convict,  
Tho' Heaven's free power should pardon, where's  
my peace?

Thus, thus to be driven out from my own breast!  
To have no shade, no sheltering nook at home  
To take reflection in!—How looks the wretch,  
Whose heart cries villain to itself? I'll not  
Endure its battery—Somewhat must be done  
Of high import 'ere night, that I may sleep,  
Or wake for ever.

## S C E N E VIII.

Enter GUSTAVUS followed by the Dalecarlians,  
ANDERSON, ARNOLDUS, SIVARD, Officers, &c.

1st DALE. Let us all see him!

2d DALE. Yes, and hear him too.

3d DALE. Let us be sure 'tis he himself.

4th DALE. Our general.

5th DALE. And we will fight while weapons can  
be found.

6th DALE. Or hands to wield them.

7th DALE. Get on the bank, GUSTAVUS.

AND. Do, my lord.

GUST. My countrymen!—

1st DALE. Ho! hear him.

2d DALE. Peace!

3d DALE. Peace!

4th DALE. Peace!

GUST. Amazement I perceive hath fill'd your  
hearts,

And

And joy for that your lost GUSTAVUS, 'scaped  
Thro' wounds, imprisonments, and chains, and  
deaths,

Thus sudden, thus unlook'd for, stands before ye.—

As one escaped from cruel hands I come,  
From hearts that ne'er knew pity, dark and venge-  
ful!

Who quaff the tears of orphans, bathe in blood,  
And know no musick but the groans of Sweden.

Yet, not for that my sister's early innocence,  
And mother's age, now grind beneath captivity;

Nor that one bloody, one remorseless hour,  
Swept my great fire and kindred from my side;

For them GUSTAVUS weeps not—tho' my eyes  
Were far less dear, for them I will not weep,

But, O great parent, when I think on thee!

Thy numberless, thy nameless, shameful infamies—

My widow'd country—Sweden!—when I think

Upon thy desolation—spite of rage

And vengeance that would choak them—tears

will flow.

AND. O, they are villains, every Dane of them,

Practised to stab and smile; to stab the babe

That smiles upon them!

ARN. What accursed hours

Roll o'er those wretches, who, to fiends like these,

In their dear liberty have bartered more

Than worlds will rate for?

GUST. O liberty, Heaven's choice prerogative,

True bond of law, thou social soul of property,

Thou breath of reason, life of life itself—

For thee the valiant bleed! O sacred liberty!

Wing'd from the summer's snare, from flattering  
ruin,

Like the bold stork you seek the wintery shore;  
Leave courts, and pomps, and palaces to slaves,  
Cleave to the cold, and rest upon the storm.

Upborn by thee, my soul disdain'd the terms  
Of empire, offer'd at the hands of tyrants.

With thee, I fought this favourite foil; with thee,  
These favourite sons I fought;—thy sons, O li-  
berty!

For even amid the wilds of life you lead them,  
Lift their low rafted cottage to the clouds,  
Smile o'er their heaths, and from their mountain  
tops

Beam glory to the nations!

ALL. Liberty! liberty!

Gust. Are ye not mark'd, ye men of Dale-  
carlia!

Are ye not mark'd by all the circling world,  
As the great stake, the last effort for liberty?

Say, is it not your wealth, the thirst, the food,  
The scope and bright ambition of your souls?

Why else have you, and your renowned forefathers,  
From the proud summit of their glittering thrones,

Cast down the mightiest of your lawful kings  
That dared the bold infringement? What, but

liberty,

Thro' the famed course of thirteen hundred years,  
Aloof hath held invasion from your hills,

And sanctified their shade?—And will ye, will ye  
Shrink from the hopes of the expecting world;

Bid your high honours stoop to foreign insult,

And



And in one hour give up to infamy  
The harvest of a thousand years of glory?

1st DALE. No.—

2d DALE. Never, never.

3d DALE. Perish all first!

4th DALE. Die all!

GUST. Yes, die by piecemeal!

Leave not a limb o'er which a Dane may triumph!—

Now from my soul I joy, I joy, my friends,  
To see ye fear'd; to see, that even your foes  
Do justice to your valour!—There they be,  
The powers of kingdoms, summ'd in yonder host;  
Yet kept aloof, yet trembling to assail ye.

And O, when I look round and see you here,  
Of number short, but prevalent in virtue,  
My heart swells high and burns for the encounter.

True courage but from opposition grows;  
And what are fifty, what a thousand slaves,  
Matched to the sinew of a single arm

That strikes for liberty?—that strikes to save  
His fields from fire, his infants from the sword,  
His couch from lust, his daughters from pollution,  
And his large honours from eternal infamy?

What, doubt we then? Shall we, shall we stand here  
'Till motives that might warm an ague's frost,  
And nerve the coward's arm, shall poorly serve  
To wake us to resistance?—Let us on!—

O, yes, I read your lovely fierce impatience;  
You shall not be withheld; we will rush on them—  
This is indeed to triumph, where we hold  
Three kingdoms in our toil! Is it not glorious,—

Thus to appal the bold, meet force with fury,  
And push yon torrent back, 'till every wave  
Flee to its fountain?

3d DALE. On, lead us on, GUSTAVUS! one word  
more

Is but delay of conquest.

GUST. Take your wish.

He, who wants arms, may grapple with the foe  
And so be furnish'd. You, most noble ANDERSON,  
Divide our powers, and with the famed Olaus  
Take the left route—You, ERIC, great in arms!  
With the renowned NEDERBI, hold the right,  
And skirt the forest down; then wheel at once,  
Confest to view, and close upon the vale:  
Myself, and my most valiant cousin here  
The invincible ARVIDA, gallant SIVARD,  
ARNOLDUS, and these hundred hardy veterans,  
Will pour directly on, and lead the onset.  
Joy, joy, I see confest from every eye;  
Your limbs tread vigorous, and your breasts beat  
high!

Thin tho' our ranks, tho' scanty be our bands,  
Bold are our hearts, and nervous are our hands.  
With us, truth, justice, fame, and freedom close,  
Each, singly equal to an host of foes.  
I feel, I feel them fill me out for fight;  
They lift my limbs as feather'd Hermes light!  
Or like the bird of glory, towering high,  
Thunder within his grasp, and lightning in his eye!

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

A C T IV.

SCENE before the CAMP.

Enter CRISTIERN, TROLLIO, and Attendants.

CRIST. **Y**OUR observation's just; I see it,  
TROLLIO.

Men are machines, with all their boasted freedom;

Their movements turn upon some favourite passion:  
Let art but find the latent foible out,  
We touch the spring, and wind them at our pleasure.

TROLL. Let Heaven spy out for virtue, and then starve it;

But vice and frailty are the statesman's quarry,  
The objects of our search, and of our science;  
Mark'd by our smiles, and cherish'd by our bounty.

'Tis hence, you lord it o'er your servile senates:  
How low the slaves will stoop to gorge their lusts,  
When aptly baited! Even the tongues of patriots,  
Those sons of clamour, oft relax the nerve  
Within the warmth of favour.

CRIST. How else should kings subsist? For  
what is power,  
But the nice conduct of another's weakness?



That thing called virtue, is the bane of government;  
 A libel on the state, that asks suppression :  
 It has a hateful and unbending quality ;  
 It serves no end, still restive to the rein,  
 And to the spur unspeedy : they who boast it  
 Are traitors, rivals of their king, my TROLLIO;  
 And, wanting other subjects, greatly dare  
 To lord it o'er themselves. Such is GUSTAVUS,  
 If yet he be——  
 And such ARVIDA was; tho' now, I trust,  
 He is too far advanced in our designs  
 To think of a retreat.

TROLL. Impossible !  
 Already has he leap'd the guilty mound  
 That might appal his virtue; for the world  
 He dare not now look back, where shame pursues,  
 And cuts off all retreat.

## S C E N E II.

Enter GENTLEMAN USHER and PETERSON, who  
 kneels.

GENT. My liege, lord PETERSON.

CRIST. Rise to our trust, most worthy PETERSON;

Rise to our friendship. By my head, I swear,  
 Bar but our TROLLIO here, there's not a Swede,  
 Who holds thy valued level in our heart!  
 For thou art unshaken, tho' thy nation swerve;  
 Faithful among the faithless!

PETER.

PETER. What I am,  
Let this inform your majesty. [Gives a Pacquet.

TROLL. A packet!  
Whence had you that, my friend?

PETER. Even from the hands  
Of the once great GUSTAVUS.

CRIST. Then you have seen him. Tell me, tell  
me PETERSON,  
What said he? Eh! How look'd the mighty rebel?  
His means, his scope, the pride of his presumption—  
Give me the whole!

PETER. Last night, my gracious lord,  
While yet I held your messenger in conference;  
Arrived, who brought a letter from GUSTAVUS,  
Wherein, digesting many flagrant terms  
Of mutinous import against the state  
Of your high dignity, by morning light  
He prayed me to attend him; boasting much  
Of plenteous hopes, and means of boldest enter-  
prize.  
Of this I gave you notice; and 'ere dawn  
Set out for fresh intelligence—I came;  
I saw him shrunk, that glory of the north,  
Soil'd with the vileness of a slave's attire;  
Where in the depth and darkness of the mines,  
For six long months he hath not seen the sun;  
Collegued with circling horrors, hourly toil,  
Hath been his watch, and penury his earning:  
But like the lion, newly broke from bonds,  
The mingling passions from his eyes dart glory;

Pride lifts his stature, and his opening front  
Still looks dominion.

CRIST. Who were his adherents?

PETER. The traitor ANDERSON, and a few  
friends;

To whom, 'ere I set out, he stood revealed.  
And when I seemed to question on his powers  
Of rivalship, the props whereon he meant  
To lift contention to the princely front  
Of such high opposition; he replied,  
His powers were near your person.

CRIST. How! what's here? [Looks on the Pacquet,  
To Laurens, Aland, Haquin, and Roderic!—  
Confusion! Treason's in our camp! Who's there?

GENT. My liege!

CRIST. Bear this to Norbi—Bid him seize

[Gives a Signet.

The Swedish captains.

TROLL. Might I but presume—

CRIST. I will not be controuled—bid him seize  
all,

Soldiers and chiefs!—By hell, there's not a Swede,  
But lurks an instrument to prompt rebellion,  
And plots upon my life! Look there, 'tis evident:

[Gives TROLLIO a Letter,

They are all leagued, confederate with GUSTAVUS,  
The abettors of his treason.

TROLL. It should seem so:

And yet it should not—Tell me, PETERSON,  
Art thou assured thy credit with GUSTAVUS  
Will answer to a trust like this?—Ha! Say,

PETER.



PETER. Yes, well assured : my zeal appeared  
too warm  
To give the least cold colour for suspicion.

TROLL. I fear, my friend, I fear he has o'er-  
reach'd you.

"Divide and conquer," is the sum of politics.  
Beyond the dreaded circle of his sword,  
GUSTAVUS triumphs in an ample genius;  
He walks at large, sees clear and wide around him,  
Calm in the storm and turbulence of action;  
He ponders on the last event of things,  
And makes each cause subservient to the conse-  
quence.

CRIST. You over-rate his craft—they are false,  
my TROLLIO,  
False every Swede of them; I read their souls.

### SCENE III.

Enter CRISTINA and MARIANA.

CRISTINA. I heard it was your royal plea-  
sure, sir,  
I should attend your highness.

CRIST. Yes, CRISTINA,  
But business interferes.

### SCENE IV.

Enter an OFFICER.

OFF. My sovereign liege!  
Wide o'er the western shelving of yon hill,  
We

We think, tho' indistinctly, we can spy,  
Like men in motion mustering on the heath;  
And there is one who saith he can discern  
A few of martial gesture, and bright arms,  
Who this way bend their action.

CRIST. Friends, perhaps;  
For foes it were too daring—Haste thee, TROLLIO,  
Detach a thousand of our Danish horse  
To rule their motions—We will out ourself,  
And hold our powers in readiness—Lead on.

[Exeunt.

## SCENE V.

CRISTINA and MARIANA.

MAR., Ha! did you mark, my princess, did you mark?

Should some reverse, some wondrous whirl of fate  
Once more return GUSTAVUS to the battle,  
New nerve his arm, and wreath his brow with  
conquest;

Say, would you not repent that e'er you saved  
This dreadful man, the foe of your great race;  
Who pours impetuous in his country's cause  
To spoil you of a kingdom?

CRISTINA. No, my friend.—  
Had I to death, or bondage, sold my fire;  
Or had GUSTAVUS on our native realms  
Made hostile inroad—then, my MARIANA!  
Had I then saved him from the stroke of justice,  
I should not cease my suit to Heaven for pardon.

But

But if, tho' in a foe, to reverence virtue,  
 Withstand oppression, rescue injured innocence,  
 Step boldly in betwixt my fire and guilt,  
 And save my king, my father, from dishonour;  
 If this be sin—I have shook hands with penitence,  
 First, perish crowns, dominion, all the shine  
 And transience of this world, 'ere guilt shall serve  
 To buy the vain incumbrance!

MAR. Do not think  
 I meant, my princess, to arraign your virtues,  
 Howe'er I seemed to question on the consequence.

CRISTINA. The consequence of virtue must be  
 good:

It must.—Tho' it should prove my father's lot,  
 In being rescued from one act of guilt,  
 To lose the whole of all his wide dominions,  
 He were a gainer—Blasted be that royalty,  
 Which murder must make sure, and crimes in-  
 glorious!

The bulk of kingdoms, nay, the world is light,  
 When guilt weighs opposite—O would to Heaven,  
 The loss of empire could restore his innocence,  
 Restore the fortunes, and the precious lives  
 Of thousands fallen, the victims of ambition!

## SCENE VI.

Enter LAERTES.

Ha! LAERTES! most welcome! well—and have  
 you?—Say, LAERTES.

LAER. O royal maid!—

CRISTINA.



CRISTINA. Thy looks are doubtful—Speak,—  
Why art thou silent?—Does he live?

LAER. He does:  
But death, 'ere night, must fill a long account!  
The camp, the country's in confusion: war,  
And changes, ride upon the hour that hastes  
To intercept my tongue—I else could tell  
Of virtues hitherto beyond my ken;  
Courage, to which the lion stoops his crest,  
Yet grafted upon qualities as soft  
As a rocked infant's meekness; such as tempts  
Against my faith, my country, and allegiance,  
To wish thee speed, GUSTAVUS!

CRISTINA. Then you found him.

LAER. I did: and warned him, but in vain;  
for death  
To him appeared more grateful than to find  
His friend's dishonour.

CRISTINA. Give me the manner—quick—soft,  
good LAERTES! [They retire.

## SCENE VII.

Enter CRISTIERN, TROLLIO, PETERSON, DANES,  
&c.

CRIST. Damn'd! double traitor! O cursed,  
false ARVIDA!

Guard well the Swedish prisoners, bind them hard—  
Stand to your arms—Bring forth the captives there!

SCENE

S C E N E VIII.

Enter AUGUSTA and GUSTAVA guarded.

TROLL. My liege——

CRIST. Away! I'll hear no more of politics.—  
Fortune! we will not trust the changeling more;  
But wear her girt upon our armed loins,  
Or pointed in our grasp.

S C E N E IX.

Enter an OFFICER.

OFF. The foe's at hand,  
With gallant shew your thousand Danes rode forth,  
But shall return no more!—I marked the action:  
A band of desperate resolute rush'd on them,  
Scarce numbering to a tenth, and in mid way  
They closed; the shock was dreadful, nor your  
Danes  
Could bear the madding charge: a while they  
stood,  
Then shrunk, and broke, and turned—When, lo,  
behind,  
Fast wheeling from the right and left there pour'd,  
Who intercepted their return, and caught  
Within the toil they perished.

CRIST. It is GUSTAVUS!  
No mortal else, not Ammon's boasted son,  
Not Cæsar would have dared it. Tell me, say,  
What numbers in the whole may they amount to?

OFF.

OFF. About five thousand.

CRIST. And no more.

OFF. No more,  
That yet appear.

CRIST. We count six times their sum.

Haste, soldier, take a trumpet; tell GUSTAVUS  
We have of terms to offer, and would treat  
Touching his mother's ransom: say, her death,  
Suspended by our grace, but waits his answer.

[Exit OFFICER.

Madam, it should well suit with your authority,

[To AUGUSTA.

To check this frenzy in your son—Look to it;  
Or by the saints this hour's your last of life!

AUGUST. Come, my GUSTAVA, come, my little  
captive,

We shall be free; our tyrant is grown kind!  
And for these chains that bind thy pretty arms,  
The golden cherubim shall lend thee wings,  
And thou shalt mount amid the smiling choir  
Of little heavenly songsters, like thyself,  
All robed in innocence.

GUSTAVA. Will you go, mother?

AUGUST. So help me, mercy!—Yes, I'll go,  
my child;

And I will give thee to thy father's fondness,  
And to the arms of all thy royal race  
In Heaven; who sit on thrones, with loves, and joys,  
And pleasures, smiling round.

CRIST. Is this my answer?  
Come forth, ye ministers of death, come forth.

SCENE



SCENE IX.

Enter RUFFIANS, who seize AUGUSTA and GUSTAVA.

Pluck them asunder! We shall prove you, lady!  
'Tis my damn'd lot, thus ever to be crossed  
With rank blown pride, and insolence eternal.

GUSTAVA. O mother, take me, take me from  
these men;  
They fright me with their looks.

AUGUSTA. Alas, my child, I cannot take thee  
from them.

GUSTAVA. O, they will hurt me: can't you  
take me, mother?

AUGUSTA. They cannot, cannot hurt you, my  
GUSTAVA!

Fear not, my little one; your name should be  
A charm o'er cowardice, for you are called  
After your valiant brother; he'll disown you,  
He will not love you, if you fear, GUSTAVA.

CRISTINA. Ah! I can hold no longer.—Royal  
sir,

Thus on my knees, and lower, lower still—

CRIST. My child! what mean you?

CRISTINA. O my gracious father!  
Kill, kill me rather—let me perish first;  
But do not stain the sanctity of kings  
With the sweet blood of helpless innocence—  
Do not, my father! spare the little orphans,  
And let the lambs go free!

AUGUSTA. Ha! who art thou?  
That look'st so like the inhabitants of Heaven—  
Like mercy sent upon the morning's blush,  
To glad the heart, and cheer a gloomy world  
With light 'till now unknown?

CRIST. Away, they come.  
I'll hear no more of your ill-timed petitions.

CRISTINA. O yet for pity!

CRIST. I will none on't—leave me.  
Pity! it is the infant fool of nature—  
Tear off her hold, and bear her to her tent.

[Exeunt CRISTINA, MARIANA, LAERTES,  
and Attendants.]

## SCENE X.

Enter an OFFICER.

OFF. My liege, GUSTAVUS, tho' with much reluctance,  
Consents to one hour's truce. His soldiers rest  
Upon their arms; and, followed by a few,  
He comes to know your terms.

CRIST. I see; fall back—  
Stand firm—Be ready slaves, and on the word  
Plunge deep your daggers in their bosoms.

[Points to AUGUSTA.]

SCENE

## S C E N E XI.

Enter GUSTAVUS, ARVIDA, ANDERSON, ARNOLDUS, SIVARD, &c.

Hold!

GUST. Ha!—it is, it is my mother!

CRIST. Tell me, GUSTAVUS, tell me, why is this?

That, as a stream diverted from the banks  
Of smooth obedience, thou hast drawn those men  
Upon a dry unchannel'd enterprize,  
To turn their inundation?—Are the lives  
Of my misguided people held so light,  
That thus thou'dst push them on the keen re-  
buke

Of guarded majesty; where justice waits,  
All awful, and resistless, to assert  
The impervious rights, the sanctitude of kings,  
And blast rebellion?

GUST. Justice!—sanctitude!—  
And rights!—O patience! rights!—what rights,  
thou tyrant?

Yes, if perdition be the rule of power,  
If wrongs give right; O then, supreme in mischief!  
Thou wert the lord, the monarch of the world,  
Too narrow for thy claim! But if thou think'st  
That crowns are vilely propertied, like coin,  
To be the means, the specialty of lust,  
And sensual attribution—if thou think'st  
That empire is of titled birth, or blood;  
That nature, in the proud behalf of one,



Shall disenfranchise all her lordly race,  
 And bow her general issue to the yoke  
 Of private domination—then, thou proud one,  
 Here know me for thy king!—Howe'er be told,  
 Not claim hereditary, not the trust  
 Of frank election,  
 Not even the high anointing hand of Heaven,  
 Can authorize oppression; give a law  
 For lawless power; wed faith to violation;  
 On reason build misrule, or justly bind  
 Allegiance to injustice—Tyranny  
 Absolves all faith; and who invades our rights,  
 Howe'er his own commence, can never be  
 But an usurper—But for thee, for thee  
 There is no name!—thou hast abjured mankind;  
 Dash'd safety from thy bleak unsocial side,  
 And waged wild war with universal nature!

CRIST. Licentious traitor! thou canst talk it  
 largely—

Who made thee umpire of the rights of kings,  
 And power, prime attribute—as on thy tongue  
 The poise of battle lay, and arms, of force,  
 To throw defiance in the front of duty?  
 Look round, unruly boy, thy battle comes  
 Like raw, disjointed mustering; feeble wrath!  
 A war of waters borne against the rock  
 Of our firm continent, to fume, and chafe,  
 And shiver in the toil.

GUST. Mistaken man!

I come impower'd, and strengthen'd in thy weak-  
 ness.

For tho' the structure of a tyrant's throne

Rise

Rise on the necks of half the suffering world,  
 Fear trembles in the cement; prayers and tears,  
 And secret curses, sap its mouldering base,  
 And steal the pillars of allegiance from it:  
 Then, let a single arm but dare the sway,  
 Headlong it turns, and drives upon destruction.

TROLL. Profane, and alien to the love of Heaven!  
 Art thou still hardened to the wrath divine,  
 That hangs o'er thy rebellion?—Know'st thou not,  
 Thou art at enmity with grace? cast out,  
 Made an anathema, a curse enrolled  
 Among the faithful, thou and thy adherents  
 Shorn from our holy church, and offered up  
 As sacred to damnation?

GUST. Yes, I know,  
 When such as thou, with sacrilegious hand,  
 Seize on the apostolic key of Heaven,  
 It then becomes a tool for crafty knaves  
 To shut out virtue; and unfold those gates,  
 That Heaven itself had barr'd against the lusts  
 Of avarice and ambition—Soft, and sweet,  
 As looks of charity, or voice of lambs  
 That bleat upon the morning, are the words  
 Of Christian Meekness! mission all divine!  
 The Law of Love sole mandate—But your gall,  
 Ye Swedish prelacy! your gall hath turn'd  
 The words of sweet, but indigested peace,  
 To wrath and bitterness—Ye hallowed men!  
 In whom vice sanctifies; whose precepts teach  
 Zeal without truth, religion without virtue;  
 Who ne'er preach Heaven, but with a downward  
 eye

That turns your souls to dross; who shouting loose  
The dogs of hell upon us!—thefts, and rapes,  
Sack'd towns, and midnight howlings thro' the  
realm,

Receive your sanction—O it is glorious mischief,  
When vice turns holy, puts religion on,  
Assumes the robe pontifical, the eye  
Of faintly elevation, blesteth sin,  
And makes the seal of sweet offended Heaven  
A sign of blood, a label for decrees  
That hell would shrink to own.—

CRIST. No more of this.

GUSTAVUS, would'st thou yet return to grace,  
And hold thy motions in the sphere of duty,  
Acceptance might be found.

GUST. Imperial spoiler!

Give me my father, give me back my kindred;  
Give me the fathers of ten thousand orphans;  
Give me the sons in whom thy ruthless sword  
Has left our widows childless: mine they were—  
Both mine, and every Swede's, whose patriot breast  
Bleeds in his country's woundings! O thou can'st  
not;

Thou hast out-finn'd all reckoning! Give me then  
My all that's left—my gentle mother there;  
And spare yon little trembler!

CRIST. Yes, on terms  
Of compact, and submission.

GUST. Ha! with thee?

Compact with thee!—and mean'st thou for my  
country?

For Sweden? No—so hold my heart but firm,

Altho'



Altho' it wring for it; tho' blood drop for tears,  
And at the sight my straining eyes start forth—  
They both shall perish first.

CRIST. Slaves, do your office.

GUST. Hold yet,—Thou can'st not be so  
damn'd.—My mother!

I dare not ask thy blessing—Where's ARVIDA?  
Where art thou? Come, my friend, thou hast  
known temptation—

And therefore best can'st pity, or support me.

ARV. Alas! I shall but serve to weigh thee  
downward;

To pull thee from the dazzling, sightless height,

At which thy virtue soars. For, O GUSTAVUS,

My soul is dark, disconsolate and dark:

Sick to the world, and hateful to myself,

I have no country now; I have nought but  
thee,

And should yield up the interest of mankind,

Where thine's in question.

AUGUSTA. See, my son relents;

Behold, O king!—yet spare us but a moment:

His little sister shall embrace his knees;

And these fond arms, around his duteous neck,

Shall join to bend him to us.

CRIST. Could I trust ye——

ARV. I'll be your hostage.

CRIST. Granted.

GUST. Hold, my friend.

[ARVIDA breaks from GUSTAVUS, and passes to  
CRISTIERN's party, while AUGUSTA and  
GUSTAVA go over to GUSTAVUS.]

AUGUSTA. Is it then given, yet given me, ere  
— I die,

To see thy face, GUSTAVUS?—thus to gaze,  
To touch, to fold thee thus?—My son, my son!  
And have I lived to this? It is enough,  
All arm'd, and in thy country's precious cause  
Terribly beauteous, to behold thee thus!  
Why, 'twas my only, hourly suit to Heaven,  
And now 'tis granted. O my glorious child,  
Blest were the throes I felt for thee, GUSTAVUS!  
For from the breast, from out your swathing bands,  
You stepp'd the child of honour.

GUST. O my mother!—

AUGUSTA. Why stands that water trembling in  
thy eye?

Why heaves thy bosom? Turn not thus away—  
'Tis the last time that we must meet, my child,  
And I will have thee whole. Why, why, Gus-  
TAVUS,

Why is this form of heaviness? For me  
I trust it is not meant; you cannot think  
So poorly of me: I grow old, my son;  
And to the utmost period of mortality,  
I ne'er should find a death's hour like to this,  
Whereby to do thee honour.

GUST. Roman patriots!  
Ye Decii, self-devoted to your country!  
You gave no mothers up!—Will annals yield  
No precedent for this, no elder boast  
Whereby to match my trial?

AUGUSTA. No, GUSTAVUS;  
For Heaven still squares our trial to our strength,

And

And thine is of the foremost—Noble youth!  
 Even I, thy parent, with a conscious pride,  
 Have often bowed to thy superior virtues.  
 O, there is but one bitterness in death,  
 One only sting——

GUST. Speak, speak!

AUGUSTA. 'Tis felt for thee.

Too well I know thy gentleness of soul,  
 Melting as babes; even now the pressure's on thee,  
 And bends thy loveliness to earth—O, child!  
 The dear but sad foretaste of thy affliction  
 Already kills thy mother—But behold,  
 Behold thy valiant followers, who to thee,  
 And to the faith of thy protecting arm,  
 Have given ten thousand mothers; daughters too,  
 Who in thy virtue yet may learn to bear  
 Millions of free-born sons to bless thy name,  
 And pray for their deliverer—O farewell!  
 This, and but this—the very last adieu!  
 Heaven sit victorious on thy arm, my son!  
 And give thee to thy merits!

CRIST. Ah, thou traitorefs!

GUSTAVA. O brother, ar'n't you stronger than  
 that man?

Don't let him take my mother.

AUGUSTA. See, GUSTAVUS,  
 My little captive waits for one embrace.

GUST. Come to my arms, thou lamb-like sa-  
 crifice!

O that they were of force to fold thee ever,  
 To let thee to my heart! there lock thee close,  
 And circle thee with life!—But 'twill not be!



GUSTAVA. I'll stay with you, my brother.

GUST. Killing innocence!—

That I was born to see this hour!

The pains of hell are on me!—Take her, mother!

GUSTAVA. I will not part with you, indeed, I will not!

GUST. Take her—Distraction! Haste, my dearest mother:

O—else I shall run mad—quite mad, and save ye.

ARV. Hold, madam!—Hear me, thou most dear GUSTAVUS!—

Thus low I bend my prayer—reject me not:—

If once, if ever thou didst love ARVIDA,

O leave me here to answer to the wrath

Of this fell tyrant. Save thy honour'd mother,

And that sweet lamb from slaughter!

GUST. Cruel friendship!

CRIST. And by my life I'd take thee at thy word,

Thou doubly damn'd! but that I know 'twould please thee.

AUGUSTA. No, generous prince, thy blood shall never be

The price of our dishonour. Come, my child!—

Weep not, sweet babe, there shall no harm come nigh thee.

CRIST. 'Tis well, proud dame; you are return'd I see—

Each to his charge—Here break we off, GUSTAVUS;

For to the very teeth of thy rebellion

We dash defiance back.

GUST,

GUST. Alas, my mother!  
 Grief choaks up utterance, else I have to say  
 What never tongue unfolded—Yet return,  
 Come back, and I will give up all to save thee;  
 For on the covering of thy sacred head  
 My heart drops blood. Thou fountain of my  
 life!

Dearer than mercy is to kneeling penitence,  
 My early blessing, first and latest joy—  
 Return, return, and save thy lost GUSTAVUS!

CRIST. No more, thou trifter!

AUGUSTA. O farewell for ever!

[Exeunt CRISTIERN and his Party. GUSTAVUS  
 and his Party remain.]

GUST. Then she is gone—ARVIDA! ANDERSON!  
 For ever gone!—ARNOLDUS, friends, where are ye?  
 Help here, heave, heave this mountain from me  
 —O—

Heaven keep my senses!—So—We will to battle;  
 But let no banners wave—Be still thou trump,  
 And every martial sound that gives the war  
 To pomp or levity! for vengeance now  
 Is clad with heavy arms, sedately stern;  
 Resolv'd, but silent as the slaughter'd heaps  
 O'er which my soul is brooding.

ARN. O GUSTAVUS!

Is there a Swede of us, whose sword and soul  
 Grapples not to thee, as to all they hold  
 Of earthly estimation? Said I more,  
 It were but half my thought.

AND. On thee we gaze,  
 As one unknown 'till this important hour;  
 Pre-eminent of men!

SYR.

Siv. Accurs'd be he;  
Who, in thy leading, will not fight, and strive,  
And bleed, and gasp with pleasure!

AND. We are thine;  
All, all, both we and ours, whom thou this day  
Hast dearly purchased.

ARN. Tho', to yield us up,  
Had scarce been less than virtue.

GUST. O my friends!  
I see, 'tis not for man to boast his strength  
Before the trial comes—This very hour,  
Had I a thousand parents, all seem'd light  
When weigh'd against my country; and but now,  
One mother seem'd of weight to poize the world,  
Tho' conscious truth and reason were against her.  
For, O, how'er the partial passions sway,  
High Heaven assigns but one unbiass'd way;  
Direct thro' every opposition leads,  
Where shelves decline, and many a steep impedes.  
Here hold we on, tho' thwarting fiends alarm;  
Here hold we on, tho' devious Syrens charm!  
In Heaven's disposing power events unite;  
Nor aught can happen wrong, to him who acts  
aright.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT



## A C T V.

## S C E N E the ROYAL TENT,

Enter CRISTINA and MARIANA.

CRISTINA. **H**ARK! MARIANA, list!—No—  
All is silent—

It was not fancy sure—didst thou hear aught?

MAR. Too plain; the voice of terror seiz'd my  
ear,  
And my heart sinks within me.

CRISTINA. O, I fear  
The war is now at work—As winds, methought,  
Long borne thro' hollow vaults, the sound ap-  
proach'd;

One sound, yet laden with a thousand notes  
Of fearful variation! Then it swell'd  
To distant shouts, now coming on the gale;  
Again borne backward with a parting groan,  
All sunk to horrid stillness.

MAR. Look, my princess—  
Ah, no! withhold thy eyes!—the place grows dark;  
A sudden cloud of sorrow stains the day,  
And throws its gloom around.

SCENE

## S C E N E II.

Enter four Slaves bearing the bodies of AUGUSTA and GUSTAVA on a bier covered—four women in chains follow weeping.

CRISTINA. Whence are ye, say, you daughters of affliction?

Their speech is in their tears—Avert, ye saints! Avert that thought!—Soft! hold ye! I have a tear

For every mourner—Ah! [Looks under the Covering.

MAR. What mean you, madam?

CRISTINA. Reflection come not there! See it not eyes!—

How art thou spilt, thou blood of royalty!—

Close at the paleness of its parent breast

The babe lies slaughter'd!—Tell me, who did this?—

No, hold ye! Say not that my father did it;

For duty then turns rebel—Cruel father!

O, that some villager, whose early toil

Lifts the penurious morsel to his mouth,

Had claim'd my birth! ambition had not then

Thus, stepp'd 'twixt me and Heaven.

MAR. Go, bear it hence—

Turn, turn, my royal mistress!

CRISTINA. Ah, AUGUSTA!

Among thy foes thou art fallen, thou art fallen in virtue!—

Exalt thyself, O guilt! For here the good

Have none who may lament them. Sit we down;

For

For I grow weary of the world. Let death  
 Within his vaulty durance, dark and still,  
 Receive me too; and where the afflicted rest,  
 There fold me in for ever. —

## S C E N E III.

Enter LAERTES.

LAER. Arise, CRISTINA! fly, thou royal virgin!  
 This morn beheld thee mistress of the north,  
 Bright heir of Scandinavia; and this hour  
 Has left thee not, throughout thy wide dominions,  
 Whereon to rest thy foot.

CRISTINA. Now, praise to Heaven!  
 Say but my father lives.

LAER. At your command  
 I went; and, from a neighbouring summit, view'd  
 Where either host stood adverse, sternly wedg'd;  
 Reflecting on each other's gloomy front,  
 Fell hate and fix'd defiance—When at once  
 The foe moved on, attendant to the steps  
 Of their GUSTAVUS—He, with mournful pace,  
 Came slow and silent; 'till two hapless Danes  
 Prick'd forth, and on his helm discharg'd their  
 fury:

Then rous'd the lion! To my wondring sight  
 His stature grew twofold; before his eye  
 All force seem'd wither'd, and his horrid plume  
 Shook wild dismay around: as Heaven's dread  
 bolt,

He shot, he pierc'd our legions; in his strength

His



His shouting squadron gloried, rushing on  
 Where e'er he led their battle—Full five times,  
 Hem'd by our mightier host, the foe seem'd lost,  
 And swallow'd from my sight; five times again  
 Like flame they issued to the light—And thrice,  
 These eyes beheld him, they beheld GUSTAVUS  
 Unhors'd, and by a host girt singly in;  
 And thrice he broke thro' all.

CRISTINA. My blood runs chill.

LAER. With such a strenuous, such a labour'd  
 conflict,

Sure never field was fought—until GUSTAVUS  
 Aloud cried, Victory! and on his spear  
 High rear'd the imperial diadem of Denmark.  
 Then slack'd the battle; then recoil'd our host;  
 His, echoed, Victory! and now would know  
 No bounds; rout follow'd, and the face of fight—  
 —She heeds me not.

CRISTINA. O, ill starr'd royalty!  
 My father! Cruel, dear, unhappy father!  
 Summon'd so sudden! fearful, fearful thought!—  
 Step in, sweet mercy! For thy time was—Ha!

#### S C E N E IV.

Enter CRISTIERN flying without his helmet, in disorder,  
 his sword broke, and his garments bloody; he throws  
 away his sword, and speaks.

CRIST. Give us new arms of proof—fresh horses  
 —quick!

A watch without there—Set a standard up

To guide our scattered powers! Haste, my friends,  
haste!

We must be gone—O for some cooling stream  
To slake a monarch's thirst!

LAER. A post, my liege,  
A second post from Denmark says—

CRIST. All's lost.—  
Is it not so? Be gone! Perdition choak thee—  
Give me a moment's solitude—Thought, thought,  
Where wouldst thou lead?

CRISTINA. He sees me not—Alas, alas, my  
father!

O, what a war there lives within his eye,  
Where greatness struggles to survive itself!  
I tremble to approach him; yet I fain  
Would bring peace to him—Don't you know me,  
sir?

My father, look upon me, look, my father!  
Why strains your lip, and why that doubtful eye  
Thro' fury melting o'er me? Turn, ah, turn!  
I cannot bear its softness—How? nay, then,  
There is a falling dagger in that tear,  
To kill thy child, to murder thy CRISTINA.

CRIST. Then thou art CRISTINA?

CRISTINA. Yes.

CRIST. My child?

CRISTINA. I am.

CRIST. Curse me, then, curse me!—Join with  
heaven and earth

And hell to curse!

CRISTINA. Alas! on me, my father,  
Thy curses be on me; but on thy head

Fall blessings from that Heaven which has this day  
Preserv'd thy life in battle!

CRIST. What have I  
To do with Heaven? Damnation! What am I?  
All frail and transient as my laps'd dominions!  
Even now the solid earth prepares to slide  
From underneath me. Nature's power cries out,  
Leave him thou universe!—No—Hold me Heaven!  
Hold me thou Heaven, whom I have forsaken!—  
hold

Thy creature, tho' accurs'd!

CRISTINA. Patience and peace  
Possess thy mind! Not all thy pride of empire  
E'er gave such blest sensation, as one hour  
Of penitence, tho' painful—Let us hence—  
Far from the blood and bustle of ambition.  
Be it my task to watch thy rising wish,  
To smooth thy brow, find comfort for thy cares,  
And for thy will obedience; still to cheer  
The day with smiles, and lay the nightly down  
Beneath thy slumbers.

CRIST. O thou all that's left me!—  
Even in the riot, in the rage of fight,  
Thy guardian virtues watch'd around my head,  
When else no arm could aid—for thro' my ranks,  
My circling troops, the fell GUSTAVUS rush'd:  
Vengeance! he cried; and with one eager hand  
Griped fast my diadem—his other arm,  
High rear'd the deathful steel—suspended yet;  
For in his eye, and thro' his varying face,  
Conflicting passions fought—He look'd—he stood  
In wrath reluctant—then, with gentler voice,

“ CRISTINA



"CRISTINA thou hast conquered!—Go," he cried,  
 "I yield thee to her virtues."

## S C E N E V.

Enter TROLLIO, and Guards with Swords drawn.

TROLL. Haste, O king!—  
 The foe has hem'd us round—O haste to save  
 Thyself and us!

CRIST. Thy sword. [Takes a sword from one of  
 the guards.

TROLL. What means my——

CRIST. Villain!

Well thought, by hell!—Ha! Yes,—thou art our  
 minister,

The reverend monitor of vice—the soil,  
 Baneful and rank with every principle,  
 Whence grow the crimes of kings! First perish  
 thou— [Stabs him.

Who taught the throne of power to fix on fear,  
 And raise its safety from the public ruin!  
 Fall thou into the gulph thyself hast fixt  
 Between the prince and people; cutting off  
 Communion from the ear of royalty,  
 And mercy from complaint—Away, away!  
 Thy death, old man, be on thy monarch's head—  
 On thine, the blood of all thy countrymen,  
 Who fell beneath thy counsels! [Exeunt.

TROLLIO attempts to rise, and then speaks.

TROLL. Thou bloody tyrant!—Late, too late  
 I find,

Nor faith, nor gratitude, nor friendly trust,  
 No force of obligations, can subsist  
 Between the guilty—O, let none aspire  
 To be a king's convenience! Has he virtues,  
 Those are his own; his vices are his minister's.  
 Who dares to step 'twixt envy and the throne,  
 Alike to feel the caprice of his prince,  
 As public detestation.—Ha! I am going—  
 But whither?—No one near! to feel! to catch!  
 The world but for an instant! for one ray  
 To guide my soul!—Her way grows wondrous dark,  
 And down, down, down! [Dies,

## S C E N E VI.

Enter GUSTAVUS, ANDERSON, ARNOLDUS, SIVARD,  
 &c. in Triumph.

GUSTAVUS advances, and the rest range themselves on each  
 side of the Stage.

GUST. That we have conquer'd, first we bend  
 to Heaven!

AND. And next to thee!

ALL. To thee, to thee, GUSTAVUS!

GUST. No, matchless men! my brothers of the  
 war!

Be it my greatest glory to have mixt  
 My arms with yours, and to have fought for once  
 Like to a Dalecarlian; like to you,  
 The fires of honour, of a new-born fame,  
 To be transmitted, from your great memorial,  
 To climes unknown, to age succeeding age,  
 Till time shall verge upon eternity,  
 And patriots be no more—

ARN,

ARN. Behold, my lord,  
The Danish prisoners, and the traitor PETERSON,  
Attend their fate.

GUST. Send home the Danes with honour;  
And let them better learn, from our example,  
To treat whom next they conquer, with humanity.

AND. But then for PETERSON!

GUST. His crimes are great.  
A single death were a reward for treason:  
Let him still languish—let him be exiled;  
No more to see the land of liberty,  
The hills of Sweden, nor the native fields  
Of known, endear'd idea.

AND. Royal sir,  
This is to pardon, to encourage villains;  
And hourly to expose that sacred life,  
Where all our safety centers.

GUST. Fear them not.  
The fence of virtue is a chief's best caution;  
And the firm surety of my people's hearts  
Is all the guard that e'er shall wait GUSTAVUS.  
I am a soldier from my youth; yet ANDERSON,  
These wars, where man must wound himself in  
man,

Have somewhat shocking in them: trust me, friend,  
Except in such a cause as this day's quarrel,  
I would not shed a single wretch's blood  
For the world's empire!

ARN. O exalted Sweden!  
Blest people!—Heaven! wherein have we deserv'd  
A man like this to rule us?



## S C E N E VII.

Enter ARVIDA leading in CRISTINA. He runs to  
GUSTAVUS.

GUST. My ARVIDA!

ARV. My king! O hail! Thus let me pay my  
homage. [Kneels.

GUST. Rise, rise, nor shame our friendship.

ARV. See, GUSTAVUS! Behold, nor longer wonder  
at my frailty.

GUST. Be faithful eyes! Ha! Yes, it must be so.  
'Tis she—For Heaven would chuse no other form  
Wherein to treasure every mental virtue.

CRISTINA. Renown'd GUSTAVUS! mightiest a-  
mong men!

If such a wretch, the captive of thy arms,  
Trembling and awed in thy superior presence,  
May find the grace that every other finds—  
For thou art said to be of wondrous goodness!—  
Then hear—and O excuse a foe's presumption!—  
While low, thus low you see a suppliant child,  
Now pleading for a father, for a dear,  
Much loved; if cruel, yet unhappy father.  
O, let him 'scape who ne'er can wrong thee more!  
If he with circling nations could not stand  
Against thee singly; singly, what can he,  
When thou art fenced with nations?

GUST. Ha! that posture!

O rise—surprised, my eye perceiv'd it not.

CRISTINA! thou all form'd for excellence!

I have

I have much to say, but that my tongue, my thoughts

Are troubled, warr'd on by unusual passions.

'Twas hence thou had'st it in thy power to ask,

'Ere I could offer—Come, my friend, assist,

Instruct me to be grateful. O CRISTINA!

I fought for freedom, not for crowns, thou fair one!

They shall sit brighter on that beauteous head,

Whose eye might awe the monarchs of the earth,

And light the world to virtue—My ARVIDA!

ARV. O great and good, and glorious to the last!

I read thy soul, I see the generous conflict,

And come to fix, not trouble thy repose.

Could you but know with what an eager haste

I sprung to execute thy late commands,

To shield this lovely object of thy cares,

And give her thus, all beauteous to thy eyes!

For I have no bliss but thine, have lost the form

Of every wish that's foreign to thy happiness.

But, O, my king! my conqueror! my GUSTAVUS!

It grieves me much that thou must shortly mourn,

Even on the day in which thy country's freed,

That crowns thy arms with conquest and CRISTINA.

GUST. Alas! your cheek is pale—You bleed,  
my brother!

ARV. I do indeed—to death.

GUST. You have undone me:

Rash, headstrong man! O was this well, ARVIDA?

[Turns from him.

ARV. Pardon, GUSTAVUS! mine's the common lot,

The fate of thousands fallen this day in battle.  
 I had resolv'd on life, to see you blest;  
 To see my king and his CRISTINA happy!  
 Turn, thou belov'd, thou honour'd next to Heaven!  
 And to thy arms receive a penitent,  
 Who never more shall wrong thee.

GUST. O ARVIDA!—  
 Friend! friend! [Turns and embraces him.

ARV. Thy heart beats comfort to me!—In this  
 breast,  
 Let thy ARVIDA, let thy friend survive.  
 O, strip his once lov'd image of its frailties;  
 And strip it too of every fonder thought,  
 That may give thee affliction—Do, GUSTAVUS—  
 It is my last request—for Heaven and thou  
 Are all the care and business—of ARVIDA. [Dies.

GUST. Friend! Brother! speak—He's gone—  
 and here is all  
 That's left of him who was my life's best treasure:  
 How art thou fallen, thou greatly valiant man!  
 In ruin graceful, like the warrior spear  
 Tho' shiver'd in the dust—so fall GUSTAVUS!—  
 But thou art sped, hast reach'd the goal before me;  
 And one light lapse throughout thy course in virtue,  
 Shews only thou wer't man, ordain'd to strive,  
 But not attain perfection.—  
 Dost thou too weep? transcendent, loveliest maid?—  
 Pardon a heart o'ercharg'd with swelling grief,  
 That in thy presence will not be exiled,  
 Tho' every joy dwells round thee.

CRISTINA. O GUSTAVUS!  
 A bosom pure like thine must soon regain



The heart-felt happiness that dwells with virtue,  
 And Heaven on all exterior circumstance  
 Shall pour the balm of peace, shall pay thee back  
 The bliss of nations, breathing on thy head  
 The sweets that live within the prayers of foes  
 Subdued unto thy merits—O farewell!

GUST. Thou shalt not part, CRISTINA.

CRISTINA. O—I must—

GUST. No, thou art all that's left to sweeten  
 life,

And reconcile the wearied to the world.

CRISTINA. It will not be—I dare not hear—

GUST. You must,  
 I am thy suppliant in my turn—but O  
 My suit is more, much more than life or empire,  
 Than man can merit, or worlds give without thee.

CRISTINA. Now aid me, aid me all ye chaster  
 powers

That guard a woman's weakness!—It is resolv'd—  
 Thy own example charms thy suit to silence.

Nor think alone to bear the palm of virtue,  
 Thou, who hast taught the world, when duty calls,  
 To throw the bar of every wish behind them!

Exalted in that thought, like thee I rise,  
 While every lessening passion sinks beneath me.

Adieu, adieu, most honoured, first of men!

I go, I part, I fly, but to deserve thee.

GUST. Yet stay—a moment—till my uttering  
 heart

Pour forth in love, in wonder pour before thee.

Thou cruel excellence—would'st thou too leave  
 me?

Not if the heart, the arms of thy GUSTAVUS  
Have force to hold thee.

CRISTINA. O delightful notes!—  
That I do love thee, yes, 'tis true, my lord:  
The bond of virtue, friendship's sacred tie,  
The lover's pains, and all the sister's fondness,  
Mine has the flame of every love within it.  
But I have a father—guilty if he be,  
Yet is he old; if cruel, yet a father.  
Abandon'd now by every supple wretch  
That fed his years with flattery, I am all  
That's left to calm, to sooth his troubled soul,  
To penitence, to virtue; and perhaps  
Restore the better empire o'er his mind,  
True seat of all dominion—Yet, GUSTAVUS,  
Yet there are mightier reasons—O farewell!  
Had I ne'er lov'd, I might have staid with honour.

[Exit.

GUSTAVUS looks after CRISTINA, then turns and looks on  
ARVIDA—ANDERSON, ARNOLDUS, &c. advance.

AND. Behold my lord, behold the sons of war,  
Of triumph, turn'd to tears! while from that eye  
All Sweden takes her fate; and smiles around,  
Or weeps with her GUSTAVUS.

ARN. Wilt thou not cheer them, say thou great  
deliverer?

SIV. O general!

1st DALE. King!

2d DALE. Brother!

3d DALE. Father!

ALL. Friend!

GUST.

Gust. Come, come, my brothers all! Yes, I  
will strive

To be the sum of every title to ye;  
And you shall be my fire, my friend revived,  
My sister, mother, all that's kind and dear,  
For so GUSTAVUS holds ye—O I will  
Of private passions all my soul divest,  
And take my dearer country to my breast;  
To public good transfer each fond desire,  
And clasp my Sweden with a lover's fire:  
Well pleas'd, the weight of all her burdens bear;  
Dispense all pleasure, but engross all care:  
Still quick to find, to feel my people's woes;  
And wake, that millions may enjoy repose.

A TRAG.



A TRAGI-COMIC  
EPILOGUE,

BY WAY OF ENTERTAINMENT.

By Mr. OGLE.  
Intended for Mr. WRIGHT, Mrs. GIFFARD, and  
Mrs. CLIVE.

Mr. WRIGHT.

WELL, ladies, to the court your plea submit,

Box, upper-region, gallery, and pit.

Our poet trembling for his first essay,  
Fear'd to dismiss you, tho' you sav'd his play.

Cried NELL (in pity for the bashful rogue)

"Give them a joke—a joke was once in vogue!

"Thus authors used, in less judicious times,

"When merry epilogues were thought no crimes.

"That (said CRISTINA) would his ruin crown;

"Nothing, but virtue, takes this virtuous town.

"No! let his epilogue be clean and chaste:

"This, is the sense, of every man of taste!"—

High rose the conflict in our room of state,  
Where tragic kings and queens maintain debate.  
When, lo! we heard "your powers begin to rise,"

Whose

Whose horrid cat-call is our worst excise!  
 Our inmost palace felt the loud dissention;  
 Where each new tragedy's a new convention.  
 Whence we determined without further pother,  
 To give you, of the one, and of the other.

Mrs. GIFFARD.

Our author, on the brave, and chaste, relies;  
 He thinks, the virtuous are the only wise.  
 And, if his muse, with voice exalted, sings,  
 Of camps, and courts; of ministers, and kings;  
 Yet, be not, to the great, his rules confined!  
 His moral is, a lesson to mankind.  
 If virtue beauteous, vice deformed he draws;  
 You, that applaud him, sound your own applause.  
 Where vice distaste, where virtue gives delight,  
 Alike, who judge, or paint, are just and right.

Virtue, like vice, escapes the public eye,  
 In humble life; yet, blazes in the high.  
 Hence, tragedy, that owns no vulgar flight,  
 Shines, with the king, in a mild sphere of light;  
 Or vagrant, with the tyrant, strains to run,  
 A burning comet! not a cheering sun!  
 That worth is worth, be by GUSTAVUS known;  
 More glorious in a mine, than on a throne!  
 And, for CRISTINA, might I hope a smile,  
 Less great was she, in empire, than exile!

Some worth, it shows, to aim at worthy praise.  
 Then, wither not the plant, that you may raise!  
 Crush not his youth. No!—give him age to spread!  
 For, we have heard you rumbling o'er his head.  
 Fell a few flashes, with portentous blaze,

To

To blast the ambitious branches of his bays?  
 Yet, if soft sorrows stream'd from virtuous eyes,  
 If rose from generous breasts regaling sighs:  
 Refreshed by the attack, the laurel stands,  
 And dares the loudest thunder—of your hands.

Mrs. CLIVE.

Great, the design! I grant—the moral, good!  
 But, ('tis my weakness) I am flesh, and blood.  
 What virgin, here, so tender, and so kind,  
 Would not, her love, with her own hands, un-

bind?  
 Preliminaries settle in the dark?  
 And, tho' she lost her father, fix her spark?  
 Or, when she bade the attendant, "Save him! fly!"  
 Would she not send, a billet, by-the-by?  
 Not article?—'Tis nonsense to say, Not!  
 Had she no feel, no guess, of what-is-what?

At her expence, the great GUSTAVUS shines;  
 My lover, he!—I'd send him to his mines.—  
 ARVIDA falls!—GUSTAVUS wails his end!  
 And many a spouse caresses such a friend.  
 Well, let him wail his death; then, rise to life;  
 Clasp the fond maid, too strict to be his wife!  
 He held her, in his camp; might hold, alone;  
 Compulsion some humanity had shown.  
 Thy countrymen—will damn thee—thy third day—  
 This, is not, sure, the true Hibernian way?

But, I forgive him—he's a young beginner!  
 Not quite a prostitute! and yet, a sinner!  
 Forward, to please! yet awkward, to delight!  
 He wants a kindly hand to guide him right!

A novice

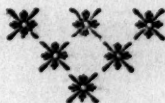


A novice yet—instruct him—he will mend—  
Full many a widow wishes such a friend!  
Even married dames, may think, a greater curse  
The slow performer, that grows worse and worse!  
This, with a blush, I say, behind my fan—  
Cherish the boy, you'll raise him to a man!

Mr. WRIGHT.

The cause is heard.—Ye gentle, and ye brave,  
'Tis yours to damn him—But, you join to save—  
Then, hail GUSTAVUS, who his country freed!  
Ye sons of BRITAIN, praise the glorious SWEDEN!  
Who, bravely raised, and generously releas'd,  
From blood-stain'd tyrant, and perfidious priest,  
The state and church, expiring at a breath!  
Who held a life of slavery, worse than death!  
Reform'd religion! re-establish'd law!  
—And, that you dare to praise him, hail NASSAU!\*—

\* The Deliverer of our Country.





PROLOGUE

THE

EARL of ESSEX;

A

TRAGEDY:

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE.



THE

EARL OF ESSSEX;

A

TRAGEDY:

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL IN DRURY LANE.

# PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. SHERIDAN.

**W**HENE'ER the brave, the generous, and  
the just,

Whene'er the patriot sinks to silent dust,  
The tragic muse attends the mournful hearse,  
And pays her tribute of immortal verse.

Inspired by noble deeds, she seeks the plain,  
In honour's cause where mighty chiefs are slain;  
And bathes with tears the sod that wraps the dead,  
And bids the turf lie lightly on his head.

Nor thus content, she opens death's cold womb,  
And bursts the carments of the awful tomb  
To cast him up again—to bid him live,  
And to the scene his form and pressure give.

Thus once famed Essex at her voice appears,  
Emerging from the sacred dust of years.

Nor deem it much, that we retrace to night,  
A tale to which you have listened with delight.  
How oft of yore, to learned Athens' eyes,  
Did new Electras and new Phædras rise?  
In France, how many Theban monarchs groan  
For Laius' blood, and incest not their own?  
When there new Iphigenias heave the sigh,  
Fresh drops of pity gush from every eye:

On the same theme tho' rival wits appear,  
The heart still finds the sympathetic tear.

If there soft pity pours her plenteous store,  
For fabled kings and empires now no more ;  
Much more should you—from freedom's glorious  
plan,

Who still inherit all the rights of man—  
Much more should you with kindred sorrows glow  
For your own chiefs, your own domestic woe ;  
Much more a British story should impart  
The warmest feelings to each British heart.

Dramatis





## Dramatis Personæ.

|                          |                 |
|--------------------------|-----------------|
| Essex,                   | Mr. SHERIDAN.   |
| SOUTHAMPTON,             | Mr. HOLLAND.    |
| CECIL,                   | Mr. DAVIES.     |
| RALEIGH,                 | Mr. PACKER.     |
| Lieutenant of the Tower, | Mr. ACKMAN.     |
| QUEEN ELIZABETH,         | Mrs. PRITCHARD. |
| Countess of RUTLAND,     | Miss MOWAT.     |
| Countess of NOTTINGHAM,  | Mrs. KENNEDY.   |
| GUARDS, ATTENDANTS, &c.  |                 |

THE  
EARL of ESSEX.

ACT I. SCENE I.

NOTTINGHAM enters, CECIL following.

NOTT. **L**EAVE me—Away!—

CECIL. **I** cannot; no—those starts,  
Those deep fetch'd sighs, these changes of complexion,  
Must have a cause.

NOTT. How dared you to intrude?

'Twas poor, 'twas little in you, thus to lurk,  
To watch and steal upon my hour of weakness.

CECIL. But as the kind physician, who attends  
To learn the malady of some loved patient,  
'Ere he adventures to prescribe the cure,  
And bring the healing draught, the balm of  
friendship.

NOTT. Friendship from man?—Perdition on the  
sex!

Fathers, and brothers, husbands, lovers, all,  
Serve but to double or repeat our chains,  
And give a long variety of tyrants.



May every evil, every pang they bring  
To the fond hearts of weak defenceless woman,  
Return in tenfold mischiefs on their heads!

CECIL. Are none exempt? Can charity involve  
The harmless with the guilty, undistinguished?  
Shall he, who longs to do and suffer greatly,  
To save the dear loved object from affliction,  
Be as the cruel wretch who caused her pain?

NOTT. O CECIL!—if, indeed, you ever loved;  
If you have felt the stings of slighted passion,  
Of heart torn hope, and raging disappointment;  
You then will cast a kindred eye of pity  
On the most lost, the most undone of women.  
ESSEX!—

CECIL. Ha! what of ESSEX?—

NOTT. Read that letter—

CECIL. From him?

NOTT. The traitor!—Read, and then revenge!  
Yet stay—the scroll that would reveal my shame,  
And his unworthy triumph—thus I tear,  
Thus rend and scatter in ten thousand pieces.

CECIL. And could the brave, the gentle, gal-  
lant ESSEX,  
ESSEX, whose name was fondly tied to praise,  
For whom the female eye look'd out, who taught  
Their tongues inquiry, and their ears attention—  
Could he be this barbarian?

NOTT. I could tell you,  
Did shame not shut up utterance—But, in vain,  
I send my eyes around, to find a friend;  
Some arm of kind support, whereon to rest  
The weight of sorrow, and the lapse of weakness.

CECIL. And can you be to seek, while CECIL  
stands

With offer'd powers, all open to receive you?

CECIL, whose strong and self-supported flame,  
Hath braved the lasting frost of cold indifference?

Who loves a length beyond the rate of man,

Since never woman, like his NOTTINGHAM,

Was fair, or found deserving?

NOTT. O, my friend!—

If I have seem'd or distant, or averse

To your great merit and your kind regard,

Think of the cause—he claims your full resent-  
ment—

The cruel!—the ungrateful!—he, alone,

Engross'd me from the world. I had no sense,

Thought, fight, or soul, but for the barbarous

ESSEX.

Nor did he then appear quite blind to charms

Like mine, however mean—his tongue was need-  
less;

Each action spoke; and, as his eyes met mine,

Or mine were fondly prone to be deceiv'd,

Or love was all their language.—Soon to Ireland

His high commission bore him—Torn, distracted,

Rack'd by a conflict of opposing passions,

Strong love at length prevail'd—Hear it not,

CECIL,

What thought would hide—where memory recoils,

And scarce believes itself—I sent this man—

O, death to modesty!—this frozen ESSEX—

Pity and pardon, CECIL—I did send him

My vows, myself, my soul, a willing slave,  
In a fond letter.

CECIL. That, indeed, did merit  
A fair return, at least.

NOTT. A fair return?—  
The proud, inhuman, the insulting villain!—  
O for a breath that would at distance blast  
him!—

Fair answer, saidst thou? No—by all the powers  
Of shame and rage, that work in slighted woman,  
——a rude repulse!

CECIL. And shall bright NOTTINGHAM,  
Who leads the starry train of Britain's beauties,  
And finds no peer; shall she have lived to this—  
To sue and be refused?

NOTT. Confusion, tortures!—  
Be quick, my vengeance! Rage will strangle, else,  
The birth of its own purpose.

CECIL. Then, mayhap,  
You love him less.

NOTT. Love, CECIL!—saidst thou, love?  
Hate, hate—within it labours, fell and deadly!  
O, all the milk, the kindly flow of love,  
Runs with envenomed poison through my veins;  
And, like the basilisk, my baleful eyes  
Could shoot immediate death, and kill with gazing.

CECIL. Know, then, the guardians of your in-  
jured beauties,  
Whisper'd, ere this, to my prophetic soul,  
The vengeance due; and high as Essex fits,  
The love and glory of admiring England,

He



He waits but for your voice to doom his fall,  
Then sinks to quick perdition.

NOTT. Down with him,  
From his proud zenith to the unbottom'd deep,  
Although the gorge of his wide opening gulph  
Should swallow me and all!—If CECIL bids,  
Fate signs the mandate; CECIL's breath alone,  
Informs our councils, and arrays our armies,  
Fills out the wide expanse of Britain's sails,  
And steers her vessels proudly through the world.

CECIL. Praise from that mouth, is high reward!  
—What more?

What may he hope, who vindicates your charms,  
And flakes your thirsting soul with glorious  
vengeance.

NOTT. That soul and body too.

CECIL. A bargain seal'd.

The QUEEN prepares for council; wait her presence,  
And you shall hear of mischief, such as minds  
That soar uncommon flights, alone can relish.

NOTT. I go, I fly—O be the moments short  
Till vengeance come to ease my tortured soul!

[Exit NOTT.]

S C E N E II.

CECIL alone.

CECIL. The fate of Essex leaves my road high  
paved

To love, as to ambition—What, although  
Both objects be enforced: Reluctance gives

Impatient

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Impatient bliss, and heightens each enjoyment.  
SOUTHAMPTON here!—the second man on earth  
Who stirs my fear; and, therefore, claims my  
hatred.

A stately branch he is, ingrafted firm  
On the proud stem of our aspiring ESSEX—  
But hew the hostile trunk, and every bough  
Partakes the kindred ruin.

S C E N E III.

Enters SOUTHAMPTON.

Fair morning wait upon the brave SOUTHAMPTON!

SOUTH. Not so, my lord; there hangs a cloud  
upon it,

Pregnant with poisonous vapours, as they say,  
Exhaled from CECIL's breath, to blast the land,  
And nip her brightest blossoms.

CECIL. Good, my lord,  
Is mystery the mode? What means your lord-  
ship?

SOUTH. No mystery to CECIL's conscious spirit.  
'Tis rumour'd, that some dark malignant faction  
Has leagued with hell, in plotting an impeachment  
Of the most loyal heart that England holds,  
Our great, our glorious ESSEX.

CECIL. I have heard  
Of this some whispers; but, for me, my lord,  
I hold his nature to be noble, valiant,  
And rich in all the fair demands of honour—

SOUTH. And, therefore, with an eye of wan regard,  
Look envious up, and sicken at the glory.

CECIL.

CECIL. I grieve not at the merits of your friend,  
Nor wish to share his guilt.

SOUTH. Guilt!—said you, guilt?  
Come, shew this monster of your own creation—  
The phantom that state wizards conjure up,  
Amid the depth of their nocturnal councils,  
To make their power look dreadful o'er the land,  
And scare our Britons from the side of virtue.

CECIL. My lord, your zeal for this unhappy man,  
Has closed your eyes to what a nation sees  
With clear unsway'd discernment—his ambition;  
His late cabal with rebels; and the storm,  
Brew'd and concerted with his Irish colleagues,  
To wreck the vessel of his country's peace.

SOUTH. Rather concerted in the cabinet  
Where spurious treasons are begot, and taught  
To call some pre-appointed victim father,  
As statesman please to bid, whene'er they find  
Talents to cross, or virtue to offend them.

CECIL. Be witness for me, that I urge you not  
To this rash mood; but rather warn SOUTHAMPTON,  
To bear himself aloof, sedate and separate,  
Lest he be held a partner in that guilt  
His advocacy warrants.

SOUTH. Patience, Heaven!  
Shall insolence, unpunish'd, thus presume  
To stain the visage of untainted loyalty?  
We had a CECIL once—O, thou degenerate  
From thy fair sire! quite alien, soul and body!  
Dare you proclaim a hunting through the land,  
And point out worth and honour for the quarry?  
Base politician!—By the sacred name

That



That warms a Briton's breast, by liberty !  
 There's not a peasant in the train of ESSEX,  
 But holds a fund of golden honesty,  
 Beyond what CECIL and his close cabal  
 With all their worth can weigh—those bearded  
       dons,  
 Who sit, like midnight hags, within their conclave,  
 Muttering dire bans, to wither all the land,  
 And blast the bloom of every envied virtue.

CECIL. Thanks, gentle lord.—O, you oppress  
       my modesty  
 With this excess of praise!—from any other,  
 'Twould look like adulation. Fare you well—  
 And if you are a friend to bold SOUTHAMPTON,  
 Bid him not cross the way that CECIL walks,  
 Or look to fall with ESSEX.

## S C E N E IV.

SOUTHAMPTON alone.

SOUTH. Fall with ESSEX !  
 Statesman, 'tis false, he sits above your soaring !—  
 But see, she comes, the guardian of his honours;  
 The virgin star, that lights up liberty,  
 And beams out true religion to the world !  
 She comes, the glory of each newborn day;  
 And the dark foes of virtue and her ESSEX,  
 Retire like mists before her.

SCENE

S C E N E V.

Enter QUEEN, NOTTINGHAM, RUTLAND, CECIL,  
LORDS, and ATTENDANTS.

The QUEEN ascends a Chair of State.

QUEEN. From Spain, my lords, have ye had  
tidings lately,  
By any private letters, that import  
Their new designs?

CECIL. Not any, royal madam.

QUEEN. 'Twas rumour'd, some time since,  
that they intended  
A second visit, with a new Armada;  
But the last paquet from our agent there,  
Speaks no such purpose.

CECIL. No, my glorious mistress,  
They're sick—war-surfeited: they yet do pant  
From the sore memory of their last encounter.  
Sooner the bulk of the retreating bear,  
Scarce scaped the fangs of the imperial lion,  
Again would risque his mangled corps in fight,  
And take his lordly conqueror by the beard,  
Than Spain return on Britain.

SOUTH. While time shall travel down, from  
age to age,  
Leading white handed Faith and Liberty  
To nations yet unborn; oft shall they turn,  
And, through past worlds, roll back their grate-  
ful eye

On your distinguish'd day—wherein the powers

Of

Of darkness were confederate, when Rome  
 Rose up, with all her champions, to impose  
 Chains on the limbs, and night upon the mind.  
 Then had the worlds of freedom and of truth,  
 Return'd to chaos, if ELIZABETH,  
 Heaven's minister, had not sent forth the sons  
 Of light and order—her immortal DRAKE,  
 Her laurell'd ESSEX, with the all-conquering host  
 Of free born Britons: Heaven that day avow'd  
 His virgin champion, and confirm'd the gift,  
 The eternal gift of liberty to man.

QUEEN. Yes, my all-dear, my still unconquer'd  
 people,

Ye have derived a glory on your QUEEN,  
 That lifts her sex above the warring chiefs  
 Of Ægypt and of Macedon: they fought,  
 Imposing slavery; we, conferring freedom.  
 And, O, believe me, when I swear I love ye,  
 As never monarch loved!—Now, on my soul,  
 There's not the poorest peasant born in Britain,  
 But my fond eye beholds him as it would  
 A son or brother.

CECIL. O, you are too gracious,  
 Too good for this bad world! Heaven make us  
 equal  
 To the least part of all your wondrous bounties;  
 So should TYRONE, and wild rebellion, soon  
 Sink in the force of Britain's loyalty,  
 And your firm host still find a faithful leader.

QUEEN. Why, CECIL, have you fresh accounts  
 from Ireland?

CECIL.



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CECIL. Nothing, my royal mistress, more than usual;  
Old ills repeated.

SOUTH. Now, the snake begins  
To wind his venom'd train. [Aside.

QUEEN. What ills, good CECIL?

CECIL. Amazing grace!—How willingly your majesty  
Forgets the faults committed by a subject!

QUEEN. That ESSEX you would say, so versed  
in conquest,  
For once became remiss, and lost a season—  
Is not that all?

CECIL. And holds close amity,  
With the most deadly foe of queen and country,  
The fierce TYRONE; confers in secret with him;  
Parleys with traitors, and cabals with rebels,  
No friend to Britain present; whence ensue  
Scandalous truces, shameful to —

QUEEN. Hold, CECIL;  
You grow inveterate—it is his first offence.  
None here can boast perfection: ESSEX too,  
Like us, good statesman, may not want his failings.  
I would not be extreme to condemnation.  
Nor clear in his excuse. I have, therefore, sent  
him

Commands of purposed chiding, that enjoin  
Quick reparation; and no more to bend  
His brow, unlaurell'd, to the coast of Britain.

SCENE

## S C E N E VI.

Enter SIR WALTER RALEIGH, attended by other  
Members of the House of Commons.

CECIL. May it please your Majesty, your faithful RALEIGH,  
With others, in commission from your Commons,  
Attend with their address; and some few bills,  
Humbly presented for your people's safety.

QUEEN. Ay, that's a theme, to which my charmed ear  
Could list for ever—Welcome to your queen,  
To your true servant welcome! Give me to know  
How I may best attain the glorious end  
For which alone I wish to live; to feast  
Upon that royal luxury of soul,  
The peace, the weal, the bliss of my kind people.

RALEIGH. Bright star of christendom! the virgin light  
Which guides our steps to truth, our arms to honour!

Queen of true-hearted Britons! who do wish  
The sun should be extinguish'd in his orb,  
Ere you, their better glory, should decline,  
And leave your realms in more lamented darkness!  
Your parliament, in care of these your kingdoms,  
(Who live but in your life) present three bills  
With humblest suit to pass them into acts  
For the dear safety of your throne and person.

QUEEN. Let CECIL see what they contain.

CECIL.

QUEEN. How poor  
Were thanks to such a people ! But be sure  
For you I'll prove a thrifty usurer ;  
And every talent trusted to your QUEEN,  
Shall be return'd with fivefold interest  
Of love, and due beneficence—Proceed.

QUEEN. Great power, who art the majesty of  
thrones,  
Support me, now ! [Starts from the Throne and pauses.  
Wake me, SOUTHAMPTON ! Was this thunder  
clap

**CFCIL.** All that is bleſt, and great, and good, on earth.

QUEEN. It is false——

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**S**

**For**



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For mockery and moulding!—What a dream  
Have I been in!—And are we thought unworthy  
To be apprized, consulted?—Come, what further,

Would your despotic wills?—I'm all submission.  
'Tis yours to dictate, my imperial lords—  
At your command, I'll drench my innocence  
In the most brave and loyal blood of England;  
Tread out offensive virtue; pluck fidelity  
Even from the heart of Britain!—You, my masters,  
Shall rule unrivall'd then; and your ambition  
Be propt by pillars, like unto yourselves—  
Fools for your senate, knaves for every office,  
And cowards for commanders!—O, my heart!—

SOUTH. Most horrid combination!—What shall guard

The throne or kingdom, when their fences thus  
Are sapt in secret, or confessedly  
Assail'd in open day? When even our ESSEX,  
Who stood the bulwark of his QUEEN and country,  
By whose achievements, by whose dauntless courage,  
The cowards, who impeach him, live in safety;  
When he must fall, to make a public breach,  
Where mask'd ambition may encroach on majesty,  
And treasons gain free entrance?

QUEEN. That I have loved thee, Britain—O,  
how fondly!—

Too much of that—Down foolish throbbing—  
Had I,

Had I the spirit of my father Harry,  
I had array'd my majesty in terrors,  
And thence derived respect; held the rein hard,

And

THE EARL OF ESSEX. 239

And the last active—then, ye had known your ruler!

CECIL. First, and best of monarchs!  
Vex not your royal heart: not all our lives  
Are worth the least emotion, that may give  
Your sovereign mind disturbance.

QUEEN. O, 'tis plain,  
I have reign'd too long! their hunger is variety;  
They have ta'en a Jewish surfeit of their sweets,  
And thence have turn'd to loathing.—It is  
enough—

Their pleasures be accomplish'd!—Lie thou there,  
[Takes off her crown and lays it on the chair.

Thou thorny circle!—What a bustling croud  
Of thankless cares, that lived in that small ring,  
Are now divested!—And thou pageant scepter,  
Thou banisher of truth, who dost invite  
The knee of flattery, and the smile of falsehood,  
Thus do I hurl thee to thy worshippers,

[Throws away the scepter, and descends.  
And am myself alone.

RALEIGH. O QUEEN beloved, revered to adoration!

Lo! to the dust, beneath your dread rebuke,  
All awed and humbled, your repentant subjects  
Fall prostrate for forgiveness.

[RALEIGH returns the scepter.

QUEEN. Look not, then,  
To take me to tame leading. I am a Briton—  
Born free as well as you, and know my privilege.  
Henceforward, ye shall feel that I am your QUEEN,  
The guardian and protectress of my people,

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And not your instrument to oppress them ;  
 No passive engine, for cabals to ply,  
 Or faction to appropriate. In my name  
 Ye shall not lord it. I will see and hear,  
 Not by state organs, ear'd and spectacled  
 To your presentments ; but with face to face,  
 Sovereign and subject. I will have no more  
 Of state worn manacles, and royal bondage ;  
 But walk, with truth and honour, unconfined,  
 And found my empire in the free born mind.

[Exeunt.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT



## A C T II.

## S C E N E I.

COUNTESS of RUTLAND.

RUT. **S**URE love is witchcraft; and the wondrous ground,  
 Where lovers tread, like that of Fairy land,  
 Enchanted, and unknown to vulgar feet!  
 Love has a world, where none but lovers dwell—  
 New objects all; and for those objects too,  
 New organs well provided—hopes, and fears,  
 And thrillings, numberless; but, ah! its joys  
 Are rare, and thinly stated to the account  
 Of sufferance multiplied—O my loved ESSEX!  
 Short were our sweets, and stealthy; like the feast  
 Of midnight hunger, where the ear and eye  
 Are trembling centinels—Sure, never time,  
 Like that, was fleeting; yet, endear'd to memory,  
 'Tis the whole sum, that I, poor creditor,  
 E'er got from bliss; for, at the morning's dawn,  
 Ambition came, ambition, like the sun,  
 That goes its round, and wakes the world to war,  
 And snatch'd him from me, as a dream of Heaven—  
 Ere I could say, or sigh the thousandth part  
 Of all the rapturous, tender, nameless things,  
 With which my breast still labours.

## S C E N E II.

SOUTHAMPTON enters.

SOUTH. Ah, thou dear consort of my dearest friend,

Forgive my barbarous tongue its fatal tidings—  
ESSEX is near, the most undone of men!

RUT. Now, by the sudden transport of my heart,  
That bounds and kindles, spite of thy foreboding,  
What can thy fears portend?—And does he come?  
Does my lord come, indeed?

SOUTH. Too sure, too sure.  
But, O, that gulphs, far sunk beneath all fathom,  
And wide as ocean flows, were now betwixt you!

RUT. Be quick, and say, what ill hath chanced,  
what change,

Since late the QUEEN, like circling Providence,  
Planted her heavenly guardianship around him?

SOUTH. His rashness has undone us—His re-  
turn,

Against the appointment of his high commission,  
And in the palpable and daring breach  
Of the QUEEN's absolute commands, hath forfeited  
All his proud titles, honours, offices—  
Perhaps his precious life!

RUT. Ah—hold thee there.  
Help, save, support me—'tis a gulph, my eye  
Can never dare, though distant—Thought would  
onward  
Rush headlong, and anticipate perdition.

SOUTH

SOUTH. There's yet Omnipotence in Heaven to  
save him,  
And mercy in the QUEEN—let hope still live,  
To put our means in action.

RUT. O, dear friend,  
Haste, intercept, conjure him to embark  
Again for Ireland, e'er the blabbing wind  
Can whisper his arrival—Though the world,  
For one loved look were short and poor of purchase,

What's world, or looks, or I, or all, to Essex?

SOUTH. Alas, 'tis now too late—malicious fame  
Has published his approach; within this hour,  
He enters London. As I hasted hither,  
I met the haughty CECIL, envious RALEIGH,  
And treacherous NOTTINGHAM, in close cabal:  
From ear to ear death murmur'd; and, askance  
They cast a smile of scorn, and with their eye  
Bid me defiance as I past.

RUT. Ah, friend!  
I sink beneath my fears, my heart dies in me.  
I'll to the QUEEN this moment—fall prostrate,  
Cling to her royal feet, declare our marriage;  
Weep, pray, conjure her—yet, if not for ESSEX,  
Not for her RUTLAND's sake, to spare him—yet,  
Even for the little trembling pledge I bear him,  
For whose most precious safety she stands charg'd  
To her whole people.

SOUTH. Stop—beware of that!  
There's not another step 'twixt that and ruin.  
Time—prudence checks my tongue—Let it suffice,  
All other treasons would appear as loyalty



264 THE EARL OF ESSEX:

To that dread secret—that alone is wanting  
To seal the doom of ESSEX—Soft—the QUEEN!—  
Severe and slow she comes; upon her brow,  
In mute, but discontented characters,  
I read her inward tumult.—You had best retire.

[Exit RUTLAND.]

S C E N E III.

Enter QUEEN, CECIL, COUNTESS OF NOTTINGHAM  
RALEIGH, ATTENDANTS, and GUARDS.

QUEEN. Is ESSEX then return'd?

CECIL. He is.

QUEEN. What hither?

It is impossible.

CECIL. Just now arrived.

QUEEN. Arrived against our personal injunctions!

'Tis treason but to think it.

CECIL. Will your majesty

Be pleas'd to see him?

QUEEN. No.

CECIL. Shall I then publish

Your royal will forbidding him the court?

QUEEN. Neither.—Know yourself, CECIL—

You are, sir, but a creature call'd to council,

Not to controul or dictate:

Your time to know my pleasure, subtle statesman,  
Is, when I speak it.

SOUTH. First, best, and brightest!

Regent of hearts, whose voluntary throne  
Rises supreme amid the blissful tracts

Of liberty and reason! at your feet  
A faithful subject falls.—O, royal mistress!  
I tremble to excuse my valiant friend.  
He may be rash, erroneous, of a temper  
Not tuned to each occasion; for the earl  
Has artful foes, who studiously provoke  
The faults for which they ambush: but that he  
Is firm and loyal, as the pillar'd earth  
Is to its base; that his great heart o'erflows  
With fulness of his QUEEN, with truth and faith,  
And wondrous gratitude—I would stake down  
The worth of my eternal soul to warrant.

QUEEN. Still this bad world, I see, contains a  
friend; [Aside.  
And such SOUTHAMPTON is,—at least to ESSEX.—

CECIL. May it please your majesty, the earl is  
come,  
And waits your royal pleasure.

QUEEN. — Tell the rebel —  
Yet hold—I have better thought—Yes, I will see  
him—

But it shall be to sting his haughty soul:  
Anger would give him consequence—Contempt—  
Is what he least can bear. Give him admittance.

SCENE

## SCENE IV.

Enter Essex, with Attendants.

Essex kneels—The QUEEN turns from him to the Countess of NOTTINGHAM.

ESSEX. Health to the virgin majesty of England!  
Your servant, your true soldier, QUEEN of monarchs!

For the first time now trembles to approach you,  
As being here in conscious disobedience  
Of your dread orders. Yet, when I have shewn  
That 'twas the last necessity compell'd me  
(Thanks to the artful malice of my foes)

To this now seemingly undutious act;  
When I have shewn that no alternative  
Was left me, but to seem or disobedient,  
Or bear a traitor's name; I shall rely  
Upon your majesty's accustom'd grace,  
Weighing the jealous honour of the soldier,  
To palliate, if not clear, the subject's fault.  
—I am charg'd with guilt, with being false,  
disloyal,

False to my QUEEN, to England false—could  
ESSEX

Bear such a charge, and live? No—swift as thought,  
And bold as innocence, fearless of danger,  
Of death—or what is worse, his QUEEN's displeasure—

He comes to front his foes; even to the teeth

Of



THE EARL OF ESSEX. 267

Of malice comes he, to assert his honour,  
And claim due reparation of his wrongs.

QUEEN. CECIL, are those petitions answer'd yet,  
Which late I gave in charge?

CECIL. They are, an't please you.

ESSEX. What not a word, a look?—not one  
blest look

Of wonted influence, whose kindly warmth  
Might chase these envious and malignant clouds,  
With which your servant is begirt? Nay then—  
My night comes on apace—I see—I see  
The birds of dark and evil omen round me;  
CECILS, and RALEIGHS: how they scent their  
feast—

Sagacious ravens, how they snuff from far  
The promis'd carcass—Be it so—for ESSEX  
Is but the creature of imperial favour,  
By his QUEEN's voice exalted into greatness,  
And by her breath reduced again to nothing.

QUEEN. Ha! that's mournful—  
I must not listen to that well known voice;  
I feel the woman rising in my breast.  
—But rouse thee, Queen of Britain, be thyself! [Aside.  
What, does the traitor still abide our presence?  
All who have truth, or fealty to their QUEEN,  
Forsake that faithless wretch, and follow me.

[Exeunt all but ESSEX.

SCENE

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SCENE V.

ESSEX alone.

ESSEX. Ha! Is it come to this?—Not heard—  
scarce seen—

Insulted, spurn'd—damnation!—O how soon  
May fall the mightiest!—What a steepy length  
Ambition has to scale!—the toilsome way  
With difficulties barr'd, beset with dangers!  
Till the proud summit painfully attain'd,  
A fearful height we stand; and one short step  
Precipitates to nothing—O, accurs'd  
Is that deluded architect, who builds  
Upon imperial favour! 'tis a quick-sand  
Whose sudden falsehood shall ingulph himself,  
With all his substance.

SCENE VI.

SOUTHAMPTON enters.

One friend yet left!

Then ESSEX still is rich.

[They embrace,

SOUTH. My soul's elect!

Be firm, be all yourself—the weight impends  
With instant pressure. From the angry throne,  
Lo CECIL comes, commission'd to discharge  
Its thunder at thy head!

ESSEX. I see, my brother—  
Never did that Leviathan appear,  
But as the prophet of some coming wreck,

Foretasting

Foretasting ill, and writhing in his nostrils  
The promise of a tempest.

S C E N E VII.

Enter CECIL and RALEIGH.

CECIL. Hear ye, sir,  
What the unquestion'd Majesty of England,  
With gentlest mercy tempering awful justice,  
By us pronounces—ROBERT Earl of ESSEX,  
She here divests you of your trusts, and offices;  
Your dignities of governor of Ireland,  
Earl marshal, master of the horse, prime general  
Of all her forces both by land and sea,  
And lord lieutenant of the several counties  
Of Essex, Hereford, and Westmoreland.

ESSEX. Then I'm divested—Well—what more?  
for these  
Are but the lightness of a summer's robe,  
The gauds and outward trappings of her ESSEX.  
What further?

CECIL. —That you instantly depart  
The court, and stir no further than your house,  
Without an order from the QUEEN and council.  
And lastly, 'tis her pleasure, that you send  
Your staff by us.

ESSEX. Ha! that indeed requires  
Some pause——

CECIL. What say you? What may we re-  
turn  
In answer to her Majesty?

ESSEX.



ESSEX. But wilt thou—

Wilt thou be sure expressly to deliver  
What ESSEX gives in charge?

CECIL. I will, most truly.

ESSEX. Then tell her, treason never harbour'd yet  
In bold blunt truths, or openness of action :  
It seeks close covert in the smiles of courts,  
Fleers in the cringe, and skulks behind the vizard.  
Tell her—my honest CECIL!—tell thy mistress,  
That treason is a statesman, near her throne,  
Who holds his QUEEN besieged, and calls it guar-  
dianship ;

Who seals the imperial sense ; cuts the dear ties  
'Twixt sovereign and subject ; fills her church  
With proselytes to vice ; and sets corruption  
Aloft, even on the seats of injured justice :  
For guilt seeks fellowship and league with guilt,  
And vice supports his kindred.

CECIL. All this I shall remember.

SOUTH. — Tell her too,

That while she slumber'd, that arch felon, CECIL,  
Scaled her high seat, and seiz'd the reins of empire ;  
Thence bids the dews descend, and thunders roll,  
To his direction ; sheds her bounties down  
Where his vile minions for vile ends may prosper ;  
But ever plants the bolt, and deadly blast,  
Where worth or wisdom flourish—Wretched Bri-  
tons !

Is there a patriot, is there yet a man,  
Whose blood, whose toils, whose virtues have  
acquired

Aught to his country's service—'tis a crime

THE EARL OF ESSEX. 271

Set down for capital; a barbed mote,  
Fretting the eye of envy, and of CECIL?  
But O! the brave, the valiant never scape him,  
For cowards still are cruel.

CECIL. Well observ'd—  
This I shall tell, and that SOUTHAMPTON said it.

RALEIGH. My lords, in speaking thus, you tax  
her Majesty  
Of weakness, and injustice both.

ESSEX. I care not—  
Suggest whate'er your malice may devise,  
'Tis equal all to ESSEX.

CECIL. May we then  
Presume your answer summ'd in this?

ESSEX. You may.

CECIL. You'll not return your staff by us.

ESSEX. I will not.  
From my QUEEN's hand did I receive that staff,  
Nor will I yield it back to any other.

CECIL. Fare ye well, lords—

[Exit CECIL and RALEIGH.]

S C E N E VIII.

ESSEX and SOUTHAMPTON.

ESSEX. O, my SOUTHAMPTON, thou, who to  
thy ESSEX,  
Art now the world's whole wealth, his last of  
merchandize,  
Dearer than all that's lost—fly to the QUEEN,  
Entreat, implore, but for a moment's audience,  
For one blest sight—'tis all her servant sues for.  
Tell her, this star, these glories, wherewithal

She

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She once adorn'd the bridegroom of her favour;  
This sword, with which she graced her soldier's  
hand,

And wish'd him Cæsar's fortune; this proud staff,  
That triumph'd in a hundred victories;  
All her bright virgin honours, yet untainted,  
I will resign, with humble adoration,  
As pilgrims lay their reliques at the shrines  
Of saints they went a thousand leagues to worship.

SOUTH. I fly, my lord, and doubt not yet to  
gain

An interview—O! may its end be prosperous.

[Exit.

S C E N E IX.

ESSEX alone.

ESSEX. Where now is Essex? Where the late  
rebuke

Of nations hostile to the peace of Britain,  
Who spread their lands with rout, their seas with  
terror?—

Diminish'd—shrunk—as tho' he had never tri-  
umph'd;

As tho' he ne'er had conquer'd for his country!  
O hard earn'd glory! long wrought pile of great-  
ness!

Are your enchanted works no more than so,  
A word, and vanish?—Now, where are they now,  
The rushing mob, the shouting multitude,  
The sweeping levee, and the bending circle?  
All fled, all mute, and lonesome now around me!

As



As tho' I walk'd o'er graves and charnel ground,  
As tho' I carried famine in one hand,  
And pestilence in t'other.

S C E N E X.

Enter RUTLAND.

RUT. My ESSEX!

ESSEX. RUTLAND! O, my better angel!  
How has thy presence fill'd this solitude;  
And like a beam from heaven dispers'd the gloom  
That overspread my soul!

RUT. I could not bear  
To think you were so near me, and not rush  
To snatch one look—But I must haste—

ESSEX. Fear nothing.

RUT. We shall be seen.

ESSEX. No eye is bent this way,  
No footstep turn'd; for a discarded favourite,  
Shun'd like the plague, makes every place a desert.

RUT. May I then look? indulge my longing  
eyes?—

I cannot speak to thee, my heart's too full.

ESSEX! you turn away.

ESSEX. Alas, my love,  
What object now is ESSEX for thy eyes?  
Stripp'd of his honours, all his glories wither'd,  
A bare and sightless trunk!

RUT. O ESSEX, ESSEX!  
Can'st thou then think so meanly of thy RUTLAND,  
As to believe the gaudy pageantry,

The trappings of ambition, ever made thee  
 More lovely in her sight? No, Essex, no,  
 I loved thee for thyself. Thy pompous titles,  
 Thy splendid dignities, commands in war,  
 I look'd upon as my worst enemies,  
 Which interpos'd, and held me from my lord.  
 Are they remov'd? then there's no obstacle  
 Between his RUTLAND, and her soul's elect;  
 And thus she claims him, thus she tells him in,  
 From war, and from ambition, cruel rivals!  
 For all she wedded, all she ever wish'd,  
 Her wealth, her every want, her world is here,  
 And scorns addition.

ESSEX. Heaven make me worthy  
 Of so much tenderness!—Yes, I have run  
 Where e'er ambition led; but 'twas in hopes  
 To raise my love as high above her sex  
 In dignity, as she transcends in merit:  
 Else I had never barter'd one blest hour  
 Of thy society for what the world,  
 Thro' a proud life of conquest and dominion,  
 Could yield in absence.

RUT. And will you then  
 No longer listen to delusive fame?  
 No more be guided by the witching fires  
 Of wandering glory? Homeward wilt thou turn,  
 Where love, and RUTLAND, have prepared the seat  
 Of humble rapture, and of inward peace;  
 A little empire of serene delights,  
 Of guardian virtues, and observant smiles,  
 All ready, waiting for their lord's arrival?

†

ESSEX.

THE EARL OF ESSEX. 295

ESSEX. O, my fantastick folly, that could listen  
To the enchantments of that syren flame!  
But now the spell is ended—never more  
Shall vain ambition tempt me to forego  
My soul's substantial bliss. Adieu false splendours!  
My rest is fix'd even here.—We'll find some spot  
Secluded from the world, like that fair garden,  
Where first the princely parent of mankind,  
Blest in his consort's sweet society,  
With'd for no other pleasure: there we'll live,  
Far from the haunts of men, from vice, and folly;  
Reign in each other's hearts with mutual sway,  
The noblest royalty! Be love our treasure,  
We shall be wondrous rich!—love our ambition,  
And who exalted like us?

RUT. O my Essex!—  
What a new paradise were there! to know  
No pangs of parting; see thee every day,  
And sometimes all the day—Sweet holiday!  
Peace round my pillow; and my morning sun  
Cheer'd by thy presence; and thine eyes to speak  
Love's language; and thy smiles to interfuse  
The swell of cordial joy—O, my loved Essex,  
That life indeed were blest!—Ha! who comes  
here?

ESSEX. Be not alarm'd my love, it is my  
friend.



## S C E N E XI.

Enter SOUTHAMPTON.

Well, my SOUTHAMPTON—

SOUTH. Heavens, what madness this!  
Should any eye behold you—And the QUEEN  
Has just enquired for you—Fly with speed.

RUT. Alas! from what a happy dream of heaven,  
Hast thou awaked me!—What is human bliss?  
A moment's meeting, a long age of absence!  
One rich and precious drop of cordial joy,  
Drench'd in a current of insipid time,  
Or deep affliction.

ESSEX. Light, and life of ESSEX,  
From thee be evil far!—We soon shall meet,  
To part no more.

RUT. Farewel—Remember, RUTLAND  
Knows not one happy hour, when thou art from her.

[Exit RUTLAND.]

SOUTH. The QUEEN to my importunate re-  
quest

Has granted you a hearing; be prepared:  
You must command your temper; for believe me  
'Tis on the warmth of that, the generous warmth,  
(Which still accompanies the noblest natures)  
Your foes rely, to fire the subtle train,  
Which they have laid to blast your hopes for ever.

ESSEX. Well, I will try—altho' 'tis wondrous  
hard

Calmly to bear th' envenom'd shafts of malice,  
And poisonous tooth of foul mouth'd calumny!

Yet

THE EARL OF ESSEX. 277

Yet I will try—Be truth my only weapon,  
Patience my shield ! But no dissimulation  
Shall, with its base alloy, bring down the ore,  
The pure rich ore, of which the noble mind  
By nature's hand is form'd, below truth's standard.  
No, let me perish, e're one grain of falsehood  
Infect and leaven that integrity  
Of soul, in which man's dignity consists.  
Had I the choice to make, I swear by heaven,  
I should esteem it far more eligible,  
To fall with honour, than to rise by baseness.

[Exeunt.]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

T 3

ACT

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ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter CECIL and NOTTINGHAM.

CECIL. NO more, bright NOTTINGHAM!—  
we strive in vain—

Essex can only be subdued by Essex;  
He stands impregnable to all beside:  
And if his native pride, and proper passions,  
Serve not to pull his own destruction on him,  
He bids for perpetuity in favour.

NOTT. The QUEEN, I fear, has motives for her  
favour,

Which queens may feel, but not avow. Un-  
mark'd

Within this hour I stole upon her privacy:  
Her brow was sunk from royalty; and sad  
And desolate her aspect, as of one  
Betrotth'd to loneliness; in whom the pride  
Of power, and beauty, was no more remember'd.  
I listen'd—But her broken accents spoke  
A voice suppress'd by grief; while down her cheek  
Stole the pale tear, which ever as she wiped,  
A piteous heir succeeded,

CECIL.



CECIL. I perceive

She is much moved of late, and prone to starts  
Of sudden passion, even beyond her temper.

NOTT. How did she brook the haughty earl's  
reply

To her last message?

CECIL. Never did I see her  
So flung, so thoroughly enkindled—Straight  
She issued hasty orders for impeachment;  
When in the very stroke of instant fate,  
SOUTHAMPTON came, and with a subtle tale  
Calm'd all her rage. And now is Essex sent for,  
To plead to what SOUTHAMPTON boldly files  
The gall of false accusers.

NOTT. Curs'd be his tongue!  
For then the ground we have gain'd will all be lost.

CECIL. I see the QUEEN but seeks some thin  
pretext

To cover inclination; some smooth terms  
Of soft submission, or acknowledg'd error,  
To reinstate this minion of her fancy  
In wonted height of arrogance.—But see  
Her closet opens—Let us not appear  
To pry on her retirement.

NOTT. You withdraw:  
I'll wait within her call,

[Exit CECIL.]

## SCENE II.

Enter QUEEN.

QUEEN. The proud, insensible, ungrateful  
wretch!  
False to his loving QUEEN, his friend, his patron!

T 4

False

False to his—Hold thee there, for I will tear him  
 From my fond bosom, tho' the vital drops  
 Of my sad heart should follow.—Queen of Britain  
 To what art thou reduced? with not one friend;  
 Forlorn, and desolate, amidst a people,  
 Whom as a parent bird, with hovering wings  
 Thy daily love has gathered in from danger,  
 And foster'd with thy life—Ha! NOTTINGHAM!  
 I thought I had been alone.—

NOTT. Pardon a duty  
 Perhaps too forward—Ah, my royal mistress!  
 All is not well—Upon my knees I beg—  
 Somewhat hangs heavy on your mind, or haply  
 Your precious health's in danger.

QUEEN. Rise, my NOTTINGHAM—  
 I am in health, and thank thy tenderness;  
 Only a little troubled that my people  
 Grow weary of my love—I have reign'd long.  
 Such is the nature of inconstant man,  
 The purest ore of happiness below,  
 Without variety, will lose its value;  
 Whilst novelty can give the vilest dross  
 Both stamp and currency. Prithee, my friend,  
 What say the people to this haughty man,  
 And his late conduct?

NOTT. Please your Majesty,  
 They seem to blame him highly.

QUEEN. Blame him, say'st thou?

NOTT. Indeed it was not well.

QUEEN. Not well—The traitor!  
 And is that all? Come, come, speak plainly to me.  
 Is it thus tamely that my subjects see

This

THE EARL OF ESSEX. 281

This daring insult to my crown? Or warm'd  
With duteous zeal, and loyal indignation,  
Vent freely their reproaches?

NOTT. Thus commanded,  
I shall without disguise speak what I have heard  
Of this imperious soldier.

QUEEN. Aye, pray do—  
Be plain—What says the world of me, and Essex?

NOTT. Of you they never speak, but in a prayer  
Of due thanksgiving, and of wishes breathed  
As incense up to Heaven, for length of life,  
And days of happy omen.

QUEEN. Well, proceed—  
Of Essex then?—

NOTT. Of him they utter terms  
Of due reproach, and plenteous imprecation;  
His popularity, they give to pride,  
That cringes to be courted; his beneficence,  
To niggard bribes for flattery; his high courage,  
To bear-like brutal rashness; his achievements,  
To a mean fondness for th' applause of fame:  
And all his acts stiled patriot, all his labours,  
His risques, his wounds, his conquests for his  
country;

To close and treacherous plottings on her rights,  
And sacred liberties.—For he's ambitious,  
Dark, dreadful, and aspiring, as the fiend  
Who first raised war in heaven, and tumbling thence  
Unpeopled Paradise; and so they wish  
The fall of Essex may be quick, and——

QUEEN. Hold——  
The curse of everlasting silence on thee!—

In



182 THE EARL OF ESSEX.

In thee 'tis base, 'tis barbarous insolence,  
To echo thus the wiliness of the rabble.  
Unhappy ESSEX! truly hast thou serv'd  
A false base world, and now hast none to friend.  
Save how thou hast offended.

NOTT. Please your Majesty  
Your own express command—

QUEEN. Away, away—  
Thou see'st thy QUEEN, misfortune, and the world,  
All bent against one man; and yet can'st find,  
Within that ruthless and obdurate breast,  
No room for pity.

NOTT. Madam, I hope—

QUEEN. Well, well, no more of it—  
'Tis past, and I forgive—Send RUTLAND hither,

[Exit NOTTINGHAM,  
What has my passion done?—Perhaps unfolded  
The very secret it attempts to cover;  
What I would hide from thought.—Why stands  
my soul

Upon the watch to listen and enquire  
Tidings, which most it dreads to learn, the faults  
And errors of my Essex? Why, my heart,  
Why art thou prone to utter terms of blame  
Against the cruel troubler of thy quiet?  
Yet can'st not bear the slightest censure drop'd  
From any other tongue; as tho' all crimes  
Against myself were light, and what is spoke  
Against my Essex, stood alone for treason.

SCENE

THE EARL OF ESSEX. 283

SCENE III.

Enter RUTLAND.

My RUTLAND, I did send for thee my girl.  
I have observ'd that thou art sad of late:  
Why are thy lovely eyes depress'd with sorrow?  
Can I do aught that may dispel the cloud,  
That envious cloud, which hangs upon thy beauties,  
And robs me of my friend?

RUT. Ah, QUEEN of grace,  
And heavenly goodness! you oppress your servant,  
With this excess of condescension.

QUEEN. Why—  
I love thee well, my RUTLAND, well, and warmly;  
Trust me I do.—Injurious NOTTINGHAM  
Hath held displeasing disputation with me,  
Touching my lord of Essex; inasmuch  
That I did send her from my sight in anger.

RUT. Ha! that dear name starts every pulse  
within me! [Aside]

QUEEN. Thou blushest, RUTLAND.

RUT. At the wondrous grace,  
The wondrous goodness of my QUEEN.

QUEEN. Indeed  
Thou'rt of a grateful nature, ever sweet,  
And kindly temper'd. Come then to my bosom,  
And share its warmest love.—Tell me, my RUT-  
land,

Is it not pity that so brave a man,  
So form'd for gallant acts, and upright honour,  
That Essex should be false, should prove a traitor?

And

And goaded by ambition, should attempt  
 The sceptre of his QUEEN; to whom he owes  
 A countless debt of favours; by whom raised  
 Beyond a subject's state, he proudly now  
 Would grasp the crown, which seems within his  
 reach.

RUT. It cannot be, it is impossible;  
 The soul of Essex is above such baseness,  
 Such black ingratitude. Ah! royal mistress!  
 Had you but heard him, on the breath of praise  
 Lift up the exalted name of England's QUEEN,  
 As I have often heard him!—

QUEEN. Say'st thou, RUTLAND—  
 Hast thou heard Essex talk of me?

RUT. Of you?  
 He owns no other theme. In courts, I grant,  
 He is no minion, but a soldier bold,  
 And jealous of his honour: but, when his speech  
 Is free to ears of honesty and friendship,  
 'Tis then he vents his swell of gratitude,  
 And tunes his voice to loyalty and love.  
 Your acts, your laws, your virtues, and your beau-  
 ties,

Your every excellence of mind and person,  
 Vary his numbers thro' a ceaseless round  
 Of untired praise; and all is of his mistress,  
 And all of England's virgin majesty,  
 And all is full of you.

QUEEN. Indeed, my RUTLAND,  
 I would fain hope that Essex still is honest:  
 But then he's so ungovern'd, rash, and headstrong,  
 Nor law, nor duty hold him. I do fear,

I greatly



THE EARL OF ESSEX. 285

I greatly fear, with safety to my fame,  
I may no more protect him.

RUT. Not protect him!—

By the bright star of mercy in your soul,  
That shines on the distressed—O say you not  
That he is honest?—Yes, he still is loyal,  
Faithful, and firm: the virgin light of heaven  
E're yet it mingles with our grosser elements,  
Is not more pure. O will you not remember  
His worth, his truth, his toils, and his achievements?

A wondrous story all! high deeds of fame  
That gird the crown of England's QUEEN with  
glory.

His valour too! his valour, royal madam!  
It foils the heroes of romance: a name  
So formidable to the foes of Britain,  
It spares our English host; and of itself  
Discomfits armies.

QUEEN. —Ha! this heat is more  
Than friendship's warmth; 'tis from a stronger  
fire—

She loves him—Aye, 'tis so—And is herself  
Too lovely!—Wretched chance!—What have I  
done?

Just conjured up a second storm to wreck me.

Leave me.—

[Exit RUTLAND.]

SCENE

## S C E N E IV.

Enter CECIL, RALPH, NOTTINGHAM, &c.

CECIL. May it please your Majesty, my lord of Essex,

Return'd by your command, entreats admittance.

QUEEN. Let him appear.

Now, QUEEN of Britain, now support thy state!  
Now guard thy treacherous heart, but for this once,  
Against its dear, its insolent controuler,  
And fear no future foe—Come hither, NOTTING-  
HAM.

## S C E N E V.

Enter ESSEX, and SOUTHAMPTON.

ESSEX. Before I plead my cause, permit me thus,  
Most gracious mistress, thus, in due prostration,  
To pay my grateful thanks, for this last favour  
In granting me a hearing; that once ended,  
To my QUEEN's justice I submit my life,  
And what is dearer to me far, my honour:  
Implicitly to your tribunal bow,  
Humbly prepared, and equally resigned  
To either sentence.

QUEEN. My lords, what suppliant's this?—Can  
this be he,  
Our late imperious subject? He, who holds  
A staff of independence, and a state

That

## THE EARL OF ESSEX. 267

That seems to yield to our supremacy?

O, these are gallant acts; and well become  
The boasted name of our all conquering Essex!

Who bravely turns his courage on his Queen;

But where his duty calls him to the combat,

Can coolly condescend to terms of peace,

And gentle treaty.

Essex. Is it come to this?

To be a term of ridicule, and mockery,

Where most I would be priz'd? call by my

QUEEN

To public scorn, and mean contempt!—Then

Essex,

Then art thou fallen indeed!—Why this, my  
mistress?

Are there not chains, and dungeons; blocks,  
and axes?

These had been fitter instruments of royalty,

And done a nobler justice on your soldier—

I think your Majesty was pleas'd to speak

Touching some treaty, as a charge against me

Of something criminal—

QUEEN. Yes, with Tyrone,

Your parley, and your truce—Discharge those  
stains,

Your covert articles with England's rebels.

Essex. Alas, how soon pretences may be found

To make the envy'd fall—Of treaty?—Yes—

I do avow it. Am not I your general,

Impower'd for war, for peace, to treat, to fight,

Levy, disband, to punish, and to pardon?

QUEEN.



288 THE EARL OF ESSEX.

QUEEN. And should the mighty Essex have  
confined

These powers to peace alone, even when rebellion  
Led forth his hosts, and dared him to the combat?  
Whilst he——

ESSEX. Shrunk like a coward—Is't not so?—  
Ha! madam?

ESSEX, and cowardice!—let those stand forth  
Who dared to match them—Ask your ministers,  
Why they withheld my army from the north,  
By keeping back my due recruits and subsidies.

QUEEN. You grow too bold—You are call'd  
here to plead,  
Not to impeach—Your army was sufficient.

ESSEX. No, royal madam, it was not sufficient  
To war with Heaven, to fight against Omnipotence!  
It was consumed with fevers, and diseases;  
For Essex could have fear'd no other foe.  
There's not a casuist in Rome's artful school,  
Or CECIL's darker council, who can mark  
The slightest lapse of duty in your servant;  
And shall he not retaliate? shall he not  
Unwind the subtle clue, which leads his QUEEN  
To cruel sarcasm, and unjust resentment?

QUEEN. Unjust, and cruel! hold—no more, I  
charge you!

ESSEX. Not speak, not speak!—Madam, I am  
your subject;

The world contains not one more duteous; yet  
Here I must not be silent—Thoughts to slaves,  
But speech to Britons!—Yes I will assert it,

The freedom of my native land, tho' death  
Did cross me to the teeth—A criminal debar'd  
His privilege to plead! 'tis evident  
My life's conspired, my glories all traduced;  
These bosom'd snakes, and ear-informing sycophants  
Gape for my plenteous heirship; even my QUEEN  
Foredooms her subject, and gives up her soldier  
A sacrifice to faction.

QUEEN. O, he'll be lost!—undo himself,  
and me!—

[Aside.

What, I conspire, traduce, foredoom thy sentence?  
Know, thou proud wretch, thou hast no other friend:  
Thou who art so observant! who didst spurn  
My orders, letters, messages!—But, soft;  
Beware how thou dost shake my wrongs too much,  
Lest they fall thick and heavy on thy head,  
Rash fool, and undiscerning!—Yet thus far  
I do forgive thee; pardon thee that life,  
I did conspire—But for thy offices——

ESSEX. I throw them at your feet—and proud  
indeed

To be acquitted of all debt to majesty!  
Now give them up to cowards, courtiers, parasites;  
And dub them champions, in whose doughty guar-  
dianship

Your ESSEX can't be mis'd; whilst he is banish'd,  
And bears no mark of royal gratitude,  
But wounds for toils, for dangers ignominy,  
And sufferings for allegiance; haply sent  
To deserts, or to herd with savages—  
There he may find more equity and honour,  
Than in the faith of princes.

290 THE EARL OF ESSEX.

SOUTH. My lord, my lord!  
Recall your temper.

QUEEN. The audacious traitor!

ESSEX. Ha, traitor!—Yes, because I fenced  
your throne,

This breast its bulwark against all invaders;  
For covering England with my spreading laurels,  
Whilst your safe subjects slept beneath the shade;  
For humbling Spain, your proud, and dreaded  
rival,

And wafting all their India to your Thames;  
For building up the fame of England's QUEEN  
So high, it flames a beacon to the world.

Said I, your fame? Your life—your life—kind  
mistress!

For saving that, and cutting bold NORTHUMBER-  
LAND,

And hostile WESTMORELAND, short by the head:  
This did the faithless, and degraded ESSEX—  
But I'll remove the traitor from your sight.

QUEEN. Hold, sir,—Go not without reward—  
[Strikes him.

ESSEX. Furies!—From whom?

[Half draws his sword.

My QUEEN!—Arrest my arm, kind Heaven!

QUEEN. What, would the wretch attempt my  
life?

ESSEX. —Rash woman!

Were you a man, you durst not—your hot father,  
Bold Harry, durst not risque it.—What talk I  
Of Harries? not young Ammon, at whose nod  
The servile earth fell prostrate, had survived.  
To boast this desperate deed.

QUEEN.



THE EARL OF ESSEX. 291

QUEEN. May the mark stick like Cain's, for  
thy rebellion!

Thou madding wretch, untamed, and dangerous  
ever,

I give thee up—I will no more, against  
Thy own outrageous folly, strive to save thee.  
Like thy last hopes, I leave thee to the stings  
Of guilt and desperation—now cast forth,  
Unpitied and unblest of earth, and heaven,  
And thy too partial QUEEN! [Exeunt.

S C E N E . VI.

ESSEX and SOUTHAMPTON.

SOUTH. What have you done? ruin'd yourself  
and friends

By your high carriage.—Fly, my lord, yet fly,  
Follow the QUEEN, intreat, implore her pardon.

ESSEX. Away—The spot of infamy is on me!—  
The blow has fired my soul; and all within,  
Is deafening uproar—Never 'till this hour  
Was ESSEX fit for treasons, cruel joys,  
And glutting horrors!—Get thee hence, SOUTH-  
AMPTON,

For I'm the tumbling of a thousand towers,  
Ruins that threaten far, involving all  
Who sap, or prop, within the like perdition.

SOUTH. I fear no ruin, when my friend's in  
danger.

If thou must fall, thou shalt not fall alone:  
SOUTHAMPTON never will forsake his ESSEX,

U 2

But

292 THE EARL OF ESSEX.

But share his adverse, as his prosperous fortune.  
Away then, let us fly this dangerous place.

ESSEX. Aye, there thou say'st, my friend—avoid  
all courts,

The bane of native dignity and greatness!  
But shall it be?—shall drones and wasps alone  
Devour the treasured sweets of all the land,  
And drive the bees from their long-labour'd mansion?  
No—let us purge, or overturn the hive—  
There yet is feeling, yet is fire in England!—  
I'll to the streets, the city, wake, alarm,  
And kindle every spark of slumbering virtue:  
Rouze every Briton to his country's call,  
And in her freedom stand, or perish in her fall.

[Exeunt.]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

Enter severally CECIL and NOTTINGHAM.

NOTT. **H**A! CECIL—well—and is he, is he taken?

CECIL. Joy! joy! my NOTTINGHAM—he's sunk for ever,

Caught in the very act of broad rebellion;  
Essex is fallen, no more to rise. No more  
Shall politicians set the gins of state,  
Or nets of circumvention; for the lion,  
In his blind rage, has rush'd upon the toil,  
Where he may roar, and tear, and gnash in vain,  
But never shall get free,

NOTT. O, it o'erjoys me,  
Feeds the keen hunger of my vengeful soul,  
To see this pride, this insolence of manhood,  
This scorner, hurl'd from his once dazzling height!  
To see him drop with all his train of glory,  
And vanish in the dust!—Ha! CECIL.

CECIL. Hold!  
The QUEEN,—if possible restrain your transport.



## S C E N E II.

Enter QUEEN and Attendants.

QUEEN. What is he crush'd? this trampler on authority!

The lofty one!—And is he fall'n?

CECIL. He is——

Thanks to the sacred power who guards your majesty!

QUEEN. Then he is humbled at the last—This proud one!

The manner of it Cecil?

CECIL. When the earl

Withdrew from court, all mad, and chafed with passion,

He hurried to his house; and severally  
Summon'd the friends in whom he most confided.

A numerous band they were of lawless spirits,

Whose joy is riot, and whose hopes take fire

From the wild spark of dazzling novelty,

And gainful revolution. In their council

It was resolved, SOUTHAMPTON should attend

To form the numbers who were yet expected;

While the arch rebel march'd, as he did boast,

To raise the city.

QUEEN. What, my faithful citizens!

Could he hope that?

CECIL. He did; and as he past,

The vulgar, ever eager of events,

Pour'd in from every side, and swell'd the concourse.

To

To right, to left, he bended; and as one  
 Train'd to the Areopagus of old,  
 Or Rome's prevailing rostrum, with smooth act  
 Of mute emotion, thro' the distant eye,  
 He sought to reach the heart. To all around,  
 His voice now sunk, now rais'd to exclamation,  
 Appealing to the wisdom of the mob,  
 Against state policy. Much did he talk  
 Of crowns begirt with evil counsellors;  
 Of trust misplaced—good monarchs, but misled  
 By wicked ministers—Stale topics all!  
 Yet these will gloss and colour every cause,  
 While man shall kick at government—He then  
 Descended to himself; spoke piteously  
 Of suffering virtue; number'd o'er his wrongs,  
 And counted every scar; the time, the place,  
 The peril too of each; all borne, he said,  
 For them, and for their children: then he wept;  
 And they wept too; soft souls! as tho' each gash  
 Had bled anew.

QUEEN. Alas! I wonder not—  
 That sight had melted even his QUEEN to pity.  
 [Aside.  
 Proceed——

CECIL. The earl perceiving in their eye  
 The work of passion, straight he cry'd—Arm, arm,  
 For truth, for liberty! Arm ye, my friends!  
 Off with your galling riders! down oppression!  
 If not for ESSEX—for yourselves, your sons,  
 Your latest issue! What are you to feel,  
 If me they spare not? what must 'fall the fold,  
 When their great guardian's murder'd?—Here he  
 paus'd:

But none replied; for tho' his mournful story  
 Had fill'd their hearts with sorrow, yet the close  
 Bore such a frightful face of dangerous treason,  
 That terror soon succeeded—One slunk off,  
 Another follow'd; 'till, all soft and silent,  
 Like snow they melted from his side.

QUEEN. How then?  
 How look'd the rebel left alone?

CECIL. At once  
 Fear, guilt, and disappointment, rush'd upon him,  
 Amazed he hasten'd where his barge attended,  
 And reach'd his house by water, at the time  
 When your brave troops had forced the outward gate,  
 And made SOUTHAMPTON and his faction prisoners.  
 Then might you see the indignant rebel cast  
 A look of desperation at high heaven,  
 As one renouncing hope: forth flew his sword  
 As he would rush on death; but sore begirt,  
 At length he yielded to ignoble hands,  
 And closed the tale of ESSEX.

QUEEN. I once hoped  
 His morning sun, that brightned as he rose,  
 Might also set with equal rays of honour.  
 Where is the earl?

CECIL. Under a sufficient guard,  
 In order for his sending to the Tower.

QUEEN. Ha! order'd to the Tower—whose orders, sir?

CECIL. Madam, the earls are yet without.

QUEEN. 'Tis well——  
 To prison with SOUTHAMPTON—But for ESSEX,

I'll



I'll see him e'er he goes. Let all withdraw,  
And leave the prisoner here with me,  
Unguarded. [Exeunt all but the QUEEN.

Heavens! what a scene is this?  
How shall I bear it? Be composed, my heart!—  
Can that be ESSEX?—the distressed, the fallen,  
The forlorn ESSEX!—What a state he bears!  
Still undiminish'd, still himself—Away  
With pomp, and borrow'd lustre then: true  
greatness

Can build a seat of lovelier majesty,  
With ESSEX and misfortune.

S C E N E III.

Enter ESSEX.

ESSEX, it is not thus we should have met—  
You ought to know it is not—I did hope—  
But 'tis no matter—You may speak, my lord,  
If you have aught to offer,

ESSEX. Nothing, madam.

QUEEN. 'Tis well—And yet, perhaps, 'twere  
better, sir,  
You'd think again—Our meetings mayn't be fre-  
quent.

ESSEX. It might have been your Majesty's good  
pleasure,  
To spare even this—I sought it not.

QUEEN. I know it,  
Ungrateful man! I know it—But I hold  
No longer parley with thee—It is finish'd—

Thou

298 THE EARL OF ESSEX.

Thou everlasting troubler of my quiet,  
Soon, soon we shall be both at peace.

ESSEX. Enough—

I have my death, and you your wish—

QUEEN. I, Essex!

I wish thy death? You know—But let me calmly  
Demand of thee, what was it that could tempt thee,  
To court, invite, and pull down on thine head  
A ruin so reluctant? To o'erbear  
All law, all order?

ESSEX. Is that yet to learn?  
Tho' every packet brought me fresh advices  
Of the malicious plottings of my foes;  
Yet I could o'erlook that—secure in innocence,  
Could wait my time—but when I found my QUEEN  
Had listen'd to their tales, under her hand  
Confirm'd; and felt that doubts and jealousies  
Were deeply rooted—I no longer paused—  
Law, order, even your own injunctions then  
Were but as chaff before the wind. I flew  
To see with my own eyes if it were true,  
That I had lost your favour—That once gone,  
The animating soul of all my hopes,  
The end of all my thoughts, and all my actions;  
The world had nothing in it worth my care,  
And life or death were equally indifferent.

QUEEN. Was that the motive? Why was not I  
inform'd?

ESSEX. Inform'd!—which way? Was I once  
heard, regarded?—  
When prostrate I implored my QUEEN to hear me,  
Was she not cold as thawless ice, and deaf

oodT

As

As ears of adamant?—Rejected, spurn'd,  
Cast to the ravening jaws of my pursuers,  
Like the lone pard, I was at length compell'd  
To turn upon my hunters. But had Essex,  
Had Essex been the traitor he is deem'd,  
He had not singly faced a host of foes,  
But led up troops, inured to victory  
Beneath his banner, to a man prepared  
To fight, or fall for Essex.

QUEEN. There is some weight  
In that; and I would fain believe your motive  
Was such as you declare—Yet, Essex, Essex!—  
O thy rash pride!—if thou had'st condescended  
But to the light appearance of reproof  
From thy kind QUEEN——

ESSEX. Appearance, madam?

QUEEN. Yes——  
And when I would have colour'd to the world  
Substantial favour with a shew of chiding——

ESSEX. A shew of chiding!—O my gracious  
mistress,  
Did you not hate me? Did you not, indeed,  
Abhor, detest your soldier?

QUEEN. No—too well,  
Too well I loved thee, proud, unbending man!—  
Could I have hated thee, I had been happy.

ESSEX. Ha! Lightning blast me first! my

QUEEN in tears!

QUEEN. Away, thou hot, thou undiscerning  
ESSEX!

Could'st thou not trust a friendship, that had stood  
Firm as the irreversible doom of fate,

Against



300 THE EARL OF ESSEX.

Against thy enemies? their daily murmurs,  
All their loud complaints, petitions, and impeachments,  
Dash'd back with indignation on the front  
Of thy accusers—might not such a friend  
Expect some small concession? Did'st thou grant it?  
Did'st thou not stand in haughty opposition;  
Fly to the city, levy cruel war  
Against thy QUEEN, against thy kind protector?  
Who could almost have pray'd for thy success,  
Altho' her crown, altho' her life, perhaps,  
Had been the barbarous forfeit.

—ESSEX. O my mistress!  
You have undone me—Your o'erpowering goodness  
Has crush'd my heart—I see my folly now,  
My crime broad staring in my face—O wretch,  
Blind wretch!—Yet let me not be charged  
Beyond my proper guilt—the weight of that  
Alone will overwhelm me. It was pride,  
Unparallel'd presumption, arrogance  
Beyond example—But your crown!—your life!  
To attempt those—O no—in all the wilds  
Of frenzy, such a thought could never enter  
This loyal bosom.

QUEEN. Fain would I believe—

—ESSEX. Believe!—Ah, royal madam, can you  
doubt it?  
By the dread secrets of that unknown world,  
To which your servant hastens, no—his thoughts  
Ne'er aim'd at such damnation—Then—even  
then,

When I did think your hatred of your Essex  
Rose to a hostile loathing—I had then

Against

Laid

THE EARL OF ESSEX. 301

Laid down my life, to purchase to my QUEEN  
Access of days and honour.

QUEEN. O! no more,  
No more, my soldier—I have been to blame.  
We both have err'd, mistaking each the other;  
Fatal mistake! how can it be repair'd?  
What's to be done?—

ESSEX. Nothing for me—my frenzy  
Has borne me far beyond the bounds, beyond  
The reach of mercy: I must die—  
Your fame, your peace, your future welfare, all  
Demand this sacrifice, and I will go  
A willing victim; 'tis the only way  
To expiate my crime. Yet ere I fall  
Thus on my knee let me implore—

QUEEN. Rise ESSEX,  
I cannot see you thus.

ESSEX. Permit me, madam!—  
The hour's at hand, when all you see of ESSEX,  
Shall be restored to dust—say, my blest mistress,  
Say, if my blood may wash my stains away?  
Will you then drop your heavenly pardon down  
Upon the guilt and folly of your ESSEX?  
And, when forgot by others, may he hope  
To find some place within his QUEEN's remem-  
brance?

QUEEN. I cannot speak to this—down swelling  
heart!—  
May Heaven bestow, on both, a pardon free  
And full, as that which now I grant to thee.  
Can ESSEX too forgive his QUEEN the blow,  
Her rashness gave him?

ESSEX.

302 THE EARL OF ESSEX.

ESSEX. 'Tis too much!—too much,  
This condescension!—'tis a cruel goodness,  
It pierces to my soul.

QUEEN. Our time is short—  
Soon will the lords, your judges, be assembled  
For life, or death—You stand upon the brink!  
I fear—and would do much—'Tis true my fame  
Is dear—the pleasure of my people too,  
'Tis peril unto both—Yet Essex—yet—  
I cannot see thee lost—Here is my gage—  
Take it; and with it take my royal word,  
That whensoever you return this ring,  
Whate'er be your request, it shall be granted,  
To my crown's value.

ESSEX. On my knee I take it—  
A radiant token, like the showery bow,  
When first the patriarch hail'd it in the heavens;  
Blest envoy of divinity appeased,  
And grace to wayward man!

QUEEN. Farewell!—Who waits?

SCENE IV.

Enter LIEUTENANT of the TOWER.

There take your prisoner hence, and guard him safe,  
Until his hour of trial.

[Exeunt ESSEX and LIEUTENANT.]

Now I feel  
My heart more easy—all may yet be well,



SCENE V.

Enter RUTLAND and Ladies.

RUT. Where is my QUEEN?—Where is my royal mistress?

Yet hold—recall your sentence—At your feet I throw myself for mercy, mercy!

QUEEN. Ha!—What do'st thou mean?

RUT. O! never will I rise,  
But here take root, the very plant of sorrow,  
'Till you will hear, and grant; 'till I've implored,  
Obtain'd my full petition.

QUEEN. This is frenzy!

Thou do'st amaze me RUTLAND—Rise.

RUT. No, no.

Thus will I kneel, and weep, and hold for ever;  
Cling to your feet, incumber all your steps,  
For pity—'till you do relent—for pardon!  
Pity, and pardon!—

QUEEN. Quick, declare your meaning.

RUT. I fear—and yet I must—The worst is silence—

Will you then promise?—will you then prepare?—  
It is a story that may start your patience.  
My lord—your servant—your ill-fated soldier—  
Your ESSEX—save him—save him!

QUEEN. Ha! what said'st thou?—

O my prophetic soul!—Is't thy concern?  
How? Wherefore?

RUT.

RUT. Save him!

Save my lost lord—your ESSEX—save his life,  
And save the life of RUTLAND—O! he is—  
He is—my husband—

QUEEN. —Heavens! thy husband?

RUT. Yes—

A dear, a fatal truth it is—I see it,  
By the dread spark that quickens in your eye—  
We were in secret married, a short while  
Before my hapless lord set out for Ireland,  
On his last expedition.

QUEEN. Serpents! vipers!

My curse it is to bosom such alone!  
And all my fosterings, all my nourishments,  
Are paid me back in poison—Married! married!—  
Then thou art wedded to thy death.

RUT. My death!

Alas! that's nothing; would my death appease  
you—

His life is all I ask—O royal madam!  
You cannot know—you never had a husband—  
You cannot feel how dreadful are the terrors,  
The agonizing pangs of a fond wife,  
Who fears to lose the husband of her heart,  
Her first, her only love!

QUEEN. O! I am rack'd!—

Off, off, I say, with those detested hands!

RUT. I will not, cannot—Ere you cast me from  
you,

Think, feel, how I am torn—My throbbing heart,  
My frantic pulses, how they start, and beat,

THE EARL OF ESSEX. 305

To break their limits—My affrighted infant  
Who knows no guilt, yet trembles at your fury,  
And starts, as conscious of his father's danger.

QUEEN. Quick, tear her from me—Drag her  
from my sight—

RUT. O if you are woman, born of woman—first  
Say but that he shall live—Shall he not live?  
My love, my Essex, my life's lord.

QUEEN. Why am not I obey'd?—Hence—  
Tear her hence—

RUT. O, these inhuman creatures!—I am too  
weak,—  
My last of strength forsakes me, and I sink  
Into despair's deep gulph.

QUEEN. Be that thy portion!  
May comfort never find thee! May thy offspring,  
If it should see the light, prove a fresh source  
Of torment to thee!—May we never meet!  
Be our appointments wide as pole from pole,  
Nor let that hated aspect shock me more!

[Exit QUEEN.]

RUT. Yet stay, O stay, and RUTLAND shall assist  
To frame new curses on herself—She's gone—  
His doom is seal'd—He dies—Then welcome all,  
The blackest plagues, that ever clung to misery!  
May woes on woes be heap'd, 'till the full measure  
O'erwhelm my soul, and crush me into rest. [Exit]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

VOL. II.

X

ACT



## A C T V.

## S C E N E, The Tower.

CECIL, and LIEUTENANT of the Tower.

CECIL. **I**F you regard your present place, or  
hope  
For any future favour, to a moment you will  
Observe my orders.

LIEUT. Most religiously.

## S C E N E II.

Enter NOTTINGHAM.

NOTT. Sir, by her Majesty's command, I bring  
A message to my lord of Essex.

LIEUT. Madam,  
I shall acquaint my lord.

CECIL. How's this, my NOTTINGHAM?—  
To ESSEX from the QUEEN, and you the mes-  
senger?—

Is she not yet resolved?

NOTT. Not fix'd a moment.

First when she heard the traitor was condemn'd,  
She started, and her colour turn'd to milk;

Then

Then blushing, scarlet deep, she strove to hide  
 Her inward tumult; thank'd the lords his judges,  
 And bade that execution should be speedy.  
 But, pausing said, upon a further thought,  
 She'd wait to hear if yet the criminal  
 Had aught to offer—Then retired, and past  
 An hour in private—Sent in haste for me;  
 Bid me draw near, look'd wistfully upon me,  
 And will'd me to convey her last of messages,  
 To ruin'd Essex—Let him know, said she,  
 I can no longer bar the pressing claims  
 Of justice on him—Yet if he has reasons  
 That are of weight to stay his execution,  
 Let him deliver them by you—Then blush'd;  
 Breathed a short sigh, and pressing close my hand,  
 Enjoin'd me to be secret, and return,  
 With speed and privacy, whatever Essex  
 Should give in answer.

CECIL. Ha! this covert message,  
 I like it not—Would heaven the deed were done!  
 Aye then—but now 'tis doubtful working all,  
 And curs'd suspension.

NOTT. CECIL, do not fear,  
 But I shall render a well-pleasing issue  
 Of this same interview with my beloved!

CECIL. There rests my hope: state policy al-  
 ready  
 Hath spent its shafts, and waits the master stroke  
 From your superior genius. I will hence  
 With RALEIGH to the QUEEN, and strive to fix  
 Her wavering mind.

[Exit CECIL.]

308 THE EARL OF ESSEX.

NOTT. Come now revenge, sole good  
Of slighted woman!—come, and steel my breast  
Against all sense of pity, or remorse!

S C E N E III.

Enter ESSEX.

ESSEX. Fair visitant, to whom may ESSEX stand  
Indebted for this grace?

NOTT. Chiefly, my lord,  
To the QUEEN's majesty; and some small matter  
To one, who, loving well, tho' most unhappily,  
Has not yet learn'd entirely to erase  
The fond impression.

ESSEX. Your reproof is gentle—  
Were RUTLAND to be born, I must admit  
All hearts had then been NOTTINGHAM's.

NOTT. Your pardon——  
No more of hearts, I pray—but for your friendship,  
I will dispute it even with her who claims  
Possession of your love—The QUEEN, my lord,  
Commends the value of her pity to you;  
And kindly asks if you have aught to offer  
In mitigation of your sentence?

ESSEX. Nothing.

NOTT. Some light exception, touching law, or  
form—  
Apparent malice in the prosecution—  
Error of judgment—but the slightest hinge,  
Whereon to hang her mercy.



ESSEX. Not the slightest—  
Tell her, most fair and charitable messenger,  
My course of trial has been free and equal;  
I stand self-censured in my guiltiness:  
And mercy—what in mercy may ensue—  
Is all her own, unpleaded.

NOTT. How, my lord,  
No more than so? this cannot, must not be.  
The appointed time is on you; this short hour  
May seal your doom—O let me beg, implore you,  
As if for my own life, to use the means  
Are left you to preserve yourself, your friend—  
Say, have you not a further plea?—You hesitate—  
A further cause for hope?—You have, I know it—  
Intrust me with it; by yon heaven I swear,  
I will not leave the QUEEN 'till she has granted  
My utmost wish.

ESSEX. I have not merited  
This kind concern; but yet your generous warmth  
Demands my confidence. Behold this signet!  
It is a talisman, and bears a charm,  
By royal breath infused, of power to save  
Even from the jaws of death.

NOTT. O let me catch it,  
That I may fly——

ESSEX. Hold, generous fair one! first  
Hear my request—Present this to the QUEEN  
From dying ESSEX—Say, her dying ESSEX  
Adjures her by the virtue of this ring,  
To save his friend, to spare SOUTHAMPTON's life,  
And he shall fall content.

310 THE EARL OF ESSEX.

NOTT. O stint not thus  
The royal bounty—do not circumscribe  
The bounds of mercy—By the same request,  
By the same breath, a life more precious far  
May be preserv'd—it must—it shall.

ESSEX I dare not  
Urge such a suit—Yet if my gracious mistress  
Still thinks me worth preserving, I am not  
So weary of the world, but I would take  
The boon with grateful heart, and live to thank her,  
But O, be sure you urge my other suit;  
Save my SOUTHAMPTON's life, let him not fall  
A victim to my crimes—alas! he knows  
No guilt, but friendship. So may conscious peace  
Sweeten your days, and brighten your last moments.

[Exit ESSEX.]

NOTT. Now he is mine—at least in death my  
own,

For ever seal'd—tho' not for love's light rapture,  
For hatred, full as joyous—deeper far,  
And more enduring! Now to take him sudden,  
When the full tide, returning fraught with hope,  
Lifts him elate—to plunge him down at once,  
To the eternal bottom!—This, aye this  
Alone can satiate—'tis the luxury  
Of eager-eyed revenge. The QUEEN—no matter—  
I am prepared—Be but my vengeance safe,  
And for the rest, events are equal all.

SCENE

THE EARL OF ESSEX. 311

SCENE IV.

Enter the QUEEN.

QUEEN. Well, my dear NOTTINGHAM, hast seen  
the earl?

NOTT. Madam, I have.

QUEEN. I could not be at peace within my  
palace,

For crowds that urged petitions in his favour.

Well, and what past?

NOTT. Madam——

QUEEN. Say——

NOTT. I wish——

QUEEN. Madam—I wish—What mean'st thou?

NOTT. I wish your majesty had spared your  
servant

This single office.

QUEEN. Why?——

NOTT. I had not been

The unwelcome bearer of ungrateful tidings.

QUEEN. Inform me quick—ungrateful tidings  
say'st thou?

NOTT. O, on my knees I beg, my royal  
mistress,

You will enquire no further.

QUEEN. Thou dost amaze me!

NOTT. You lately held me for an enemy

To this brave man, and still may think me apt

To misinterpret——

QUEEN. No, I will believe thee.



312 THE EARL OF ESSEX.

NOTT. He's here at hand—Your majesty in  
person  
May now inform yourself—

QUEEN. No more, I charge you—  
Be full, and speedy—Give me up the whole  
Of what has past.

NOTT. I must obey you then—  
And yet I fear—When first the earl appear'd,  
He wore a kind of haughty discontent,  
That seem'd to mock misfortune; scarce he deign'd  
To note that I was present.

QUEEN. What, so high?

NOTT. Yet not ungraceful. Greatly I deplored  
The precipice to which misdeeming error,  
Or accident had led him—bid him yet  
Not to despond—for much was in the power  
Of royal pity—Then I minded him  
Of your past favours—all his honours, offices,  
Your late support against his powerful foes,  
And this last act of your divine compassion,  
That would not let him finally be lost,  
But sent your special servant to suggest  
The means of safety to him.

QUEEN. Then he did melt.

NOTT. Let me stop here—for sure such height  
of pride,  
In one of less exalted qualities,  
Were not to be endured—Still as I spoke,  
He look'd, and mov'd, and turn'd, and chang'd  
impatient.

Favours! he cry'd, what favours? posts of danger,  
And

THE EARL OF ESSEX. 313

And empty titles for essential service!  
 Yes—she has well avow'd her grace to Essex,  
 In all her public scoffs, and open insults,  
 Laid as a subtle train to fire my temper  
 To acts obnoxious to the law; and then  
 Her jury of pack'd peers, and this smooth message  
 To lull me to the last.

QUEEN. Hold, NOTTINGHAM—

O, he's the most accurs'd for deep ingratitude,  
 That e'er proved false to friendship—Tell me

NOTTINGHAM—

I can no longer wait the tedious preface—  
 Say, did he claim no mercy at our hands?

NOTT. Not any, madam.

QUEEN. Spoke he of no pledge?  
 No obligation that I had to save him?

NOTT. No, on my honour.

QUEEN. By thy hopes of mercy,  
 Answer as at the last tremendous bar—  
 No pledge, no token?—sent he not a ring?  
 Look at me, and reply—did he not send  
 A ring in answer?

NOTT. You amaze me, madam!  
 I am quite to seek in this—What ring? what token!—  
 Had you but told me, had your majesty  
 Once hinted such a thing, I had required it.

QUEEN. O, I am choak'd! he pulls his own  
 destruction

In his blind fury on himself,

NOTT. Alas,

Tokens

314 THE EARL OF ESSEX.

Tokens of mercy! he disclaim'd the offer :  
He said, he would no more of royal mercy—  
Such as was shewn to RUTLAND, to his wife ;  
As tho' the British breed of noble bloods  
Were slaves for pride to spurn !

QUEEN. No more, no more—  
I am all on fire—This fever of the blood,  
It thirsts to death!—Who waits?

S C E N E V.

Enter CECIL and RALEIGH.

My lords,  
See speedy execution done on ESSEX—  
I have determined not to quit the Tower,  
While he is master of his head—Lord CECIL,  
Do you and RALEIGH see it done.

[Exeunt QUEEN and NOTTINGHAM.

RALEIGH. Think you, my lord, how long a  
woman's will,  
Altho' the first, and firmest of her sex,  
May hold its purpose?

CECIL. If a favourite point,  
Mayhap, an hour or so; therefore the half  
Shall now suffice us, RALEIGH—Who attends?

SCENE



THE EARL OF ESSEX. 315

SCENE VI.

Enter an OFFICER,

Bid the lieutenant have his prisoners ready.

[Exit OFFICER,

Now we may hope for sunny days in England,  
When this all-covering cloud is overpast;  
Whose greatness did imbibe the beams of majesty,  
Nor suffer'd aught to pass but by transmission  
Thro' its own radiant skirts.

SCENE VII.

Enter LIEUTENANT of the TOWER, with ESSEX  
and SOUTHAMPTON guarded.

CECIL. My lord of ESSEX,  
We bring an order for your execution.  
I have a christian's hope you stand prepared;  
For even a portion of the present hour  
Must be your last of life.

ESSEX. Ha! short indeed,  
For infinite intendments!—'Tis thy will  
O Heaven! collect me to it: give me strength  
To face this king of terrors—fill my breast  
With hope, and purest faith, that on the block  
I may lie down, as on the painless bed  
Of sleeping infancy.—Thanks, gracious Heaven!  
I feel my granted prayer; and a new vigour  
Springs in my breast!—I now can smile at death.

But

316 THE EARL OF ESSEX.

But O, my friend!—no pardon yet arrived!—  
Can the QUEEN falsify her word?

SOUTH. Come, ESSEX—  
Let us now leave a lesson to our foes,  
How men should die.

ESSEX. Were I alone to suffer,  
I think I should not give them cause to scorn me,  
But O! 'tis here—

A weight of lead on my aspiring spirit,  
That I have rent the virtues of SOUTHAMPTON  
Untimely from the world.

SOUTH. Be witness, Heaven!  
The dearest wish SOUTHAMPTON's soul could form,  
Would be to live for ever with his ESSEX;  
The next, thus join'd, to lie in death together.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter LIEUTENANT of the TOWER.

LIEUT. My lord SOUTHAMPTON,  
I have a message for your private ear.

SOUTH. Speak out, nor fear to wound me with  
the tidings:  
The worst is death, and that is past already.

LIEUT. My lord, I must entreat you will  
withdraw—

Something of moment from her majesty.

[Exeunt SOUTHAMPTON and LIEUTENANT.]

ESSEX. CECIL, when you approach an hour  
like this,

You then may learn how low ambition is;

How

THE EARL OF ESSEX. 317

How groundless is the quarrel, which contends  
For this vain world—'Till then—'till then and  
ever,  
The foes of Essex have free pardon. Ha!

S C E N E IX.

Enter SOUTHAMPTON and LIEUTENANT.

What new distress? what can this mean? In tears!  
Nay then the stroke must be severe indeed,  
That shocks the manly firmness of thy soul.  
O that the bitter cup were all my own!  
What is it, say?

SOUTH. It is—it is—O misery!  
'Tis torture—'tis the death contrived by tyrants;  
It is the spinning of life's lingering thread  
To agony unspeakable; it is  
The death of friendship, the attempt to rend  
The eternal bonds of soul and soul asunder!  
The QUEEN hath sent me—

ESSEX. Warrant of death.

SOUTH. No, worse—

ESSEX. Can there be worse?

SOUTH. Yes—pardon!

ESSEX. Catch the sound,

Ye choiring angels! and with hovering wings  
Of ever wakeful 'tendance guard my QUEEN,  
Whose mercy at an hour like this has spared  
The guilt, the life of Essex, in his friend.

SOUTH. No, no, my brother,  
We will not part—SOUTHAMPTON does disclaim

Her



318 THE EARL OF ESSEX.

Her barbarous mercy—What a joyless wild  
 This world would be without thee! Where, alas,  
 Where should I find the bosom to partake  
 And double every joy? Where should I find  
 The tender sympathizing heart, to feel  
 And lighten every woe? No more the tongue  
 Of friendship, sweetest music to the ear!  
 Shall greet my desert sense: no more my hours  
 In social raptures steal away unmark'd;  
 Those blessed hours when soul with soul converses,  
 Transparent, pure, as from their bodies freed.  
 O ESSEX, think upon the early ties  
 That in our tender years join'd our fond hearts;  
 Think how they grew, how they were twined to-  
 gether;  
 And shall they now be parted?—No, my ESSEX,  
 In life we have been one, and in our deaths  
 We will not be divided.

ESSEX. There is a cause, a precious cause, my  
 brother—  
 Thou still must live, to love, to serve, to save him,  
 All that shall suddenly be left of ESSEX;  
 Where yet he lives, much more than to himself,  
 Thro' every pulse, and trembling chord infused  
 With quick and dear sensation—Lend thy bosom  
 To hide one tear that will not be withheld—  
 Yet here 'tis due from manhood—O my wife!—

SOUTH. I had forgot—Yes, ESSEX, I will live—  
 For thy dear sake I'll make a weary pilgrimage,  
 To guide thy other self thro' all the thorns  
 And mazes of the world; 'till the wish'd hour

By

# THE EARL OF ESSEX. 319

By fate appointed comes, when we shall meet  
To part no more.

ESSEX. Cherish, protect, support her.

SOUTH. Ever, ever.

ESSEX. Then the great business of the world  
is over—

You two make all my treasure left on earth;  
Comfort each other, we shall meet hereafter  
In happier climes—the heaven I have in view  
Will not be perfect else—'Till then, farewell!

SOUTH. Whilst I have speech to say—'till then,  
farewell!

[Exit SOUTHAMPTON.]

ESSEX. Now on, my lords, and execute your  
office.

[Exeunt CECIL and RALEIGH.]

## S C E N E X.

Enter RUTLAND and Ladies.

RUT. Where is he? let me catch him! hold  
him! save him!

Rush on the stroke that would attempt his life!—

O ESSEX, O my lord!—

ESSEX. This is too much,

Too much for man!—I hoped—Ah cruel dear!

Were not eternity, and sudden death,

Of weight sufficient to a mortal nature?

And art thou come to reinforce their powers,

And weaken what was left of man about me?

RUT. The QUEEN, my love—the QUEEN permits  
this meeting;

And therefore grants, that we shall part no more.

ESSEX.

310 THE EARL OF ESSEX.

ESSEX. What dost thou mean?—Thy looks are  
wild, and keen;

They pierce my soul—Retire, my angel—do—  
Let me prevail, and recollect thy spirits;  
But for a moment.

RUT. 'Tis impossible—  
High Heaven doth know it is impossible—  
I cannot leave thee—never will I leave thee!  
Sure we may die together—

ESSEX. My soul's treasure!  
It is in vain; the hand of stronger fate  
Compels, and we must part.

LIEUT. My gracious lord,  
Your latest minute is at hand—

RUT. What's this?  
An axe! an executioner!—'Tis dreadful!  
I am not prepared for this—Is it a dream?  
If you have pity, wake me.

ESSEX. A short absence—  
No more—'Tis but to bid one dear farewell,  
'Till we do meet to part no more.

RUT. Ah whither would'st thou?—Think not  
to escape me—

No barbarous Essex, thou shalt never part me;  
I'll cling to thee in death.

ESSEX. This, this, cuts keen  
And deep, beyond the shallow reach of steel;  
It is the quick of soul that here is pierced!  
Haste, haste, in pity as I stand dispatch me—  
Is there not one, one hand of friendly mercy,  
To lodge a poniard here?—  
Quick, drag me to the block—Help me to sunder—

Yet



# THE EARL OF ESSEX. 321

Yet, hurt her not—It is in vain—she grasps me  
As in the agonies of death—Lost wretch!  
And wert thou born to this? Accurs'd the hour  
That gave me up to light!—Yet more accurs'd  
That hour I once deem'd happiest over all  
The world calls happy, to this blessed flower  
Tying my baleful influence—Ha! she's going—  
Her speechless lip grows livid, and those orbs  
Wane from their peerless lustre—Gently, gently—  
Now loose her hold—Support her.—

LIEUT. Now, my lord,  
'Twere best to seize the occasion—The time's past.  
My orders are—

ESSEX. Come then, and push me off  
Down the dark void that spreads upon futurity.—  
O my lost love!—  
O Gem! for which the world were richly sold!  
If there's a heaven can counterpoise thy loss,  
It is indeed beyond imagination!  
Night comes upon me—when my eyes have ta'en  
Their last, last look—the bitterness of death  
Is past—and the world now is nothing!

[Exeunt ESSEX, &c.]

## SCENE XI.

Enter QUEEN, NOTTINGHAM, Ladies and Gentlemen, &c.

QUEEN. Is he then gone?—To death?—ESSEX  
to death!  
And by my order?—Now perhaps—this moment!—  
Haste NOTTINGHAM, dispatch—

VOL. II.

Y

NOTT.

NOTT. What would your majesty!

QUEEN. I know not what—I am in horrors,  
NOTTINGHAM,

In horrors worse than death!—Does he still live?  
Run, bring me word—Yet stay—Can you not save  
him

Without my bidding? Read it in my heart—  
In my distraction read—O, sure the hand  
That saved him, would be as a blest angel's  
Pouring soft balm into my rankling breast.

NOTT. If it shall please your majesty to give  
Express commands, I shall obey them straight—  
The world will think it strange—But you are  
QUEEN.

QUEEN. Hard-hearted NOTTINGHAM! to arm  
my pride,

My shame, against my mercy.—Ha! what's here?  
A fight to strike resentment dead, and rouse  
Soft pity even in a barbarous breast—  
It is the wife of ESSEX!

Rise RUTLAND, come to thy repentant mistress:  
See, thy QUEEN bends to take thee to her bosom,  
And foster thee for ever!—Rise.

RUT. Which way?

Do you not see these circling steep?—  
Not all the fathom lines that have been loos'd  
To sound the bottom of the faithless main,  
Could reach to draw me hence. Never was dug  
A grave so deep as mine!—Help me, kind friend,  
Help me to put these little bones together—  
These are my messengers to yonder world,

To

THE EARL OF ESSEX. 329

To seek for some kind hand, to drop me down  
A little charity.

QUEEN. Heart-breaking sounds!

RUT. These were an infant's bones—But hush—  
don't tell—

Don't tell the QUEEN—

An unborn infant's—May be, if 'tis known,  
They'll say I murder'd it—Indeed I did not—  
It was the axe—how strange soe'er, 'tis true!  
Help me to put them right, and then they'll fly—  
For they are light, and not like mine, incumber'd  
With limbs of marble, and a heart of lead.

QUEEN. Alas! her reason is disturb'd; her eyes  
Are wild, and absent—Do you know me, RUT-  
LAND?

Do you not know your QUEEN?

RUT. O yes, the QUEEN!—

They say you have power of life and death—Poor  
QUEEN!

They flatter you.—You can take life away,  
But can you give it back? No, no, poor QUEEN!—  
Look at these eyes—they are a widow's eyes—  
Do you know that?—Perhaps indeed you'll say,  
A widow's eyes should weep, and mine are dry:  
That's not my fault; tears should come from the  
heart,

And mine is dead—I feel it cold within me,  
Cold as a stone—But yet my brain is hot—  
O fye upon this head, it is stark naught!  
Beseech your majesty to cut it off,  
The bloody axe is ready—Say the word,  
(For none can cut off heads without your leave)



324 THE EARL OF ESSEX.

And it is done—I humbly thank your highness,  
 You look a kind consent. I'll but just in  
 And say a prayer or two.  
 From my youth upwards I still said my prayers  
 Before I slept; and this is my last sleep.  
 Indeed 'tis not thro' fear, nor to gain time—  
 Not your own soldier could meet death more bravely:  
 You shall be judge yourself.—We must make  
 haste—

I pray be ready—If we lose no time,  
 I shall o'ertake and join him on the way.

[Exit RUTLAND.]

QUEEN. Follow her close, allure her to some  
 chamber  
 Of privacy; there sooth her frenzy, but  
 Take care she go not forth. Heaven grant I may  
 not  
 Require such aid myself! for sure I feel  
 A strange commotion here.

S C E N E XII.

Enter an OFFICER.

OFFICER. May it please your majesty,  
 The earl, as he addrest him to the block,  
 Requested but the time to write these lines;  
 And earnestly conjured me to deliver them  
 Into your royal hands.

QUEEN. Quick—What is here!—Just heaven!  
 Fly, take this signet,  
 Stop execution—fly with eagle's wings—  
 What art thou?—of this world?

Not.

NOTT. Ha!—I'm discover'd—  
Then be it so—Your majesty may spare—  
QUEEN. Stop, stop her yell!—Hence to some  
dungeon, hence—

Deep sunk from day! In horrid silence there  
Let conscience talk to thee, infix its stings,  
Awake remorse, and desperate penitence;  
And from the torments of thy conscious guilt  
May hell be all thy refuge!

[Exit NOTTINGHAM guarded.]

SCENE XIII.

Enter CECIL, RALEIGH, &c.

CECIL. Gracious madam,  
I grieve to say your order came too late;  
We met the messenger on our return  
From seeing the earl fall.

QUEEN. O fatal sound! —  
Ye bloody pair! accurs'd be your ambition,  
For it was cruel. —  
O RUTLAND, sister, daughter, fair forlorn!  
No more thy QUEEN or mistress, here I vow,  
To be for ever wedded to thy griefs—  
A faithful partner, numbering sigh for sigh,  
And tear for tear; till our sad pilgrimage  
Shall bear us where our Essex now looks down  
With pity on a toiling world, and sees  
What trains of real wretchedness await  
The dream of power and emptiness of state.

# EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr. GARRICK;

And spoken by Mrs. PRITCHARD, in the character  
of QUEEN ELIZABETH.

**I**F any, here, are Britons but in name,  
Dead to their country's happiness and fame,  
Let 'em depart this moment—Let 'em fly  
My awful presence, and my searching eye!

No more your Queen, but upright judge I come,  
To try your deeds abroad, your lives at home;  
Try you in every point, from small to great,  
Your Wit,—Laws,—Fashions,—Valour,—  
Church and State!

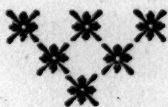
Search you, as Britons ne'er were search'd before—  
“O tremble! for you hear the lion roar!”

Since that most glorious time that here I reign'd,  
An age and half!—what have you lost or gain'd?  
Your Wit—whate'er your poets sing or swear,  
Since Shakespeare's time is somewhat worse for wear.  
Your Laws are good, your lawyers good of course;  
The streams are surely clear, when clear the source;  
In greater store these blessings now are sent ye;  
Where I had one attorney, you have twenty.  
Fashions, ye fair, deserve nor praise nor blame,



Unless they rise as foes to sense or shame :  
Wear ruffs, or gauze—but let your skill be such,  
Rather to shew too little, than too much.  
As for your Valour—here my lips I close—  
Let those who best have proved it, speak—your  
foes.

Your Morals, Church, and State, are still behind—  
But soft—prophetic fury fills my mind !  
I see thro' time—behold a youthful hand,  
Holding the scepter of this happy land ;  
Whose heart with justice, love, and virtue fraught,  
Born amongst Britons, and by Britons taught,  
Shall make the barking tongues of faction cease,  
And weave the garland of domestic peace :  
Long shall he reign—no storms to beat his breast ;  
Unruly passions that disturb'd my rest !  
Shall live, the blessings he bestows, to share ;  
Reap all my glory, but without my care.



[illegible]

C O N R A D E:

A

F R A G M E N T.

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# CONRADE:

A

## FRAGMENT.

The SONG of The FILEA of Antient Days, PHE-  
LIN the gray-hair'd Son of the Son of Kinfadda.

WHAT do I love—what is it that mine  
eyes

Turn round in search of—that my soul longs after,  
But cannot quench her thirst?—'Tis BEAUTY,  
PHELIN!

I see it wide beneath the arch of Heaven,  
When the stars peep upon their evening hour,  
And the moon rises on the eastern wave,  
Housed in a cloud of gold!—I see it wide  
In earth's autumnal tints of various landscape,  
When the first ray of morning tips the trees,  
And fires the distant rock!—I hear its voice,  
When thy hand sends the sound along the gale,  
Swept from the silver strings; or, on mine ear  
Drops the sweet sadness!—At my heart I feel  
Its potent grasp, I melt beneath the touch,  
When

When the tale pours upon my sense humane  
 The woes of other times!—What art thou, *BEAUTY*?  
 Thou art not colour, fancy, sound, nor form—  
 These but the conduits are, whence the soul quaffs  
 The liquor of its Heaven.—Whate'er thou art,  
 Nature, or Nature's Spirit, thou art *ALL*  
 I long for!—O, descend upon my Thoughts!  
 To thine own music, tune, thou Power-of Grace,  
 The cordage of my heart! fill every shape  
 That rises to my dream, or wakes to vision;  
 And touch the threads of every mental nerve,  
 With all thy sacred feelings!—

*THE SUN* now hasten'd down his western  
 Heaven,  
 And saw his beams reflected from the spires  
 Of fair Emania.—High, within the Hall,  
 With all his Heroes, names of wide renown,  
 With all his Sages, heads grown white in council,  
 With all his Bards, the fires of song, around him—  
*CONRADE* the mighty, fate!

Wide o'er the festal board, in many a bowl,  
 The various liquor flow'd.—In various cups,  
 Metal, or wrought from veiny adamant,  
 Or of the treasures of the pearly deep,  
 The social pledge of health went round. Before  
 The King of Chiefs, the hoar and reverend brow

Of



Of Wisdom was unbent, and every heart  
Caught gladness from his aspect. Near the seat  
Of lifted Majesty, stood the young bloom  
Of Erin's hope, SLEMFANNON, as a sapling  
Sprouting aloft beneath the parent oak,  
That overlooks the forest. Now, and oft,  
He turn'd his face of filial sweetness upward,  
To catch the glance of the paternal eye,  
That dropt indulgence and delight upon him:  
Now, with both hands, fast by the sinewy wrist,  
He grasp'd the First of Heroes—"O," he cried,  
"Will ever, ever, your SLEMFANNON wield  
"The crashing mace, or bend the bow of steel,  
"With such an arm as this?"—He spoke, and  
rear'd  
The ponderous hand on high! The shout of joy  
Pour'd round the table!—for, in that right hand,  
Lay Erin's glory, and the sure resource  
Of nations from the wasters of the world!

Soft smiling, gently bending from his seat,  
The Monarch answer'd—"Yes, thou pride of  
CONRADE,

"In whom he fondly joys to live renew'd,  
"Fresh born, a dearer growth of young existence—  
"Thou art the vessel that shall pour his fame  
"On future times!—The day is yet to come,

When

“ When nations, to exalt the name of CONRADE,  
“ Shall say, He was the Father of SLEMFANNON!”

“ Thine arm is young, my son, but not in-  
glorious;

“ The Romans, from the Rhodane to the Po,  
“ Have felt it through their steel! The ear of  
heroes

“ Lifts not to its own praise—yet know, thy name  
“ Is in the song of bards; and PHELIN, oft,  
“ To me gives up the music of thy deeds,  
“ And tunes my soul to joy.—But, mark, SLEM-  
FANNON!

“ The arm of Power is, ever, worthiest seen  
“ In Preservation—he, who saves, is next  
“ To him who gives existence. O, SLEMFANNON,  
“ That we might save!—that we might save ALL,  
then,

“ Without offence to Any! In this Hall,  
“ O, might yon length of sword, yon shining  
mail,

“ Hang indolent for ever!—and, in days  
“ Of ages yet to come, the Sons of Peace,  
“ Gazing and wondering, question, with each  
other,

“ What once had been their use!—Attend, my  
heroes!—

“ Man

- " Man comes into this passing world of weak-  
 ness,  
 " And cries for help to man! for, feeble is he,  
 " And many are his foes—thirst, hunger, naked-  
 edness;  
 " Diseases infinite within his frame;  
 " Without, the inclemency and wrath of seasons,  
 " Famines, plagues, pests, devouring elements,  
 " Earthquakes beneath, and thunders rolling  
 o'er him;  
 " Age and infirmity, on either hand;  
 " And Death who, lifts the certain Dart behind  
 him!  
 " These we might deem (had any Pitying  
 Power  
 " Ordain'd the ways of man) were ills sufficient!  
 " Man thinks not so—on his own race he turns  
 " The force of all his talents, exquisite  
 " To shorten the short interval, by Art,  
 " Which Nature left us! Fire and sword are in  
 " His hand; and, in his thought, are machinations  
 " For speeding of perdition! Half the world,  
 " Down the steep gulph of dark futurity,  
 " Push off their fellows—pause upon the brink—  
 " And then drop after!"—  
 " Tell me, ye Sages, tell me, if ye can,  
 " Whence is the Stream of Life!—It rises fresh

" In



“ In smiling infancy ; and pours along,  
“ Short, turbulent, and murmuring in its course,  
“ To its capacious sea. The sea fills not ;  
“ The sea, from whence it never has return’d ;  
“ Nor ceases, yet, the stream.—Where lies the  
Fund,  
“ From whence it flows ?—will it be ever, thus ?—  
“ And to no end, no purpose ?”—

While, thus, the Hero question’d on the height  
And depth of vast Infinitude, intent  
To plumb it with his fathom ; through the Hall  
A sudden Radiance broke !—All turn’d their eyes  
Upon the coming Glory ; for, of earth,  
They did not deem the vision !—On she came,  
SHULAMA, daughter of the gold-throned king  
Of Scandinavia—on she came, in all  
Her pleasantness of beauty, as the morn,  
Blushing amidst the brightness of its east,  
Rises on human sight ! A train of virgins  
Follow’d her steps ; to them, twice twenty heroes,  
Lords of wide lands and famed in northern fields,  
Succeeded ; and yet, distant, far behind,  
Was seen the long retinue ! Through the Hall,  
Silent and still, as in the noon of night,  
Attention held its breath—the white hair’d Sages  
Rear’d

Rear'd their spread hands, in wonder—and SLEM-  
FANNON

Gazed, as a blind-born man endow'd with sight,  
When first he looks upon a new found world!

Tow'rd the gem'd throne of awful majesty,  
The Maiden bent the lustre of her eye,  
And grace of motion. Lowly, on her knee  
She sunk, imploring—"Hail, thou First of Heroes,  
"The conqueror of the conquerors of the world,  
"King over kings uplifted!—Have I then,  
"Beheld the face of CONRADE, and survived it?"

"RUTHAMOR, monarch of the golden throne,  
"Whose deeds light up the north, hath sent  
SHULAMA

"To seek alliance with the might of CONRADE!—  
"I come from far, ambassadress of love;  
"And claim a partner for my father's throne,  
"Even your beloved daughter, SEGALEME,  
"The witch who rolls the eyes of young enchant-  
ment!"

Rising, and slow descending from his throne,  
CONRADE advanced. He rais'd the awe-struck  
maid,

And, to his war-imprinted bosom, clasp'd  
The dangers of her beauty—"Welcome, welcome,  
"Welcome,"

"Welcome," he cried, "to CONRADE, to his  
Erin,

"Thou daughter of delight!—for favouring  
Heaven

"Hath made thee in its pride of workmanship,

"And planted loveliness, as light, around thee!

"Hadst thou, O daughter of the blest RUTHA-  
MOR,

"Required a province at the hands of CONRADE,

"It had been given—or gold, and costly jewels;

"He would have stored your shipping with the  
burden,

"Till you cried, Hold!—But, here, alas, you ask

"The only thing I covet!—SEGALEME,

"And young SLAMFANNON, are the eyes of CON-  
RADE—

"The precious eyes, by which he guides his steps,

"And looks, alone, for joy! And shall I, then,

"Shall I send off the treasure from my soul,

"To enrich the land of strangers?—No, SHU-  
LAMA!

"Haply, when grown infirm, and dim with age,

"When I can only feel around for comfort,

"How shall my hands stretch forth to foreign  
climes,

"And, to my knees, draw up the little ones

"Of SEGALEME?"—While the Monarch spoke,

A distant



A distant portal open'd: SEGALEME  
Appear'd to sight, and fill'd the pass with bright-  
ness!

As, should two moons, at east and west, arise  
In aspect opposite; and each, in other,  
Behold the image of its own perfection;  
So shone, so moved, so gazed, the Rival Lights  
Of CONRADE and RUTHAMOR! They approach'd—  
Their steps seem'd measured by the sound of music;  
And each had lost the memory of herself,  
In admiration of the other's beauty!  
Silent, their arms of ivory they expand;  
They fold each other to a polish'd bosom,  
And mix their rays of brightness!—SEGALEME  
First broke the stillness in the Hall of Heroes.

“Welcome,” she cried, “thrice welcome to  
the vale  
“Of Erin, that shall gladden in thy presence,  
“O Beam of northern hills!”—“And have I,  
then,  
“Have I, at length, beheld thee,” cried SHULAMA,  
“Thou praise of every tongue?—mine eyes are  
satisfied,  
“And take their rest with thee!”—“Thou art  
the joy,  
“The sister of my soul!” said SEGALEME—

She spoke, and kiss'd her forehead.—Whispering  
soft,

SHULAMA then inquired—" Say, which is he,  
" The force of your SLEMFANNON, so renown'd  
" For feats of warfare in the field of Romans ?  
" Which is your mighty brother, SEGALEME ?—  
" For mine eye dare not venture in his search,  
" Amid the groups of Heroes that surround us."

" There, there he grows, the flower of Erin's  
garden,

" Fast by the royal pillar of the land !—  
" There stands the young SLEMFANNON, in his  
sweetness !"

Full on the youth, the Maid of Scandinavia  
Roll'd the young lightning of the glance of beauty—  
His eyes met hers ; and down they sunk abash'd,  
As caught in some transgression.—

" Ah, thou deceiver, beauteous witch of Erin,"  
Rejoin'd SHULAMA, " this is not thy brother !—  
" I ween'd to meet some giant, as in tales  
" Of old renown, and terrible to fight !  
" But here, I view the Infant of the Spring,  
" Like one of us, who pale to look on blood,  
" And, o'er the dying songster of the cage,  
" Shed tears of mourning !"—SEGALEME smiled ;  
And from the dimpling of her radiant cheek

A glory

A glory went abroad!—Forth, by the hand,  
She led the lovely Stranger to her bower.

Mean-season, to the Peers of Scandinavia  
The Monarch bow'd benevolent, and said—  
“ Welcome, ye Heroes of the sky-topt hills!  
“ Thrice welcome all, though each had been an  
hundred—

“ For Plenty dwells upon the vales of Erin,  
“ And CONRADE's palace is the Home of Strangers!  
“ The night descends—light up my many halls;  
“ Spread wide the boards; pour plenteous, to  
the brim,  
“ The juice of every region!”—It was done.

By hundreds, and by fifties, sat the Chiefs  
Commix'd with Bards and Sages; while the voice  
Of festal joy was heard throughout Emania.

But, far within, in regal majesty,  
Sat Erin's Strength! SLEMFANNON blest his side;  
And, full in view, he placed the high-born maids,  
And fed his soul upon the work of Beauty.

PHELIN, the feer and song of antient days,  
The sage instructor of his loved SLEMFANNON,  
Was seated here—and here, again, Siffrenna,  
The white hair'd guardian of SHULAMA's beauties.

Soon as the board lay lighten'd of the banquet,  
Fair boys and maidens, into chrystal cups,



Pour'd the rich vintage of the Greekish isles  
Of Archipelago. The joy went round ;  
The wish of pleasing, and the sweets of converse !

“ SLEMFANNON,” said the Monarch, “ take  
the harp—

“ Thou arm of CONRADE, take the strings of story,

“ And, to the ear of Erin's lovely Guest,

“ Tune some of thine adventures, when thou  
stood'st,

“ In southern climates, by the side of CONRADE,

“ Then, like a glimpse of lightning, shot abroad,

“ And overturn'd the foe !”—Yet still obedient  
To the high call, the blushing Youth replied :

“ I turn'd, and shelter'd me behind your buckler,

“ As though behind the walls of Arisphellan !”

Old PHELIN from its chain releas'd the lyre,  
And gave it, smiling.—O'er the silver strings  
Light flew the fingers of the shamefaced Boy,  
Scarce audible.—At length the tale began ;

Our tent was pitch'd amid the field of Narbon—  
The dead lay wide around—the night came down,  
To veil their ghastliness—no star appear'd—  
And the moon, sickening at the sight of blood,  
Had shrowded up her visage !—Through the  
gloom,

Mine ear was stricken with the voice of wailing,

Sad

Sad as a thousand sighs, when the dark winds  
Sob through the yews that stand amid the graves  
Of Arnel!—Forth I went to seek the mourner.

Through the night's glimpse, that struck upon  
his mail,

I saw a warrior, tall and fair of stature.  
Upon his strenuous arm, he, lightly, bore  
The corse of his companion. On a bank  
He laid the body down, and sunk beside it.

“ Art thou then gone,” he cried? “ for ever  
gone,

“ Companion of my soul! in whom I lived,

“ The dearer self of desolated HUGON!

“ Wilt thou no more arise, like light, upon me?

“ Nor give the smile of friendship to mine eyes?

“ Nor cheer my spirit with thy voice of music?

“ Why didst thou step before me in the battle?

“ Wast thou not safe, behind my wheeling sword,

“ As in the fort of Delma?—That my breast,

“ O, that my naked breast had met the dart,

“ That slew my brother!—Thou hast left me,

BERITH,

“ With Grief, alone, companion'd.—O, stern

Grief,

“ Sad is thy fellowship! I will not bide it.—

“ I will o’ertake thee, BERITH!—We will live;

D d 3

“ Perchance,

“ Perchance, in happier climes ; or, in one grave,  
 “ Silent lie down, and sleep in peace together !

“ Look not, my mother, from the wonted pride  
 “ Of thine high battlements, to see thy son  
 “ Returning, in the front of all his trophies !—  
 “ Mistake not Arden’s forest for his flags ;  
 “ Nor the wind’s western clangor for his trumpets !—  
 “ Thou shalt look upward, with a tearful eye,  
 “ And sigh to see, how empty is his armour !—  
 “ Thy hall, it shall be hung around with black,  
 “ And one lone lamp shall light thee !”

Straight, by the accent of the Hero’s tongue,  
 I knew him for an enemy to CONRADE :  
 But well I knew, that CONRADE was the friend  
 Of humankind !—With gentle voice, the voice,  
 As of a brother, I the Chief accosted :

“ My heart, O Warrior ! takes a kindred share  
 “ In all thy sufferings.—In the field, indeed,  
 “ My faulchion rises in my country’s quarrel ;  
 “ But my soul knows no warfare with the Brave,  
 “ The Good, or the Unhappy !—Know, great  
 HUGON,

“ That the Distress’d are held as Sons and Brothers  
 “ To CONRADE and SLEMFANNON ! Near at hand,  
 “ Extends our camp—whate’er of friendly aid

“ Can



"Can there be given, is thine!" He answer'd  
not;

But, with a grateful and assenting clasp,  
Confined me to his bosom—while our souls,  
Mingling their friendships, coalesced together.

Attendants straight I call'd; then to my tent  
Convey'd the corse, and gently on a bed  
Reclined, and soon the steely mail unbraced—  
When, strange to tell! upon the astonish'd sight  
Rose two twin-orbs of beauty!—Back, abash'd;  
Start'ing I turn'd, and sent the female-train;  
Then sought where HUGON, all involv'd in grief,  
Sat with my Sire. In panting haste I told  
The wondrous tale.—The Hero cried, "'Tis she,  
"'Tis she herself!—it must be ELIPHENE!—  
"My heart confess'd her, though my eyes refused  
"Its attestation, turning Love's fierce ardours  
"To Friendship's gentler flame!"—At once they  
rose,

And follow'd, where the beauteous body lay,  
Decent, in virgin sheets.—We sent in haste,  
And call'd ELPHENOR, sovereign of all herbs  
And arts for healing—He the deadly wound  
E'er long discovered; for it still oozed crimson,  
Like a rose springing midst a bed of lilies!  
The vital heat, unwilling to forego  
Its lovely mansion, feebly held the center;

And still a thread of life gave faint pulsation !  
 From his elixir'd chrystal, drop by drop,  
 Thro' the pale lips, the cautious Sage infused  
 The potent cordial.—Thus, while doubtful life  
 Hung, fearfully suspended, generous HUGON  
 Address'd my Sire—

O CONRADE, cried the Chief,  
 Thou Dread of Tyrants ; hateful to Oppressors,  
 But, to the Feeble and Oppress'd, a name  
 Of sure Asylum—loved of all the Valiant !—  
 Yes, HUGON swears the Valiant love thee, CON-  
     RADE,  
 Even while, as foes, they draw the sword against  
     thee !—

O Monarch, lend the ear of thy compassion ;  
 Thine ear, still open to the tale of mourning,  
 Lend it a while to HUGON !—He's a Tuscan,  
 By clime and birth thine enemy—although  
 His kindred spirit long has held the dear,  
 Even with the dearest.—Hear then, hear my tale  
 Of sad distress !—That lovely, hapless Maid,  
 Of noblest lineage, to my guardian care,  
 Was by her parents left.—She was address'd  
 By all the potentates, whose station warranted  
 To lift an eye so lofty.—I was, then,  
 In foreign climes, on travel—I return'd.

Upon

Upon a stated festival, the chiefs  
 And princes of the land, with princely dames,  
 Convened, a galaxy!—I too was there;  
 And there was ELIPHENE, as the star  
 Of beauty, regent, midst the smaller sparklers!  
 With fond attraction she compell'd me to her,  
 As the touch'd needle to the frozen north;  
 For so I did misdeem it.—From that day,  
 Amidst the noblest of her princely suitors,  
 I too preferr'd my claim.—She first receiv'd me  
 With smiling, kind, encouraging complacence:  
 But soon her looks grew more constrain'd—  
                   whene'er

Her eyes met mine, she blush'd and turn'd aside,  
 As wishing to avoid me.—To all others,  
 She look'd an elegance of ease, and spoke  
 In terms as free as air—to me, her speech,  
 Unfrequent, was abrupt and cautious.—Stung  
 With scorpion'd jealousy, I, to my soul,  
 Thus spoke indignant — “ What have these to  
                   boast,

“ These favour'd rivals, o'er rejected HUGON!  
 “ Does their pre-eminence consist in shape,  
 “ Or feature?—eyes, that are not ELIPHENE's,  
 “ Will answer, No.—And, as to feats of prowess,  
 “ Compared with me, they're nameless! — O  
                   shame, shame,

“ Shame



" Shame on this weakness, this degrading passion!

" Henceforth, I will wage war on my own heart—

" And conquer it, or perish!"

At the time,

The tidings of your dread invasion reach'd us.

Quick, at the name of CONRADE, my whole soul  
Kindled to generous rivalry—" Yes, yes,

" Thou shalt be met, thou mighty one!" I cried,

" Thou shalt be met—thy best esteemer shall

" Oppose thee, front to front!—I ask of Heaven

" No boon, no other bounty, than to have

" My death ennobled by the arm of CONRADE!"

Straight I address'd for war; but Love, uncall'd,  
Obtruded, whispering to my secret soul,

" First take thy last adieu of ELIPHENE!"

Pride, haughty champion, rose, with stern rebuke  
Against the gentler Power. He frown'd, and  
cried,

" What, are we not, as yet, enough debased?—

" Shall we add further forces to the foe;

" And furnish arms, against our nobleness,

" To the tried scorn and insolence of Beauty?"

Dire was the contest—Love long kept his  
ground;

But Pride, at last, was prevalent—I rent,

I tore myself away from my Beloved,  
From my true Lover—  
As a self-murderer, desperate of his state,  
Makes a divorce betwixt his soul and body!

I lay encamp'd, my legions tented round me,  
When word was brought me of a youthful warrior,  
Of graceful mein, and more than matchless beauty,  
Who ask'd admission.—To my presence led  
He bow'd submit; and, blushing, pray'd the grace  
Of being privileged to do me service.

My heart straight took acquaintance with his  
aspect—  
Some strange similitude fond memory found  
'Twixt him and ELIPHENE!—but, my soul  
Conceiv'd no thought, that she her tender frame  
Should vest in steel—should seek the man she  
hated—  
Should trace her HUOON into death and dangers!

Instant, our hearts commenced a friendship, tender,  
Fondly inviolate, as caught together  
By hooks of golden grappling.—I, no more,  
Sought CONRADE on the perilous edge of conflict;  
I now had one to care for! and my eye,  
My guardian eye pursued and watch'd his motions,  
On this side, and on that.—In this day's battle,  
I charged him, on his duty, on his love,

To

To hold him rearward.—Still I turn'd, and turn'd;  
 Even as a timid deer accompanied  
 By her loved fawn, to see if he was near—  
 But yet, alas, in fear of losing fame,  
 I led my Friend too deeply into dangers!

At length, toward eve—for who can cope with  
 CONRADE?—

Your host prevail'd!—Indignant I opposed,  
 And would have reinforced the fight—when, lo,  
 A random shaft rush'd, rudely, through the mail;  
 The light framed mail of my beloved Companion,  
 And ting'd his arms with blood! Upon the instant,  
 Our legions sounded a retreat. Then, then—  
 Must I confess that HUGON trembled?—Straight  
 Into my arms, I caught my best beloved,  
 And fled the hindmost: night came on apace,  
 And parted all affray—Upon a bank  
 I laid her down, and, to the pitying moon,  
 Whose doubtful glimpses thro' the darkness broke,  
 Utter'd my wailings.—Then, our loved SLEMM-  
 FANNON

Came, provident of comforts, to console;  
 And did console, by shewing, that, on earth,  
 Such Virtue still was extant!—Here, the Hero  
 Closed his sad narrative!

Meantime, ELPHENOR, pendent o'er the corse,  
 Still plied his tender offices. At length,

The



The beauteous Form began to move—each heart  
Bounded with expectation—when her eyes  
Open'd their faint refulgence to the light,  
Look'd wild around her with a sickly gleam,  
And closed their orbs for ever!—Then ELPHE-

NOR :

“ By death's cold hand this Rose of Beauty cropt,  
“ Fades, and shall bloom no more—except in  
Heaven !”

Meantime astonish'd, o'er the lifeless corse,  
The Hero speechless stood—then, all at once,  
As some high cliff, far jutting o'er its base,  
Disparts and dashes on the sea-beat shore,  
Bereft of sense he fell—blest'd pause of being !  
But O, how fearfully to be succeeded  
By anguishings unutterable !—Long,  
Long lay he tranced—I thought, I wish'd him  
dead—

For what had life, midst all its stores of bliss,  
For him, save misery extreme ?—At length,  
He waked to all the pangs of mental feeling !

Five days, and five soul-torturing nights, he  
lay

By the embalm'd Remains—in all which time,  
Nor food, nor word of utterance, past his lips ;  
Nor word of consolation to his ear

Obtain'd

Obtain'd admission—By his side fast laid,  
I press'd his hand in mine, and on it dropt  
The tear of sad condolence! Through the camp,  
Sudden I heard the shout of joint laments—  
I rose, and issued forth.—

F I N I S.

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